

America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

FEBRUARY
25c



Gloria
Swanson

Rolf Armstrong's
16 Screen Beauties

Edgar Wallace

Captain Edward Molyneux

I didn't know she *had red hair*



"Why, it's Nancy Carroll! I didn't know she had red hair!"

This fascinating Paramount star—like all your other favorite motion picture stars—becomes a new personality under the magic wand of Technicolor—real, vibrant, convincingly alive! A photograph transformed into a radiant reality!

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SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

IT'S A GREAT LIFE, starring the Duncan Sisters (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton; Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD

EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); The PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bordoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National);

SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

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Warner Baxter	George MacFarlane
Victor McLaglen	J. Harold Murray
Edmund Lowe	George Olsen
Will Rogers	Paul Page
Frank Albertson	Tom Patricola
El Brendel	Ann Pennington
Walter Catlett	Frank Richardson
William Collier	David Rollins
James J. Corbett	"Whispering" Jack Smith
Richard Keene	Marjorie White

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Directed by BENJAMIN STOLOFF

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FOX MOVIE TONE

SCREENLAND

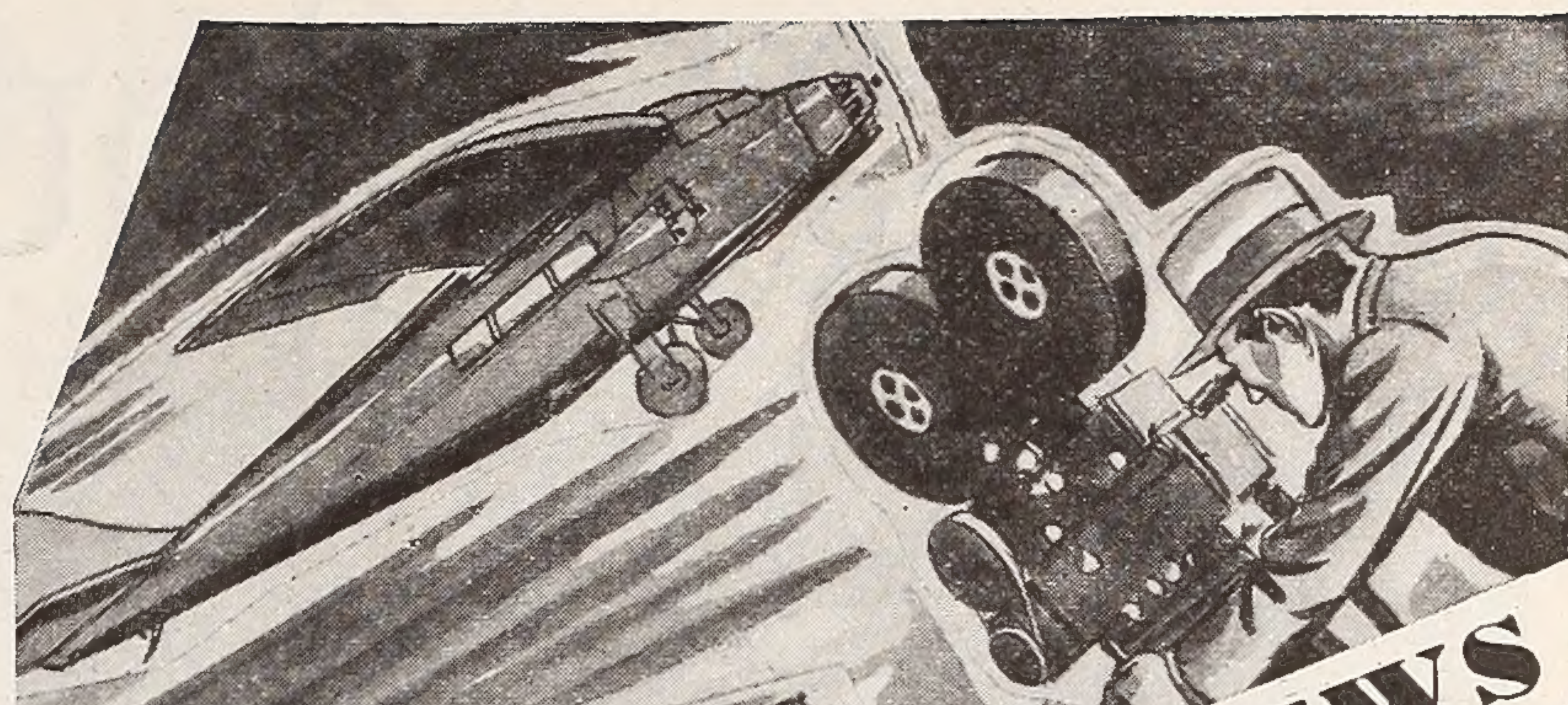
Delight Evans, Editor

February, 1930

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**YOU'RE MISSING
SOMETHING IF THE
"SHORTS" AREN'T
PARAMOUNT, TOO!**



PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS

CHRISTIE TALKING PLAYS

MUSICAL ACTS

SCREEN SONGS

TALKARTOONS

Not a dull moment at theatres that show Paramount Short Features together with Paramount Pictures of The New Show World!... *Paramount Sound News*—fresh as your morning paper—vivid as being on the spot yourself. . . *Christie Talking Plays*—with famous stars of stage and screen in delightful short comedies . . . *Paramount Talking, Musical Acts*—kings and queens of musical comedy and revue more brilliant than ever on the talking, singing screen . . . *Paramount Screen Songs* with the famous bouncing ball that makes you want to sing . . . *Paramount Talkartoons*—a laugh a second! ¶ The Whole Show by Paramount is your guarantee of quality entertainment from the first moment to the last. Tell your Theatre Manager! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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THE PRONUNCIAPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 6322, Chicago

SOUND NEWS

By
Evelyn
Ballarine



Shop Talk from the Studios

WHAT'S happened to the co-starring teams? And where, oh, where, are those strong, silent he-men? Let's blame the talkies if we miss them.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell seem to be the only surviving co-starring team. "Playmates" is their next. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray split, cinematically, some time ago—in fact, it was B.T. (Before talkies). Richard Arlen has no screen steady—he 'two-times' with Nancy Carroll and Mary Brian! Nancy Carroll is the feminine lure opposite him in "Flesh of Eve," while Mary Brian takes first place opposite him in "Burning Up." The Greta Garbo-John Gilbert team is a thing of the past as well as the Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky duet. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall parted some time ago, too. It really seemed that Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. would represent the younger set's co-starring team, what with "Fast Company," "The Forward Pass" and "Loose Ankles" to their credit. But now we hear that young Doug has switched his film affections to Lila Lee in "Those Who Dance" and that Loretta Young is cast opposite Sydney Blackmer in "Murder on the Second Floor." So that's that for that team, too!

As for the he-men—take Ronald Colman (go ahead and try to take him!)—he used to be one of our strongest, silentest, most romantic he-men when suddenly either he or the advent of the talkies broke the spell and the silence. Now he's the talkingest, most whimsical and humorous player in pictures. And Gary Cooper is no longer a strong, silent boy-friend. We must confess, however, that his talkie appeal is more potent and twice as effective. So, are we complaining? No, sir!

Which reminds us that frozen-faced Buster Keaton is going to burst into song in "On the Set" which Edward Sedgwick is directing. And Harry Langdon is going to warble, too. Harry wrote the song which he will sing in his next Hal Roach comedy.

William Haines is collegiate again. His next picture is "Fresh From College," with particular emphasis on the *fresh*, we suppose. Anyway, Leila Hyams is his moral influence in the film.

Go west, young men, go west, for Joan Crawford has 'gone western.' She plays a girl of the wide open spaces in "Montana." Johnny Mack Brown has the male lead opposite Joan and Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin supply the comedy, not for-

getting Rubin's Yankee Doodle laugh which he introduced to us in "Marianne."

Greta Garbo is to have two leading men in "Anna Christie." Reason: she is making two separate films. Charles Bickford has the lead in the English version and Nils Asther in the German version. Greta's next talkie will be "Romance," from the stage play made famous by Doris Keane. La Garbo has been fortunate in the selection of talkie rôles. In "Anna Christie," she plays a Swedish girl and an accent is part of the program. In "Romance" Greta plays an opera singer whose lovely accent enhances her charm.

"Sunkissed," starring Vilma Banky, will also be made in English and German versions.

Jetta Goudal is coming back in a picture for Warner Brothers called "China Lady." This is Miss Goudal's first talkie. It is the story of an American girl brought up in China who absorbs the Chinese customs and mannerisms so thoroughly that she is constantly taken for a Chinese girl. This sounds like a perfect rôle for the exotic Jetta.

Dorothy Dalton is back on a movie lot again after a long absence. You'll see her in "Bride 66," which her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, is producing, with Lois Moran also featured.

Ethel Clayton is staging a come-back, too. Watch for her in "Hit the Deck."

"McFadden's Flats" is going to be revived with Charlie Murray, fresh from a vaudeville tour, in the title rôle once more. And William Powell again becomes *Philo Vance* in "The Benson Murder Case."

And another picture without women in the cast! Fox is producing "Men Without Women," an undersea picture with sixteen men in the cast and John Ford directing. This makes three womanless pictures now in production. "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End" are the others.

Lupe Velez may do "Kiki" as her next. It's a gamin rôle and should be suited to Lupe's particular talents. Do you remember Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman in the silent version? Norma Talmadge is scheduled to do "Du Barry" next.

"Ladies Love Brutes" is the picturesque title of George Bancroft's new talkie. And here are a few more titles worthy of your attention: Warner Baxter in "Such Men are Dangerous." (It's an Elinor Glyn special). Richard Dix's next Radio picture is called "I Love You." Don Jose Mojica's first talkie is titled — "One Mad Kiss."



WITH **77** OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVEN

Since their first startling introduction of Vitaphone Warner Bros. have gradually massed wonder upon wonder until it seemed that talking picture progress had surely reached its peak.

But now suddenly at a single stride Vitaphone comes forward with an achievement so immeasurably superior to any that have gone before, that the history of screen development must be completely rewritten and revised.

"THE SHOW OF SHOWS" is a connoisseur's collection of the

supreme examples of almost every form of stage and screen entertainment.

Only Vitaphone could assemble the names of John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Georges Carpentier, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, and enough more for 20 average pictures, all



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on one prodigious program.

And you'll remember as long as you live such sensational features as the Florodora Sextet composed of headline screen stars—the Sister Number with eight sets of celebrated screen-star sisters—the stupendous Lady Luck finale with a chorus of 300 and fifteen specialty "acts."

If you could see only one motion picture this season, that picture should be "The Show of Shows." Don't dare miss it—for you may never look upon its like again!



William S. Paley, the clever young president of the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation, foresees the closer alliance of radio and movies and discusses the possibilities of each entertainment.

MOVIES IN THE AIR

An Authority Prophesies an Exciting
Future for Screen and Radio

By Julia Shawell

HOW will television in the home affect the motion picture industry? Will it encroach on the financial preserves of the celluloid medium?

Will television, projecting its visualized vocal programs into every equipped home, interfere with theater attendance? Will the new etherized pictures on radio waves keep people in their own living rooms, instead of in the movie houses? Will radio in its newest improved form take away from the film industry its income or at least a part of it?

These questions and many more concerning the two great mediums of entertainment are being asked not only by movie fans and radio listeners but by people directly connected with both groups. Conjectures brought up by the recent statements of scientists and engineers that practical television is just a short time away, have caused consternation in many quarters, doubt in others. It's the same sort of doubt that greeted the arrival of movies many years ago, that accompanied daily radio broadcasting ten years ago.

From an antagonistic attitude developed by lack of knowledge as to the purpose and effects of each, radio and movies have been drawn together in the past two years. Paramount has secured a controlling interest in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, one of the two great coast-to-coast chain companies. Who better than the chief executive of the Columbia group is in a position to prophesy the future of both industries and to foresee their future closer alliance?

So it is to William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, that we turn for official information and definite views as to the coming relative place of radio and films in entertaining the millions.

The herd instinct, Mr. Paley maintains, is the safeguard for movies and the theater. Radio, he believes, is merely a supplement to the charms of home life but it will never keep people at their own firesides. Man will continue to attend places of amusement where he can mingle with other men. And so, radio will never take the place of the theater.

This clever head of a giant chain of stations is young enough to be enthusiastic and so versed in the requirements and possibilities, aims and purposes of his own business as to know what he is talking about. He points to the fact that people have assembled to be entertained for thousands of years and apparently will continue to do so as long as their kind remains on earth.

On the other hand, Mr. Paley reminds us that radio and the theater are shooting at one goal, the best entertainment for the public at the lowest possible price. In his discussions he dismisses any impractical altruism and treats both industries as money-making institutions in the hands of sound, sensible economists.

Instead of as had been at first feared, radio would ruin the movies by keeping the public at home to listen-in, Mr. Paley says that radio has been a stimulant to motion picture patronage and has been directly responsible for the sound on celluloid. As to television, he comments:

"Even when television is perfected on a commercial scale and televised subjects are broadcast into millions of homes, the motion picture theater will gain, rather than lose, in popularity. Television will play a large part in the very theaters that some feel it threatens. Consider what can be done in the field of news reels alone. Imagine seeing flashed upon the screen in simultaneous sight and sound and natural color, an event of world-wide interest as it is taking place!

"Visualize world-series baseball games, football games, automobile and horse races, the instant they occur, on supersized stereoscopic screens!

"I predict that thousands of new theaters will spring up all over the country for the showing of televised news events alone.

"Today, the annual paid admissions of motion picture theaters amount to \$800,000,000 from an average weekly attendance of about 100,000,000 persons. These figures do not sound like ruination."

Mr. Paley admits no one can predict how far away practical commercialized television really is but he expresses his confidence that the present generation will live to be entertained by television.

"Just as the films have utilized the resources of radio science to give the screen a voice, radio broadcasting will eventually borrow eyes from the master minds of the motion picture laboratories," the Columbia president opines; but he admits it is still too early to decide whether they shall broadcast direct performances from the studios, motion picture

performances from film strips synchronized with sound, or theatrical presentations from the stage. He suggests the possibility of using all three types to furnish television with its subjects, together with great news events and sporting matches.

Mr. Paley and others in his field have been asked many times whether the prospect of television carries a threat against theaters all over the world by promising visual entertainment in the home to supplement the audible programs now obtainable on radio receivers from the broadcast stations all over the country.

In answering this question here, Mr. Paley does not stop at mankind's gregarious instinct for a reason. He has even more material evidence. He replies:

"Certainly, the use of the popular little filming cameras and projecting machines,

(Continued on page 119)



Big Bill Hart speaks to his friends over the radio. Bill is coming back to the screen soon.



HEAR HER *Again!*

You'll HEAR an entirely new and different Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," with a mellow, lilting voice that will win you from the first word. . . .

You'll SEE a new Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field"—a fast-stepping girl of today doing daring things in daring costumes.

"Lilies of the Field," made from a famous Broadway hit, rips through forbidden walls to lay bare the lives of worthless women and faithless men.

It probes the secret places of a mother's heart to find a love far greater than that which lovers know.

Its powerful dialogue, its catchy new songs, its striking chorus numbers, its lovely star, make "Lilies of the Field" one of the most satisfying talking pictures yet produced. Watch for it!

VITAPHONE Picture

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Corinne Griffith

in

LILIES OF THE FIELD

All-Talking-Singing

With **Ralph Forbes, Jean Bary** directed by **Alexander Korda**

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

JANUARY IS FIRST NATIONAL MONTH!



CONFESSIONS of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$20.00

Life is a scourge to most of us. The moving picture brings a ray of hope—romance. A morning dew calling this heart-seed to blossom, the withered rose of other days to enchanting beauty.

Audibles? They enhance the illusion. Magic of the human voice. Sweet witcheries of music and song. And now, color. Nature come nearer. We see varying greens of tropical paradises, hear the silences of the desert stretching away into a monotone of brooding mystery. Our hearts are awed by dark expanses of polar seas with glittering, crunching icebergs silhouetted against the intense blue of Arctic skies.

Now, lovely springtime of a temperate clime. We feel the running sap in the sugar maple. A sweet breath comes from the meadows. A brook. Golden sunlight plays hide and seek with violet shadows upon gurgling wavelets. Yonder wheat field, a sea of billowing, tender green, is the trysting place of bob-o-link and quail. Lilted melodies from thrushes in the boughs; a lark fluting intermittent ecstasies among the daisies. The dear sounds of peace from thicket and grass. Enchantment. Blessed world of make-believe, the magic screen!

Louise Ann Vester,
6431 Roble Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$15.00

Once upon a time there was a little girl very much like the little girl in "Lucky Star" whose life held not much of beauty—only sordidness and ugliness.

Then a boy—a boy very much like the one in "Lucky Star" slowly but surely opened her eyes to the beauty of the world—to the truth so beautifully expressed by Keats in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." The little girl's life has been changed by the gospel of beauty proclaimed by the boy, and who can estimate the countless number of lives that may have been changed by the "Lucky Star?"

Let us have more pictures like "Street Angel," "Seventh Heaven" and "Lucky Star,"—and more players like Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. To me, and to countless beauty-hungry souls, they are like a Schubert melody in a world of "Crazy Rhythm."

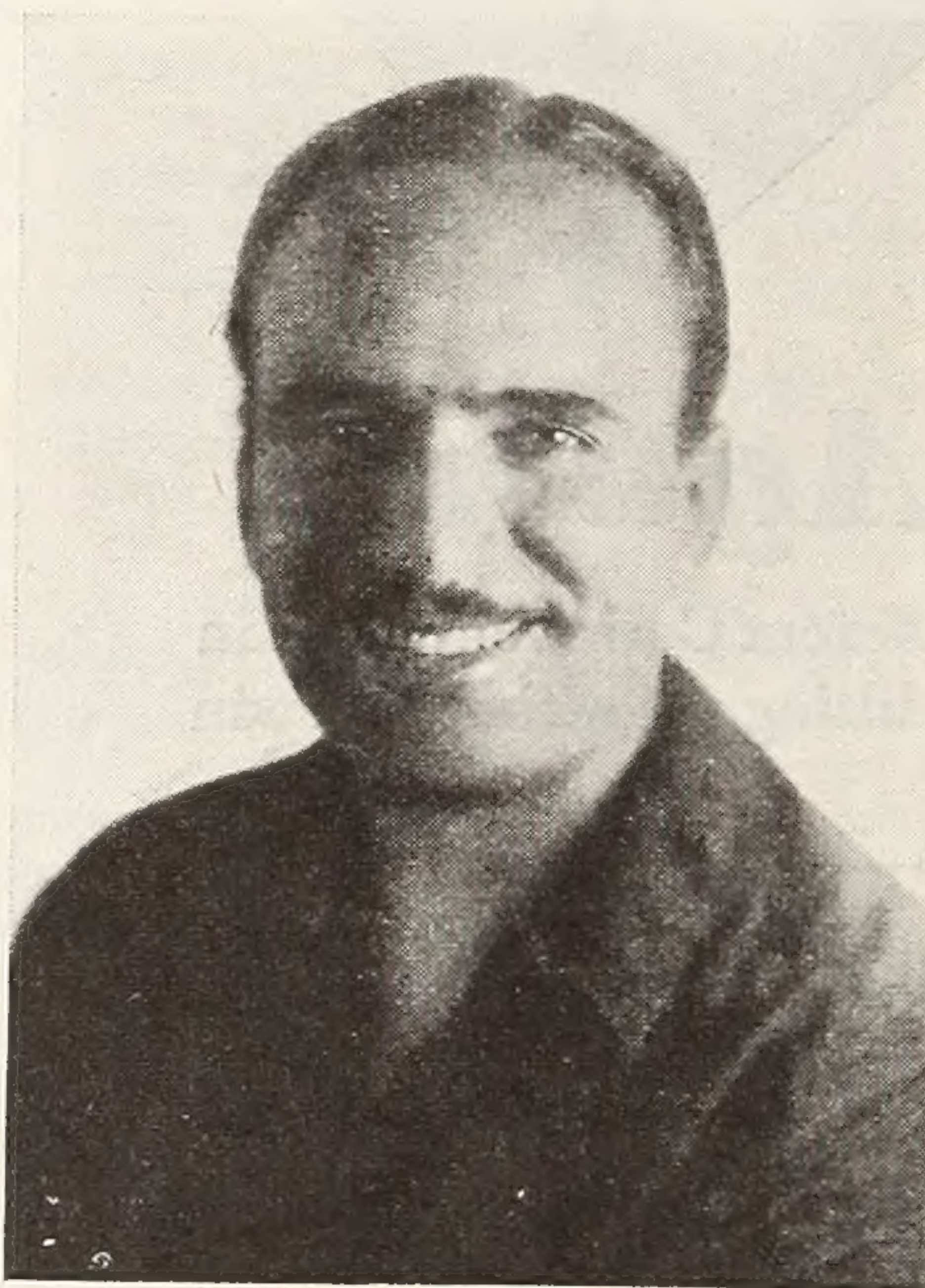
Margaret Wilkening,
33 Camden Avenue,
Dayton Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

During the past four years I have seen an average of two hundred and fifty moving

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, \$20.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00; fourth prize, \$5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes February 10, 1930. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR



A school teacher says that Douglas Fairbanks is an excellent interpreter of good literature. Right!

pictures yearly, so perhaps I may be considered competent to judge their value.

I am the policewoman of a city of about forty thousand population. We have five moving picture theaters, four equipped with the necessary apparatus for talkies.

There are still many people in our city who are opposed to moving pictures and we had numerous bitter fights at the polls before we obtained Sunday movies. At present there is considerable talk about trying to take them away from us.

This much I know. My work is easier while there are Sunday movies. Before we had movies on Sunday we had to cope with the problem of boys and girls getting into cars and going to nearby cities, often not returning until the next day. I know that there is less juvenile delinquency in a city where there are Sunday movies for it is only natural that modern youngsters must have something to occupy their time.

There is no doubt in my mind that moving pictures are becoming better all the time; not only technically, but better in tone. And they are improving in every way.

Dorothy M. Springer,
Policewoman,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

I don't see why theme songs are the butt for so many silly jokes. Think over the popular songs of the last year or so. *Ramona*, *Diane* from "Seventh Heaven"; *Dream of Lilac Time*, *Marie*, *Sonny Boy*, *Weary River*, many others—all from the movies. Yet people groan at the mere mention of a theme song.

The auditory sense recalls memories more than any other. As I listen to *Neapolitan Nights*, the delicate, picturesque beauty of "Fazil" flashes through my mind; and I have only to shut my eyes while listening to *The Desert Song* to imagine myself far away in the romantic, starlit desert. I, for one, don't care what anybody says. I like theme songs!

Miss Lorna L. Slocombe,
16 Hancock St.,
Lexington, Mass.

A Word from Berlin

Some months ago, we saw and heard our first sound-picture, "The Singing Fool." All the people were full of enthusiasm. We never saw nor heard such a wonderful artist as Al Jolson. You can be assured that we all love him, because he is 100% human. Everywhere you could hear the two names: Al Jolson and Davey Lee. Both have found their way into all German hearts. I have seen this masterpiece of American film-art four times—and thousands of others have too. You can tell them in your country that we want to see and hear more of Al Jolson and others like him.

Otto Behrens,
Berlin W. 30,
Viktoria Luise Platz 12 pt.

Helps for English Teachers

As a teacher I would judge every movie for its literary as well as its artistic worth. Douglas Fairbanks satisfies my ideal in his selection of material to depict, and in his depicting of the material selected. He is surely a lover of good literature as well as an excellent interpreter of the same.

For several years I have scheduled the teaching of "Robin Hood" to coincide with the appearance of "Robin Hood" at one of the theaters here. I can give my classes the tale of *Robin Hood* but he can give them "Robin Hood" himself. And "The Thief of Bagdad" is such a thief that my copy of "Arabian Nights" became dog-eared

THAT HAPPY PAIR!

Here's Bessie Love and Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame.

No wonder they're laughing and singing!

They've made a picture that's even greater than "The Broadway Melody."

THE ROAD SHOW

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

Gwen LEE

Jack BENNY

Eddie PHILLIPS

Geo. K. ARTHUR

Join the chorus with the hit songs:
"Love Ain't Nothin' But the Blues"
"Lucky Me and Lovable You"

Yes, it is even greater than "The Broadway Melody." Watch this absorbing drama unfold with its tantalizing tunes and its screamingly funny situations. Charles F. Riesner, the "Hollywood Revue" genius, directed it. Take a tip. All roads lead to "The Road Show."



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"

as soon as Doug gave my pupils a glimpse of the flying carpet.

And who could better interpret the *Petruchio* of the divine William? I venture the bet that Douglas Fairbanks will popularize Shakespeare in one performance while some professors spend years — and never succeed in *'Taming the Shrew.'*

Sue Maxwell,
605 South Broad St.,
Cairo, Ga.

A Paying Investment

I am a home lover and the movies have helped me to make my home more attractive. I have had many ideas and fresh inspiration that aided me in arranging my house and planting my garden.

The movies help to modernize the home. No matter how large or how small your home may be, there are ways you can beautify it. And gloomy days or business cares cannot take away the pleasure you will find in a well-planned garden. Instead of being an expense, it actually pays to go to the movies.

Mrs. A. Svehla,
3215 S. Ridgway Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

A 'Once Upon a Time' Heroine

I never thought the day would come when I would actually see a flesh-and-blood symbol of all my favorite story book heroines, from *Cinderella* to the patient *Griselda*. I have found that symbol in Janet Gaynor.

Such a sweet, tender, unspoiled child of the screen drama! In an art where many actresses strive for an exotic personality, glamorous background and a present full of publicity stunts, it is comforting to find one important player who remains natural and sincere.

Accompanying this natural charm there is an elfin, magic quality in Janet that speaks of wishing rings and fairy spells and all those quaint unreal things that

attach themselves to princesses and personages who figure in those 'once-upon-a-time' stories. And now that Janet's prince has found her, there's only one appropriate ending: May they live happily ever after!

Mrs. Wilfrede Luther,
5018 Reading Road,
Bond Hill,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

A New Movie Fan

I am eighty years of age and I have seen but two pictures in my life—"The King of Kings" and "On With the Show." They were so wonderful that I have decided to become a movie fan!

My husband has always been in the theatrical business and I have seen a great many fine plays, but none could compare with these two pictures. During "On With the Show" I actually forgot where I was and thought I was seeing a real play with real people.

I greatly enjoyed the singing of Miss Betty Compson; she has a lovely expressive voice; also the singing of Miss Holman in her specialties and the dancing of Joe C. Brown. I hope to see more of these players.

Mrs. Ella J. White,
20 Summerhild Court,
Stoneham, Mass.

Fourth Grade Favorites

It was the first week of school in the Fourth Grade and I, as teacher, was trying to get better acquainted with my pupils so I asked them a few questions concluding with 'who is your favorite movie star?'

It was to be expected that they would give the cow boy or wild west heroes their vote but by actual count Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow won out. Then, they asked me about my favorite. I couldn't tell them of Ruth Chatterton and Jeanne Eagles as they were too young to know them, so I said Al Jolson. And forty-five pairs of little hands gave hearty applause.

Sound pictures have brought better talent



They're singing Sonny Boy and praises of Al Jolson in Germany, too!

to the screen and they have developed the better screen actors and eliminated the poor ones. The one big exception is Emil Jannings.

Edith L. Hunter,
213 W. Auglaize St.,
Wapakoneta, O.

New Sense of Values

I was glad to see a picture like "The Lady Lies." It marks a new trend toward freedom from dogmatic intolerance. Such themes as glorifying the loveliness of character of the 'other woman' were always marked as polemic. But why? Must one, because she readjusts her sense of values and maps out a new plan of living which disregards conventions, be pronounced bad, wholly and totally and entirely devoid of virtues?

The movies have always been a source of satisfaction to me because they have followed that admirable advice of Pope's—"Be not the first by whom the new is tried; nor yet the last to lay the old aside." Therein lies a certain conservative safety, yet a pliability and adaptability to modern thought and demands. How many individuals and concerns would do well to follow this advice!

Opal L. Paap,
3626 C Street,
Lincoln, Nebraska.



Alice Joyce has retained her loyal fans since the Kalem days. She is playing with John McCormack in his first screen vehicle.

This is *your* department.
Write and tell us what
you think of the screen and
its stars.

Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream



Massage cream lightly into the skin and allow it to penetrate for several minutes... till it collects impurities from the pores and softens the skin. Then—Kleenex!

SURPLUS cold cream should be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise... in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Experts insist on Kleenex because of its amazing absorbency. You don't need to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, as when you try to wipe away the surplus cream with towels and "cold cream cloths."

Kleenex absorbs by blotting

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up, along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

You use these tissues just once, then discard them forever. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delight-

— it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

Failure to remove cold cream is a grave mistake in skin care. Experts say cold cream should be removed with Kleenex.



Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color

Flesh Pink Sea Green
Canary Yellow and White

The colors are absolutely pure... and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations



Lift two sheets of Kleenex from the New Box, and rub them over the surface of the face and throat. The Kleenex will blot up all the dirt, grease and make-up. Then discard Kleenex.

ful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely... of pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color... and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex*. And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

More hygienic than handkerchiefs

Once you know Kleenex you'll find a score of uses for these lovely little tissues. Many use them in place of handkerchiefs—and certainly they are far more hygienic and comfortable, especially when one has a cold!

All drug and department stores have Kleenex. Ask for it at the toilet goods counter. If you prefer to try it without investment, the coupon will bring a generous sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

SL-2

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

KLEENEX
Cleansing Tissues

SCREENLAND

Leading "The Love Parade" is M. Maurice Chevalier, le grand Monarque of musical movies. Gay and Gallic, he wins us as he won the audiences in his own Paris.



Chevalier has come into his own. His new picture presents the flavor of the best French wines and wit. In this prohibition country Chevalier supplies a real need!



Chevalier's grin and engaging talents have made him the idol of the French. When he signed a long contract with Paramount to make pictures in Hollywood he had inserted a clause permitting him to return to Paris at intervals to appear on the stage. Truly an international attraction.

He sings love songs to his heroine as no other musical comedy man can—half-mocking, half-tender little songs, with a Parisian tang. Right and left, M. Chevalier with his lovely leading lady, Jeanette MacDonald.



HONOR PAGE

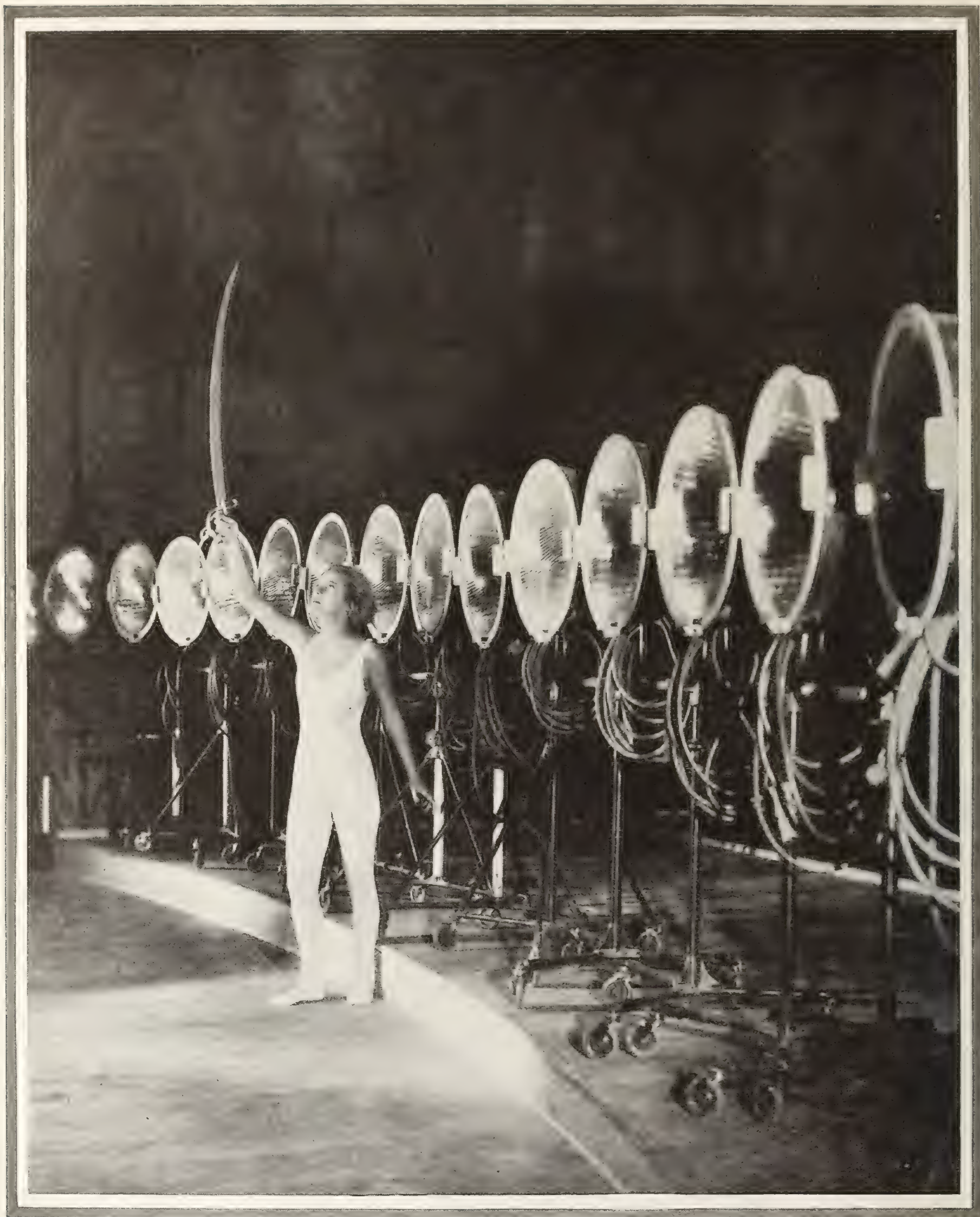
Chevalier,
salut á vous!

Vive
Maurice!



Chevalier in his screen uniform reminds us that he served in the war, and won the military cross.

SCREENLAND'S Accolade pour le Merite to Maurice Chevalier, the first Frenchman to sweep everything before him on American screens. Speaking of international amity, Chevalier does his share in making us feel at home in Paris. While we watch "The Love Parade" we become Parisian in spirit, for the Chevalier charm is a little like the best champagne.



THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
Hollywood Version

Dorothy Mackaill's well known sense of humor prompted her to assume this heroic pose, in which she leads a battalion of studio arc lamps on to victory. Huzza, huzza!

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

YOU might think, to look at the lines forming at the box-offices to see "The Trespasser," "The Love Parade," "Rio Rita," "Taming of the Shrew," "Show of Shows," and other great sound hits, that the little old world has grown sound-screen-conscious. And you would be right.

Egypt has seen and heard its first musical movie—shades of Cleo! Milan, Italy, world capital of classic opera, has equipped a fine new theater for sound—*O sole mio!* The former Kaiser may make a movie version of his life. Arthur Bodanzky, renowned conductor, has announced his faith in films in the following credo: "All of a sudden out of the movies will grow something very great."

Well, we told them so. It's gratifying to us old-timers of the movie Boosters' Clubs to look around us and see all the big boys sitting up and taking celluloid nourishment. It will do them good. Don't we thrive on it? We struck up the band; now listen to the echoes:

Heywood Broun:

"It seems to me that the pictures, now that they have found a voice, offer a far more flexible medium for the transmission of ideas and emotion than does the old style drama. There is no reason why the very best that is in the boldest dreamers may not be flashed and sounded on the screen. Indeed, it is much easier to be subtle in a talking picture than in a spoken play. The stage is dying, but from the next room comes a lusty squall. Maybe the sound is not always pleasing to the ear. These noises are still incoherent. The talkies, you see, are in their infancy. But it is a bouncing child. I think it may fly high."

Mary Pickford:

"The talking pictures are too talkative. The ideal picture would be a combination of the silent film and the talkies. A universal language is necessary for universal popularity of the talking picture."

Professor Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University:

"Truth is, Hollywood is a factory town just as



Pittsburgh and Akron and Detroit are. Everybody there is a factory worker. And, like most other factories, the workers are picked because they can handle their jobs and stick to them. All in all, Hollywood is one of the least exciting places on earth, once you recover from the myths about it."

Florenz Ziegfeld:

"Gloria Swanson has made the young blood of America look like a bunch of amateurs."

Gloria Swanson:

"There is only one beautiful woman in the movies. That is Corinne Griffith. The rest of us are just types."

Henry Goldman, ex-city censor of films, Kansas City, Mo.:

"I have no dislike for the movies, but having viewed about 60,000 reels of them in four years, I suppose I'm fed up for life. Besides, I learned all the variations of the thirty-six dramatic situations, and I understand that no others have been invented."

George M. Cohan:

"Broadway today is a sample room for Hollywood. They pick and choose and then rewrite, trading only on another's ability to create. They must themselves create for their special medium before they can hew out an artistic niche for themselves. I wonder what they'd do if the members of the Authors' League refused them rights to tinker and rehash. It might be a good idea; it might develop an original scenario; it might eliminate this parasitical tendency."

Arthur Hammerstein:

"The talking pictures have done terrific damage to the stage. I'm going to Hollywood while the going is good. Human flesh is different from the screen, I admit. But who can pay for flesh today? I put \$300,000 in every musical comedy and take a chance on losing. Put it in a movie and you can't lose."

D. E.



Frank La Forge is an internationally known accompanist and vocal coach, who has trained many Metropolitan Opera stars. If you want to know the real facts about this voice-canning business read his article.

HAVE YOU

By
Frank La Forge

Now that the screen has learned to talk it seems quite certain that all of our screen folk will have to do likewise or go the way of last year's leaves. Although screen fashions change nowadays with bewildering rapidity, there is little doubt that sound has come to stay. Breaking the screen's long silence has been a fly in the ointment to many movie stars. They are wondering whether voices will take with their public as have profiles. The representatives of thirty different nations who draw Hollywood pay envelopes are spending sleepless nights because they will have to learn to speak English 'as she is spoke.' In fact, if the United States hopes to continue to supply a world market, movie stars may have to learn to speak three or four languages, as opera singers have long been required to do.

While the question, "Have I a talkie voice?" is challenging all our idols of the screen, it is setting aflutter the hearts of many unknowns who believe they have the vocal qualifications. Who knows what new stars may be made overnight by appealing to ears as well as eyes? This is an age of miracles and seldom has opportunity knocked more loudly on the doors of those who have vocal accomplishments.

The factors that make a voice 'take' are not so up in the air as many suppose. I have been working with these factors for a

number of years in training stars of the Metropolitan Opera House, most of whom make phonograph records. Canning the voice is not a new process by any means. It has just been hooked up to pictures with a few refinements added. And don't jump to the conclusion that stars of the speaking stage will immediately get across in talking pictures. Having learned to use their voices, they will, no doubt, have acquired the habit of good diction which is an advantage. But most of them have also learned to throw their voices so that the person perched in the last seat of the gallery will know what it is all about. This habit is a disadvantage to the talkie aspirant since the thrown voice does not record at all well. The process of recording the voice requires a technique all its own and must be learned by all comers whether veterans or tyros.

When Richard Dix, whom I trained in diction, first heard his voice coming back at him he did not recognize it as his. Although the words were his he thought someone else was talking. This is a frequent occurrence partly because a person does not hear himself talk as others do and has usually acquired habits of speech which sound strange when reproduced. Then again, the voice that enters the 'mike' does not emerge in the reproduction an exact likeness.

That little 'mike'—what a strange power it wields! It has come to be a veritable monarch saying thumbs up or thumbs down to the highest or lowest who seek its presence. Let us see if we can find out what will please His Royal Highness.

There are three musketeers in this little drama of putting over the voice. They are diction, resonance and personality. The first is absolutely necessary if the words which are spoken into the 'mike' can be understood when reproduced. The second makes the difference between a voice that is pleasing and one that is not. The third holds the secret of the voice you'd walk a mile to hear.

Consider diction. The average American is not wholly to blame for the plain and fancy murder he does to the mother tongue. He is usually the victim



Al Jolson, the first great hit of the talkies, was so accustomed to the 'feel' of a real audience that the dead silence of the film studio almost floored him. Here's Al on the set putting over one of his songs.

A TALKIE VOICE?

Who Knows What New Stars May Be Made by Voice Appeal? An Authority Defines and Discusses the Exacting Requirements of the All-Powerful 'Mike.'

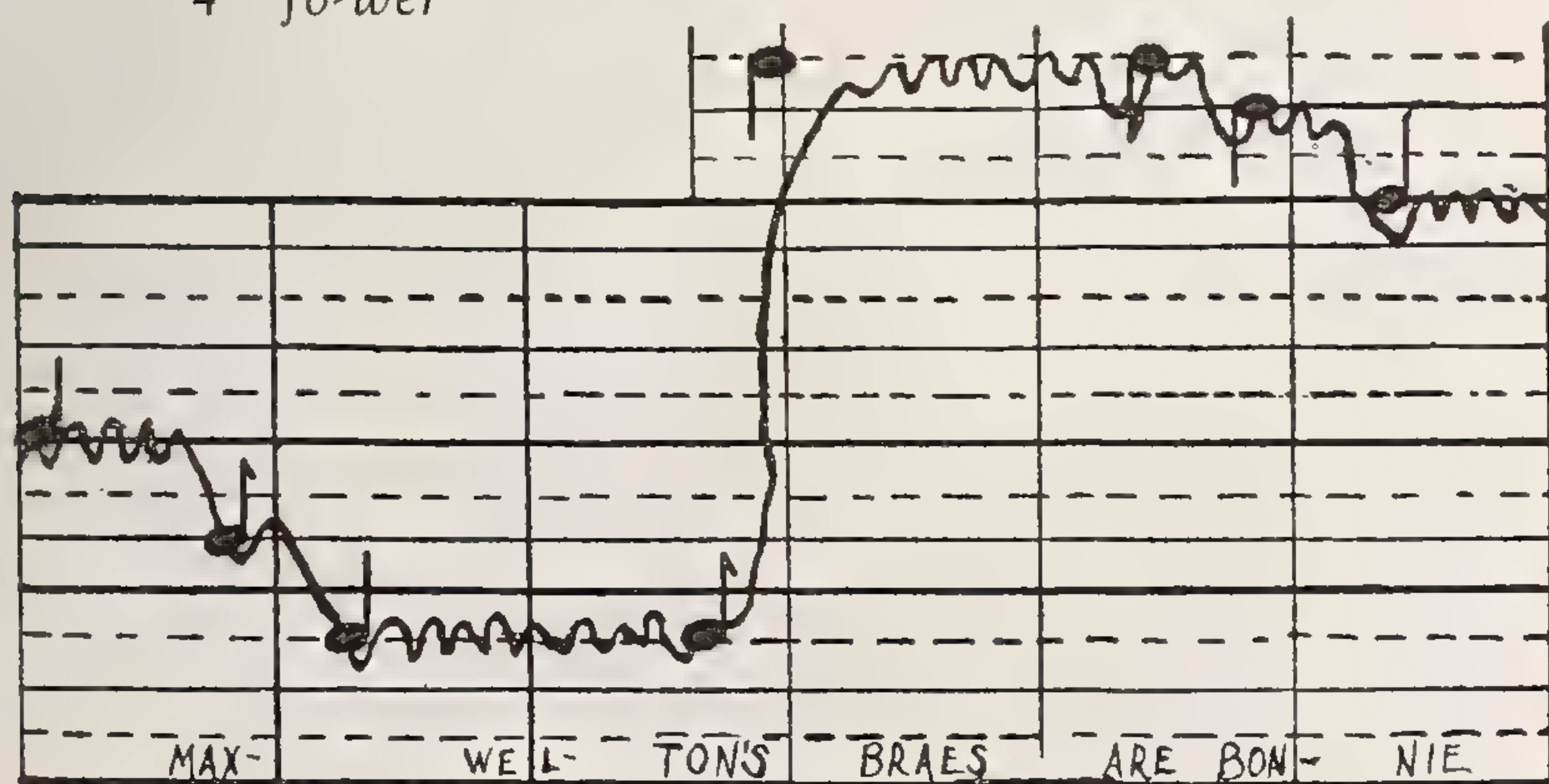
of his environment and picks up the language from his parents and early associates whether they speak well or ill. The brand of talk he learns in childhood generally clings to him for life and there are more than fifty-seven varieties in this broad land. I have frequently guessed the state from which a person hails from hearing him talk.

Then too, if English were more smooth and vocal, as is Italian, and not so peppered with consonants, Americans as well as foreigners would find it easier to speak. Yet these very consonants give the language its spiciness. The trouble is, many Americans slur over the consonants or talk as though they had a bit in their mouths. They do not take the consonant with a kick as they should. For instance, unless you are a trained speaker, when you say 'We've got him,' it will sound like this, 'We gottim.' And yet consonants are not difficult to tame. They may be put in their place with a little effort.

You probably know that these trouble makers, the consonants, are obstructions to the free flow of speech, while the vowels (A, E, I, O, U) as the word indicates, are vocal. Consonants interfere with the voice in various ways. Some of you were no doubt taught in school that consonants are either hard or soft, but this classification is inadequate, to say the least. Consonants are either voiced or unvoiced according to whether or not the voice is used in their pronunciation. If no voice is used the consonant is merely articulated. Pronounce the word *thin* and you will find that the *th* has no voice. Then pronounce this and you recognize voice in the *th*.

Can your friends understand you the first time over the telephone? This is a test of your diction. The New York Telephone Company gives all of its operators special training in diction, stressing particularly the numerals. They are drilled to say the numerals as follows:

0	oh	5	friv	8	ate
1	wun	6	siks	9	ni-yen
2	too	7	sev-ven	10	ten
3	th-r-ee				
4	fo-wer				



This diagram shows how John McCormack's voice looks on paper. He is singing "Annie Laurie." Note the evenness of the wavy line or vibrato.

These pronunciations are necessarily exaggerated so there will be the least possibility of a mistake; but in a talking picture they would sound ridiculous. Some telephone operators take great delight in rolling the R in *three*. One flip of the tongue is sufficient. In Italian, the word *caro* with one flip of the tongue means dear. With a double R, *carro*, it signifies chariot. Imagine a telephone operator speaking an impassioned *caro* to her Romeo and you can see what the result would be! It is well nigh impossible for us to make this fine distinction as do the Latins, pronouncing R as is the custom in this country.

W is another interesting letter. I was taught that W is sometimes a vowel and sometimes a consonant, but experience has shown me that it is always a vowel. For instance, in the word *where* a peculiar thing occurs. If you will pronounce the word slowly you will see it should actually be spelled *hwere* as the sound of the H preceded the sound of the W. When followed by another vowel it is more obvious that the W is a vowel.

M is one of the most frequent (Continued on page 122)



The popular Irish tenor is at work right now recording his voice for the films. Will the 'mike' be kind to John? They say he'll be a sensation.



"Don't forget to say that I'm 'New York's favorite juvenile,'" Hal Skelly cautions his fair interviewer, Nancy Carroll.

"MY PAL HAL"

Our **Star** Reporter Makes Good on her First Assignment, Interviewing Hal Skelly

By Nancy Carroll

EDITOR'S NOTE: And if anyone ever suggests that Nancy Carroll didn't write every word of this story herself, he'd better look out! Nancy is honest—and Irish!

THE editor of SCREENLAND took a lot for granted when she asked me to interview Hal Skelly, and to write such facts and impressions as might be forthcoming from such an assignment.

She took for granted, in the first place, that I, a screen player in Hollywood, would help another screen player in Hollywood get a lot of nice, free publicity.

I should be so big-hearted!

She took for granted that I would write nice things about Hal Skelly, when I know so many things that are not at all nice.

It is not my fault if the editor of SCREENLAND has a lot of libel suits on her hands.

For what I don't know about Hal Skelly! Hum!

Well, the editor brought it on herself.

Here goes:

Hal Skelly was born in Davenport, Iowa, and if you can find out the year you're a better interviewer than I

am. He's no boy, I can tell you that, even though every once in a while he proudly boasts that he is: "New York's favorite juvenile."

I knew Hal Skelly before he came to Hollywood to play with me in "The Dance of Life." I knew him when we were together in a musical comedy called "Betty Lee," he as one of the principal comedians, I, just one of the girls in the chorus.

I wish to say this much for Hal at that time. Everybody in the troupe liked him. He used to breeze in for a matinée or an evening show, always on time, always gay-hearted, and he'd yell: "Hello, kids!" to us as he passed the door of the chorus dressing room.

That seemed a little thing, as I look back on it now, but it was a big thing at the moment. We girls all knew that Hal Skelly was our good friend. It's fine to have friends.

I left New York and went on the road with a show.

Hal stayed on. Soon we in show business all heard of the tremendous success he was making as *Skid Johnson* in "Burlesque," a show by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins.

The next time I saw Hal was when Paramount brought him to Hollywood to continue his rôle as *Skid Johnson* in the all-talking film version of "Burlesque." For the screen it was called the "Dance of Life." I played *Bonnie King*, Hal's wife.

When you're a man's wife, even just in a motion picture, you get to know him pretty well!

Hal Skelly is a boy; a great, big, happy-go-lucky person who makes friends at once—and keeps them.

We made "The Dance of Life" under trying conditions. Paramount's newly-completed sound stages had just burned, the day after they were completed, and we had to work at night on an improvised stage. In the day-time the noise of traffic outside the studio interfered with sound-picture making.

During those weeks of night work, starting around seven in the evening and generally finishing at dawn, Hal Skelly never failed us. By his unfailing jokes, his happy way of going about things, his untiring efforts to give the best that was in him at all times, he kept us all in good humor and eager to match smiles with him.

Between scenes we would sit back out of the way and talk; that is, Hal would talk and I would listen. It was restful to hear him recount the many interesting experiences of his life.

He told me how it was that he happened to enter the show business:

His first experience was in the attic of his home in Davenport. He took a bundle of altar candles, stuck them in their own wax on the floor for footlights, and entertained his small friends by a series of dance steps of his own inventing.



Nancy knew Hal before he came to Hollywood. They were in the same Broadway musical show—he as a principal, she as one of the chorus. Now they're both screen stars.



Hal hasn't a chance to back out of being interviewed when Nancy gets busy. She knew him 'when,' too!

When he was fourteen years of age the Norris and Rowe Dog and Pony show came to Davenport and Hal got a job leading one of the ponies in the parade. His father, standing on a curb to watch the parade go by, yanked his young son from the line of march and sent him home.

Hal, the next day, followed the show out of town and did not see his father again for fourteen years!

During those fourteen years Hal Skelly wandered the world. First he went to Chicago and secured a small part with the company playing "The Time, The Place, and The Girl." That engagement lasted until one night he was recognized from the audience by his uncle, Senator James Butler, who came back-stage, scolded Hal, gave him some money and told him to get on a train and go home.

Instead Hal went the other way.

He found a place with another circus. Later he joined a carnival company. Then he went into the medicine show business. Vaudeville attracted him for a time. Next he tried his luck with run-down musical shows. Then he made the circuit all over again.

He remembers particularly one season in the south with an itinerant medicine show troupe, headed by 'Dr.' Ruker. Hal was with the Number Two company. The Number One company played a week in advance and specialized in the sale of a liver medicine. The wily Doctor had it so fixed that the liver medicine would give a slight stomach disorder to the customers. A week later the Number Two company came to town and sold them stomach medicine!

This curative was made by combining a little port wine with an Epsom Salts solution. It was one of Hal's duties to mix and bottle the potion. This he did in a galvanized pail, stirring the concoction with a wooden paddle. The medicine was called 'Dr. Ruker's Curo A Number One,' and Hal believes that the eminent doctor realized quite a profit from its sale.

(Continued on page 128)

EDGAR WALLACE



Cyril Stanborough

Wallace—the most popular and prolific writer of mystery stories in the world, with every book a best-seller. He has written 140 novels, has had as many as six plays running in London at the same time, and produced a motion picture on the side.

“THE talking picture,” says Edgar Wallace, “is the best recruiting ground for the theater that the stage has ever seen. I am all for the talkies,” he continued, “for I realize that they are attracting a new kind of audience—a more intelligent audience into the moving picture houses—and ultimately into the stage theater itself.”

The great Wallace—the most popular and prolific writer of mystery tales in the world—leaned back and puffed on his cigarette in its thin polished holder an actual foot long.

Wallace is a big man. He is hearty and human, with the shrewdest but kindest eyes you almost have ever seen. A tall protruding forehead fringed with gray hair juts out like a porch roof over a large nose and large chin, cheeks, jowls and ears. His face is punctuated by the heavy black hairy triangles which form his eyebrows. These rise in acute angles of irony or ripple in bursts of laughter.

Mr. Wallace was in America on a combination pleasure trip and tour of inspection. With him came his wife, his four children, two secretaries and several friends. The drawing room of his Park Avenue hotel apartment looked like a tornado had hit it. The fragile chairs were overweighted with books, pamphlets, papers, and racing forms.

Two oblong tables staggered under a load of typewriters, wax dictaphone cylinders, magazines, manuscripts, cigarettes, vases holding gigantic chrysanthemums, telegrams, letters, appointment books, and pads.

Over it all, Wallace presided like a silent-footed genie. He rubbed his magic ring and a pretty, fair-haired English secretary appeared:

“Get me London on the telephone, please,” Wallace ordered. “And take this letter. No, make it a cable: ‘Why the devil didn’t you let me know my pet filly was running in the fifth race? Do you think I’m asleep just because I’m three thousand miles away?’”

He was interrupted by another secretary. “Telephone message for you, sir.”

“You take it.”

“I can’t, sir. It’s Mr. Colebaugh, of *Collier’s*.”

“All right, all right—put him on.”

“Hello, hello! Sure, I’ll have lunch with you—but when I get back from Chicago. With this high cost of American living I’m always glad to have lunch. Sure, I’ll have the articles ready. I’m working on them now.”

He picked up the tube of his dictaphone, dictated two paragraphs and turned to his secretary: “That article is all ready now. Type it off, please, and shoot it over to the editor.”

Wallace sat down heavily in his chair, lit another cigarette, about the eighth, and mopped his forehead;

“Let’s see—where were we now? Busy? Oh, it’s always like this! We were speaking about the talkies. Well, as I said, I’m all for ’em——”

“Excuse me, Mr. Wallace, ready with London.” It was

Solves *some* Mysteries of the Movies

The 'Master Mind' of Detective Fiction is on
the Trail of the Terrible Talkies. Watch Out!

By Rosa Reilly

the first pretty secretary. Wallace ambled to the telephone and chattered in a low smooth voice with an unknown over thirty hundred miles away. It was as easy as that!

"You know," Wallace picked up the conversation, "I wrote one of the first talkies. At least it was taken from my play, 'The Terror.' I thought they made a good picture out of it. Of course, though, to my way of thinking, it was burlesqued a bit. But I enjoyed it. It was my introduction to this new medium of dramatic art."

"Would you consider writing scenarios for the talkies?"

"Of course I would. I'd like to. But I'd want a lot of money. It's this way with me! I don't need the talkies. I've written one hundred and forty novels, many of which have sold as high as five million copies a year. Nearly every season I have from three to a half dozen plays running in London, and a few in the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, and in other cities. Also each day I write for the London paper a theater column, and an article on racing. I love horse racing better than any other diversion—outside of the theater, which is at the same time my work and my recreation. So you see I have little time for pictures. But I could find time. You can always find time to do what you want to do."

"How do you find time," I asked, "to accomplish so much work?"

"By doing it!" he answered. "By starting when I get out of bed in the morning and working until the job is finished, at night, or the next morning, or the next week!"

"In connection with pictures, I have just finished one now. It is called 'Four Aces.' I was the producer. I wrote the story and directed it. I took four men for the male leads—none of whom had an ounce of film training. They were all stage actors. I did everything in connection with this film but the camera work and the lighting. Unlike most producers, I have sense enough not to butt in on things I know nothing about. I left that part to technicians who are masters of their jobs."

It didn't take long to make the picture and it only cost \$15,000. If any other English producer had made it, it would have run to \$90,000."

He leaned forward: "I'll tell you something. There's no reason why England can't make good pictures. Pictures that will sell here in America. But I'll tell you why she hasn't. The English picture business has heretofore been mostly in control of men—duds from Hollywood. Not the able Hollywood producers and directors. But, with rare exceptions, men who didn't make the grade in their own country, and came to England with a long tale and took in our unsuspecting people. Of course, we have had splendid American directors and actors in English movies,

but it has been the exception rather than the rule. However, we have seen our mistake now. And it's all going to be changed. Any country must work out her own salvation.

And that's what England is going to do, pictorially. She may be a little slow. But she always has been sure. And here's something else I want to tell you. I don't hold with the English producers who say we don't get—what is it you call it here in the States?—oh, yes!—a break with English pictures.

"I am convinced," he went on, "that when we send America a good picture the people will receive it in the spirit in which it is sent and will be just in all their criticisms. It's been the fault of English producers, not of American critics, that our pictures haven't gone over so well."

"Are you going to Hollywood on this trip?" I asked.

"No, I'm not. And I rather suspect that out of the many authors who have visited America, I am one of the few who hasn't gone there. But here is one thing that every person should realize. *Never go to Hollywood until they send for you!* If you've got something to contribute to Hollywood, whether in acting, writing, directing or in a technical way, Hollywood will (Continued on page 114)



A scene from "The Terror," the first mystery talkie, taken from the Edgar Wallace play. "They made a good picture out of it," says the honest author.

John and Dolores Costello Barrymore are happy though married—but they smilingly refuse to brag about it.

Below: William Boyd and Elinor Faire when they were 'the blissfully happy Bill Boyds.' The jinx got them and they're separated!



Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco—winners in the marriage game and not so bad at tennis!



Is Publicity *Happy Marriage*

"Put the Soft Pedal on Happy—who hope for Matrimonial

By Ruth

"**W**E'RE so happy!" These are the three most fatal words ever uttered in Hollywood, if you can believe the local superstition.

Better to walk under a ladder, sit down thirteen at table or omit knocking on wood when boasting of good luck, than to declare in cold, undying print that you and your husband are ideally mated.

"The minute you are catalogued as happily married, the Jinx will get you," one of our latest brides assured me, while begging that no mention of her own felicity be made. "Publicity on happiness is fatal!"

Is it?

Well, there's Elinor Faire.

Elinor's romance was the result of love scenes played with Bill Boyd in "The Volga Boatman." They had never met until, as a glamorous princess and a picturesque peasant, they stepped out on the set. Two months and four days after that meeting, Elinor and Bill were sending telegrams of announcement from Santa Ana signed "Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd." And for more than three years interviews with either of them included a reference to their perfect bliss.

"I'd rather miss a good part in a grand story than do without Bill," said Elinor, for instance. "I had made up



Evelyn and Jack Mulhall. She gave up a promising screen career for him and he appreciates it.



His Colleen and her John: the McCormicks—smart, Irish, and successful in movies and matrimony.



Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. She'd have married him even if he hadn't happened to be her boss!

"Stick to your career and you'll stay interesting!" is Laura La Plante Seiter's advice to girls contemplating Hollywood matrimony.



FATAL to in Hollywood?

ness!" Advise Famous Film Stars
Felicity. Right or Wrong?

Tildesley



When the Noah Beerys were a happy family. Now they are victims of the Hollywood marriage jinx.

my mind to stay home and settle our new house while Bill made his picture at West Point, but at the last minute the thought of picking out new curtains without being able to show samples to Bill and hear him say he liked whatever I liked, well, I decided I could have a better time with Bill!"

There appeared here and there Bill's views on the desirability of wives adorning the home, Elinor's confession that Bill was her first sweetheart, advice on how to hold husbands, and so on and on, together with pictures of the Boyds in poses of conjugal amity.

The Jinx got them! The 'happily married Bill Boyds' have separated, whether for years or forever nobody knows.

Five years ago, the happy-marriage tag was firmly affixed to the Reginald Dennys, the Noah Beerys, Milton and Gladys Sills. We knew that people could be real pals and sweethearts long after the honeymoon because of these shining examples.

When Marguerite Beery was pasting hankies on the mirrors to save ironing them, Gladys Sills was cooking the evening meal over a gas jet in the little room next door. They had a time making ends meet in their first struggling young-wedded days. They used to like to talk about it when Noah and Milton were famous on the screen.

"It's sharing hard times that tests love," they used to say.

(Continued on page 120)



He is the 'strong, silent man' of the movies. But it remained for the psychoanalyst to reveal the subtleties of a different and deeper Gary Cooper.

THE fascination of Gary Cooper is that he is an authentic American type, not of the hail-fellow-well-met city-breed so well typified by John Gilbert, but of that pioneer line that was toughened into living with death and living with silence in the crossing of the plains, and of whom Lindbergh is a worthy throw-back. It is today a type become somewhat rare. It met the Red Men on prairie and among the mountains, conquered them physically and was conquered by them spiritually. Our pioneers were Indianized, whether because they had to adopt the Indian tactics to fight a to-hell-with death and most cunning enemy, or whether Mother Earth herself made them over into the American soul.

Gary Cooper has kindly filled in a questionnaire which SCREENLAND has sent to the most important stars, and apparently he has no illusions about himself. I have watched him carefully in pictures and seen him play a poor sap who never knew what it was all about and also play an airman whose twinkling eyes showed that he knew every move he was making. But whatever rôle he plays, there are some qualities that repeat. He always seems meditative, slow in action, careful in expression, holding himself just a little aloof from his fellows, and displaying a dogged courage. Heap Indian here! The Indians were notable for their ability to take punishment, for their wilful and careful cunning, for their coolness in action, for their undownable doggedness, for their concentration on one goal to the exclusion of everything else. They met death or dealt it out with heart and soul. It is possible the white men would not have conquered them if the Iron Horse, with its terrific power of modern machinery, hadn't ruthlessly smashed them back. America made the African his slave; the Indian never. He did not have the slave nature. He was a worthy foe, who imbued his enemies with his own qualities.

One feels in Gary Cooper this mixture of the Indian

GARY PSYCHO-

You Will Really Know
and Understand Gary
After Reading This

and the pioneer. The pioneer finally, as ranchman or gold-hunter, was a lone-wolf. He lived much with nature, often much away from men, sometimes he made the solitary trek. The Indian villages were very sociable places; but many of the white men who became Indianized, became more or less solitaires, acquiring the sterner side of the Indian nature.

Gary Cooper's years on a ranch probably deepened this tendency in him. The reader may remember the two psychological types, the introvert and the extravert—the introvert more the dreamer, the inward man, the brooding man, who is often shy, highly self-conscious, and often finds it hard to adapt to the world, to mix easily with his fellows; the extravert more the doer, the mixer,



Gary is proud of the Indian vest and holster made by his own hands 'way back when' he rode the range on his father's Montana ranch. An old Indian cattle-hand taught the boy the art of beading.

COOPER

ANALYZED

By
James Oppenheim

the good fellow, the man who finds it easy to 'sell' himself or anything else, who feels at home wherever he goes.

Gary Cooper, answering the questionnaire, sets himself down as much more the introvert than the extravert. In fact, he makes the ratio 36 to 23. He sets himself down as highly self-conscious, as exceedingly shy, as feeling misunderstood by most people, as hating to be conspicuous, as a day-dreamer, as more or less of a poor mixer, as rather moody, and as getting easily tense. He only allows himself a fair share of practicality, yet he does on the other hand claim for himself a natural love of activity, of doing things, of being realistic and having common sense.

In spite of the figures, and Gary Cooper's own estimate of himself, I am inclined to think that he is by nature



Gary is an authentic American type—a type become somewhat rare. Of fine, sturdy, rugged pioneer stock, he is suited to rôles like "The Virginian."



Mrs. Cooper, Gary's mother, shows her screen star son an English candle lamp handed down through four generations by his ancestors. It is the only one of its make in America.

an extravert, and that it is more the Indian attitude and the ranching experience that have made him what one might call city-shy or crowd-shy. He was born, I think, one thing and became another. But even if this is so, he would, under any circumstances, have been slow to action, thoughtful, meditative, dogged. He is not the intuitive type of man who sees things in a flash and is 'raring to go'; nor yet the sensational type who wants excitement and to get a kick out of everything, the natural born fighter, flirter and mixer; nor yet the feeling type man, like Lincoln, who sacrifices himself to a love for humanity. He is, I believe, the thinking type.

He chews the cud of thought, and you can almost see him chew it. The good thinker, like the Indian, concentrates on his goal and excludes everything else. He is inclined to be cool. He is exceedingly masculine. He shuts out disturbing emotions; he works out a system and lives by it. He is orderly, knows exactly what he is doing, and has the courage of his convictions; or, if you will, of his system. He does not cross bridges until he comes to them. Time enough when the bridge heaves into sight. Then he pauses, takes a look, counts the cost, looks for the best way, and having made up his mind, sets across with stubborn doggedness and every refusal to turn back.

But the experience, as well as the blood, of Gary Cooper, have made him less practical than his forebears, less intent on making his heap, less intent on the business side. True, he went into the movies because he saw big money in it, for one thing; but a man of a slightly different bent of mind would have gone into something still more practical. For Gary Cooper has much of the artist, the dreamer in him. Just as he isn't a straight extravert, in fact is more introverted than extraverted, just so he isn't a straight thinking type. He also has moods. He is swayed by deep emotions. He has a love of art for its own sake. Only a true artist could give at one

(Continued on page 118)

"Now They Can Do Grand Opera!" You Say of the Soundies. But Will They — and Can They?



Don Jose Mojica, young and fiery lyric tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, is singing and acting for Fox Movietone. His screen debut will be made in a Spanish light opera.



Above: John McCormack, concert and opera star, converted to the films.

Left: Hope Hampton as she appeared as "Manon Lescaut" for Vitaphone.



GRAND ON THE

IF you wish to get the goat of the average musician just kid grand opera. He'll put you down as an incorrigible ignoramus or an aesthetic moron. Yet nine persons out of ten consider grand opera a grand joke. The music may be grand, they will tell you, but the scenery!—the singers!—the costumes! All the grand music in the world will not compensate for these optical pains.

Furthermore, the average person laughs at the story and

the way it is told. Imagine a big two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder-on-the-hoof singing his heart out in lace panties and accompanying himself on a stingy little mandolin! And imagine anybody wishing to make love to a big broad-backed dame resting in her corsets like a pan of overset dough!

Nor is your Average Man the only kidder of this great art-form. John McCormack is quoted as kidding the pants off grand opera—if perchance it ever wore pants! And no less a musician than Victor Herbert once wrote a grand opera sketch for The Lambs in which the singers took half an hour to announce that 'The house is afire!' and by the time this timely notice was finally understood by the choral ensemble, the house had burned down!

Notwithstanding the ribald esteem in which grand opera is held by the mob, one of the first exclamations that accompanied the success of sound pictures was: 'Now they can do grand opera at a price that everybody can pay!'

But can they, and will they? And if they do will it be the same as it is done in the theater? We will answer these questions all together. They can and will do grand



Above: Lawrence Tibbett, great baritone, in "Rogue Song," on the screen.

Martinelli's glorious voice has thrilled movie audiences via Vitaphone.

OPERA SCREEN?

opera, but not in the form that has brought down upon its head the hilarious laughter of the mob.

Europe, which is artistically more daring than America, will no doubt be the first to make the grand experiment of doing grand opera according to its ancient (and perhaps archaic) idiom, but we shall ease into it, gradually change those things that have offended, and finally emerge with an art-form that will be grander than the grandest opera ever heard and seen in the capitals of Europe.

And in doing it, these are the things we shall not do:

We shall not accept the stage limitations regarding locations, sets and scenery.

We shall not offend the eye with singers who are physically unattractive.

We shall not offend the dramatic sense by singing all the dialog.

When SCREENLAND asked me to write this piece I immediately dashed over to the M-G-M lot and had a long interview with Paul Bern who supervised the first near-grand opera that this famous studio has undertaken. Then I went down and gave an imitation of a Metropolitan

audience while I sat alone and saw a couple of reels run off.

The production is called "Rogue Song." Lionel Barrymore directed it and Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company plays and sings the title rôle. In the cast are other famous singers and they are backed up by a full symphony orchestra of fifty pieces.

The opening shots are all outdoors—the first great triumph over a stage production. (Continued on page 114)

By
Rob
Wagner



Our own Ramon Novarro has his chance to sing as well as act in "Devil May Care," which you'll see soon.



Jobyna and Richard Arlen and a close-up of 'Doug,' the latest Hollywood game, which will be awarded complete to the writer of the best letter answering Dick's question. This is the game developed by Douglas Fairbanks and named after him. It was very carefully developed as a game to bring about the best physical condition of those who play it.



THE Arlen gift is an all-movie gift. Douglas Fairbanks developed the game and the Richard Arlens offer it to you. We won't attempt to describe the game because a book of instructions goes with the gift but we do know that it combines the best qualities of tennis and Badminton. In fact, 'Doug,' as it now stands, incorporates the most desirable characteristics of various racket games.

Dick says a few sets of 'Doug' each day keep him in trim. However, the game is interesting for pure sport's sake.

And now the only thing that stands between you and the gift is a little matter of a question which Richard Arlen asks you to answer for him. In return for the best letter answering his question, Richard will present the winner with the game of 'Doug.' Here's the question you must answer: Do you think that Richard Arlen should appear in comedy drama, such as his first starring vehicle "Burning Up," or play straight dramatic rôles, such as Steve in "The Virginian?" Give reasons for your answer.

Address:—RICHARD ARLEN
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City

Contest closes February 10, 1930



On your toes! If Dick Arlen serves on the court as well as he serves his public he plays a great game. For speed, 'Doug' has no equal in the entire realm of racket sports, according to Douglas Fairbanks and other fans.

Dick and all the things that go to make the game of 'Doug.' Four rackets, four feathered balls, and the net and everything! It's Dick's favorite sport and he wants one of his fans to enjoy it, too.

A GIFT

from the

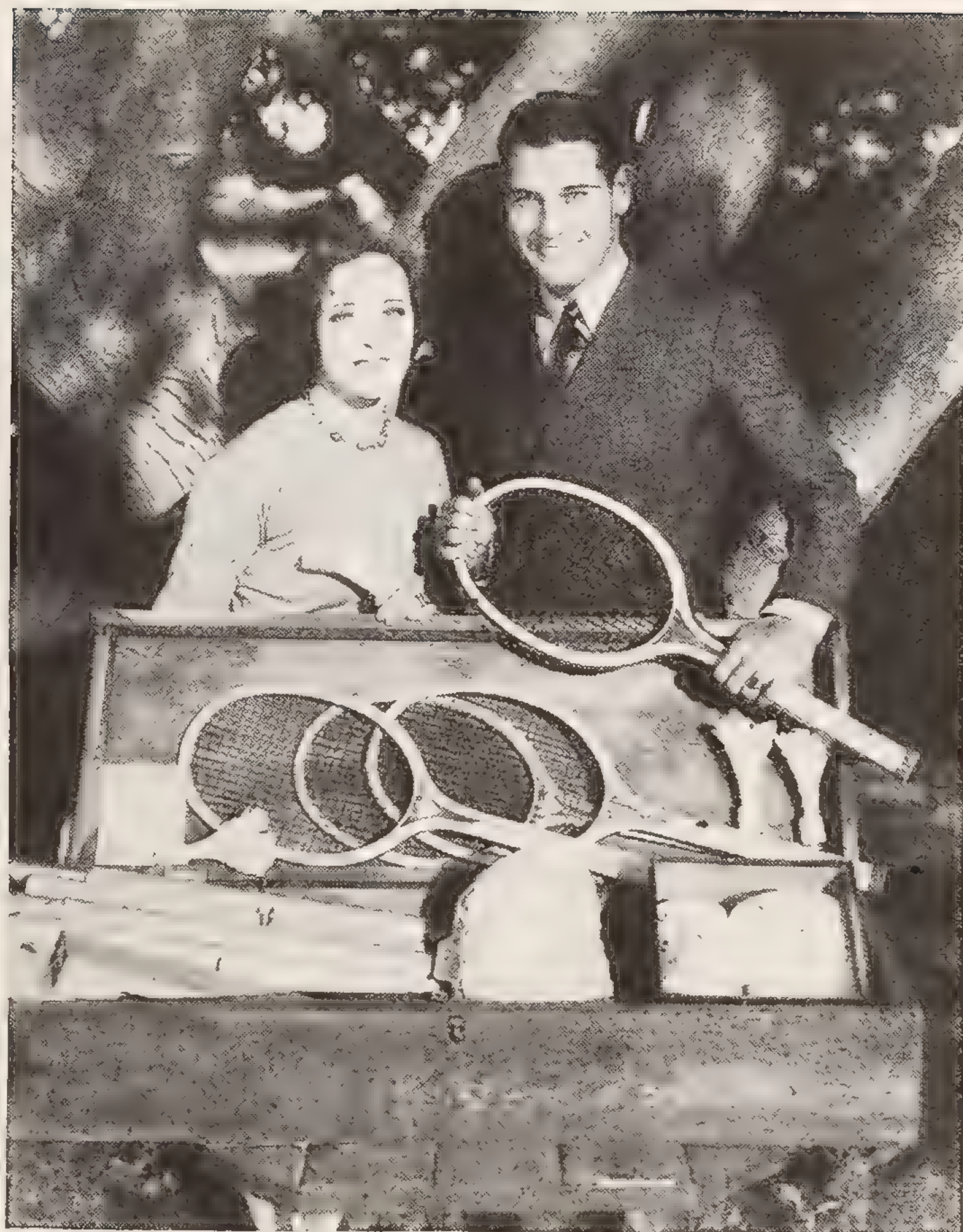
ARLENS

Richard Arlen says if you are a tennis enthusiast be prepared to surrender to 'Doug.' It's the newest Hollywood racket!

When things quiet down at the studio for Dick and Joby, they dash out to their home at Toluca Lake, where our Dick is Mayor, and play a few sets of 'Doug.' Joby says it's more effective than the Hollywood diet—and lots more fun!

Now write the best letter and win the Arlen gift. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most concise letter answering Richard Arlen's interesting question.

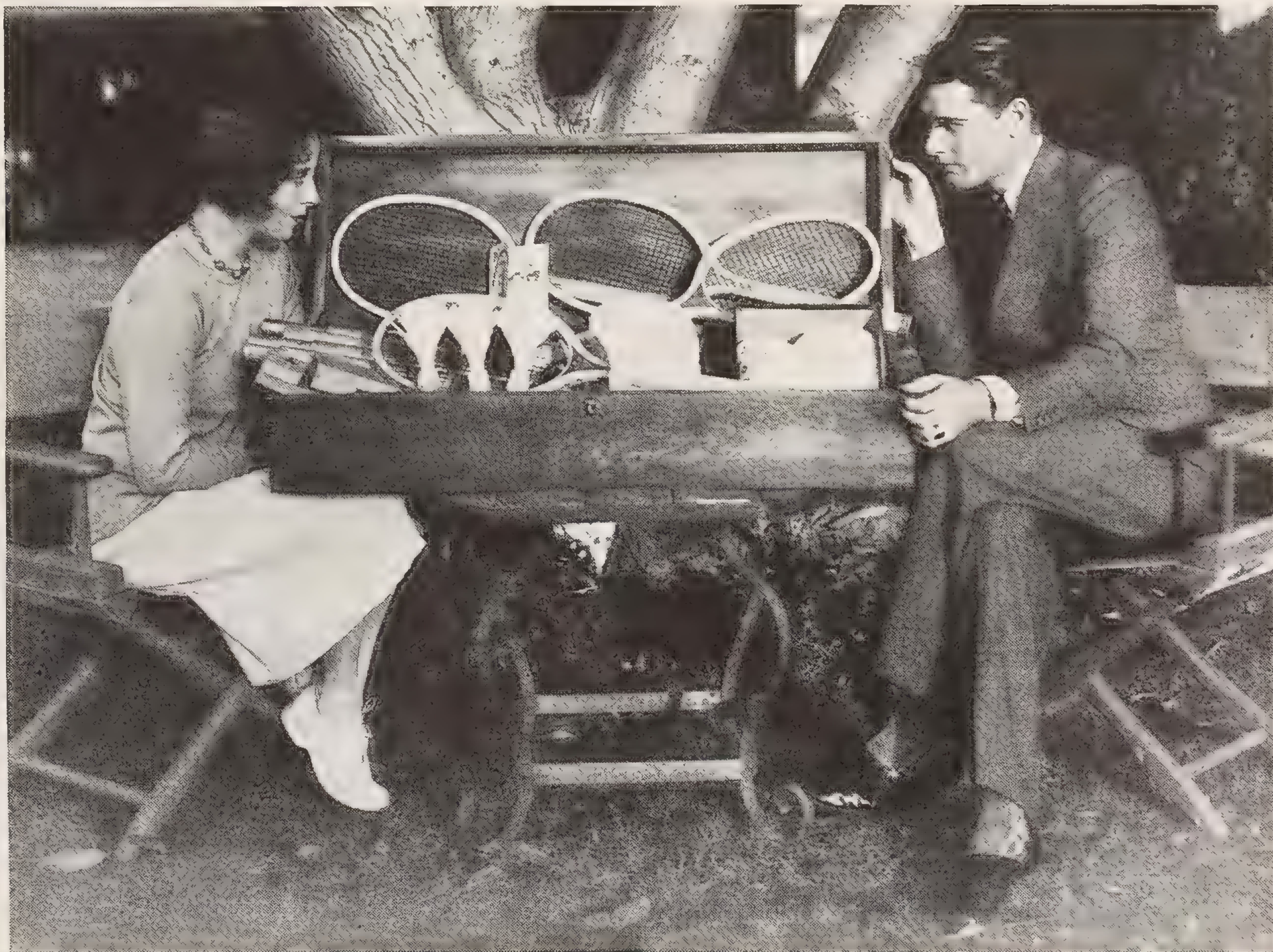
Arlen is always at your service. He wants to know in what sort of vehicle you like him best—light comedy or drama? As you know, in "The Virginian" Dick plays a very dramatic rôle, and in "Burning Up" he is light and gay. It's up to you to decide which you like best. Give Dick your sincere opinion and in exchange he'll give you 'Doug.' Fair enough!



Joby and Dick at their Toluca Lake home where 'Doug' is their favorite pastime. They hope you will have as much wholesome fun out of the game as they do! And they hope, too, that whoever wins the gift will share it with his family and the next-door neighbors, so that everybody will have a chance to play.

All photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Arlen by Otto Dyer.

Just before the battle—we mean, game of 'Doug'! Whom are you placing your bets on—Joby or Dick? Friends of the popular Arlens form a long waiting line on Sundays to play the game that is generally voted the most fun of any outdoor sport in Hollywood. Such famous tennis players as William Tilden and Mrs. May Sutton Bundy are enthusiastic about 'Doug'; while Charlie Paddock endorses it and Charlie Chaplin plays it. What a recommendation!





Captain Edward Molyneux, the young couturier whose smart clothes are worn by queens, screen stars, business women, opera singers and home women the world over, gives SCREENLAND readers valuable advice on the all-absorbing subject of style.



Alice Joyce is awarded honorable mention by Molyneux as one of the well-dressed screen actresses.

What's the matter with

The Famous Fashion Creator

By Captain

GLORIA SWANSON and Ina Claire are the best-dressed women in the movies—and two of the best gowned women in the world.

They have learned how to dress because they are true cosmopolites. They know their world. They don't confine themselves to one country or to one *metier*.

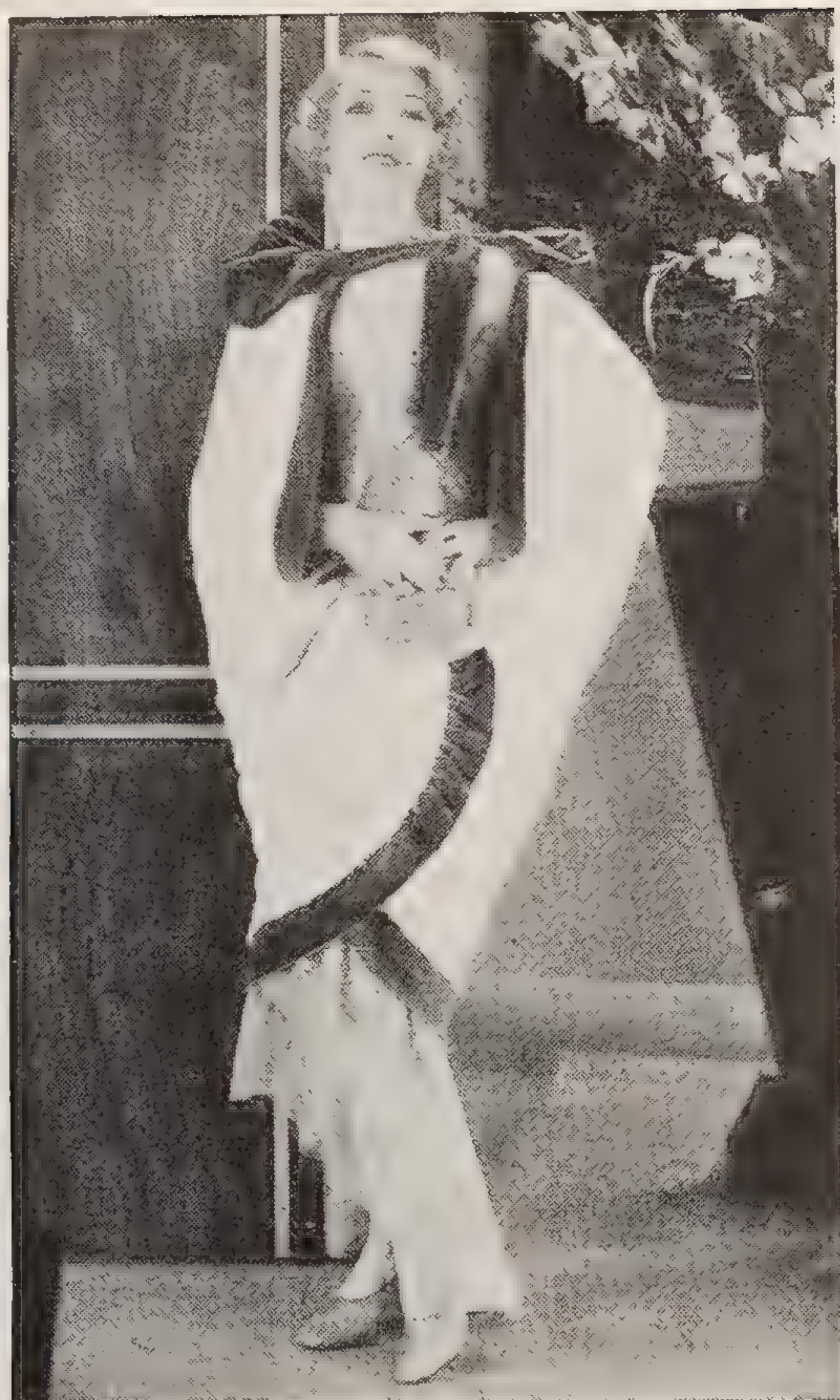
However, I am sorry to say their excellent standard of dressing has not quite been reached by the majority of moving picture actresses, with the exception of Alice Joyce, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford and a few others.

There are two reasons why picture stars—as well as the majority of other women—are not always well-dressed. The first is that they have little understanding of the essential fitness of clothes. The second is that they dress to follow the current mode instead of gowning themselves to suit their own individual style.

In connection with the first point, I can't tell you how often I have observed screen stars on vacation in Paris, starting out for a sight-seeing or shopping trip in the morning, dressed in silk or satin, wearing fancy shoes, many jewels; and, to crown it all, a hat with a fussy bejewelled pin.

But let me say right here that I think these movie actresses are not to blame for their extravagant clothes. They become so accustomed to lavish dressing in pictures than when the time comes for them to lay aside their ostentatious gowns and put on street dress—like many another actor when the curtain falls, it is difficult to cease playing a part.

Of course, screen stars as well as other women, realize that it is *outré* to dress extravagantly in the morning. No lady of the *haut monde* in any country approves of overdressing. Laws of style are like laws of civilization—they vary little in any part of the civilized world. And a lady still holds to certain traditions whether she be walking down Hollywood Boulevard, taking a stroll on the Bois de Bologne, or climbing through a mountain pass in India. They all realize how they should dress, but in the stress of modern life, many grow careless. They become so absorbed in their homes or their careers that they hurry into whatever costume is handiest and rush into the business of the day without much forethought about appearance. That is a great mistake. The world can only judge you by your clothes—at first. Nobody



Ina Claire, true cosmopolite, is one of the best gowned women in the world, says Captain Molyneux.



Mary Pickford has excellent standards of dressing, understanding the essential fitness of clothes.



Gloria Swanson, according to Captain Molyneux, is not only one of the best gowned women in the movies, but also in the world.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES?

Reveals Some Secrets of Smartness

Edward Molyneux

will take the trouble to explore the interior of your mind or spirit unless the exterior attracts them. If all young girls realized this, there would be fewer lonely women in the world.

I am known among the designers of the world as a conventionalist. But I think I am not too conventional. Born as I was on my grandfather's estate in County Waterford, Ireland, I early became accustomed to seeing my mother and relatives simply garbed in the morning. They wore tweeds or dark dresses and coats, or suits; plain hats, plain shoes, and their only ornaments were their wedding rings and small strings of real pearls.

In my childhood I believed there was nobody better dressed than the true Irish gentlewoman. I still believe so. For the older I grow the more I realize that dress

hundreds of millions of women and girls in every country.

Rich or poor, humble or exalted, every woman strives to be well dressed. And for that reason I prescribe the same clothes exactly for the star who dashes out of her bath early in the Hollywood morning and hurries out to an eight o'clock call at the studio; for the Duchesse de Richlieu, rising to drink her chocolate in her Paris town house; for the business girl, boiling a cup of coffee in her little kitchenette preparatory to taking the subway to her secretarial job in Wall Street. Naturally the quality of the material will vary—according to the purse of the purchaser. But all essentials will be the same.

For the morning, simplicity is absolutely necessary. I would suggest a simple dress or suit of rep, wool or jersey, in dark gray, dark blue, (Continued on page 123)

in certain of its basic essentials is as unchanging as the laws of nature.

One of my greatest pleasures is designing clothes for morning wear. It is one of my real hobbies. So perhaps you would be interested in hearing just what I consider suitable for the hours of the day before the sun has crossed the meridian. Screen stars should pay especial attention to this point because what they wear at any hour is liable to affect the clothes of



A portrait of Armstrong in his studio, with one of his gorgeous 'Armstrong Girls' in the background.

WHAT *is* BEAUTY?

Read the Distinguished Artist's Penetrating Analysis
and Then Turn to his Gallery of Screen Beauties
Beginning on the Opposite Page

By Rolf Armstrong

BEAUTY—anywhere, everywhere. In any of nature's countless creations, from the speck of color on a moth's wing, to the granite contour of a mountain range, artists, since the first cave dweller, have found inspiration, and motifs for their work.

Consider the incalculable, consummate beauty displayed just in the cycle of a day. Against the black background of night, is sketched the pastel we call dawn, brightening into the impalpable web of a hazy midsummer morning. Daylight intensified, reveals wonder upon wonder—water that shines like tightly stretched silk; trees and clouds in endless patterns; the entire gamut of color, from palest grey to flaming vermillion; sun blazing on beaches yellow and smooth as chamois-skin. Purple shadows of afternoon; sunset; twilight; starlight; moonlight.

Subjects, and problems enough for any artist's lifetime.

Yet occasionally an artist continues to grope his way through this labyrinth, till he comes upon the very climax of subtle beauty, wherein seem combined the essences of all other beauties—magnificent architecture; texture of moonlight; a distillation of all colors, so blended and attenuated that they are no longer colors, but nuances, transparencies; contours elusive as smoke, yet vital, cosmic, characterful—nature's supreme challenge to the artist—a beautiful woman!

And when you realize that this composite, concentrated beauty has the added lure of sex, you cease to wonder that, through the centuries, it has proved such a force

that kingdoms, life, love, honor, and happiness have been sacrificed on its altar. Today, since the market value of beauty is probably higher than ever before, a girl, brushed even lightly by its enchantment, may rise, almost overnight, to fantastic heights. So women strive for beauty because it will bring them wealth, power, and fame. Men strive for wealth, power, and fame because it will bring them beautiful women.

To try to analyze this beauty, and translate it upon canvas in terms of paint or pastel, has been the lifelong struggle of many an artist. From my own observation and experience, I am inclined to believe that perception, originality, color sense, technical facility—indispensable as they are to the artist—are incomplete equipment for this particular undertaking, unless sustained by sheer physical endurance to work untold hours, face innumerable defeats, and be ready each day to try again. For beside the exacting problem of reproducing precise structure and proportion, there is the riddle of that inner emanation from heart, mind, or spirit that gives individuality to each face, so that no matter how closely their basic structure may conform to the one classic standard, no two beautiful women ever look exactly alike.

The silver screen has always seemed to me a vast canvas upon which masterpieces of beauty might be created. The cinema is more closely allied to the art of painting than is generally realized. Primarily, motion pictures develop a story, build up an

(Continued on page 119)



WHITE

*Light could not be painted without it. No
other color can take its place.*

Mary Pickford



LEMON YELLOW

The tip of a flame. Pale winter sunlight.

Ann Harding



CHROME YELLOW

The gypsy color—primitive, elemental.

Lupe Velez



CADMIUM ORANGE

The glowing combination of red and yellow.

Bebe Daniels



VERMILION

Vibrant: dominating: dynamic.

Clara Bow



ROSE MADDER

Dusky, rich, deep red—color of roses and rubies.

Estelle Taylor



COBALT VIOLET

*Evocative of fragile, costly,
sophisticated femininity.*

Corinne Griffith



COBALT BLUE

Clear, definite, polished blue of enamels.

Billie Dove



WILLOW GREEN

Youth. The color of Spring.

Nancy Carroll



CERULEAN BLUE

Smiling, unclouded perfection of summer skies.

Vilma Banky



EMERALD GREEN

Gay, vivid, daring—a rollicking, sparkling color.

Marion Davies



ULTRAMARINE BLUE

Vigorous, direct—color of sunny seas.

Mary Brian



PURPLE

*The regal color. Fire of red, spiritual range of blues:
transparent, yet with the power and depth of dark tones.*

Gloria Swanson



INDIGO BLUE

Mysterious, oriental, dramatic, exotic.

Eve Southern



VANDYKE BROWN

The tone of Rembrandt shadows—deep, remote, warm.

Evelyn Brent



IVORY BLACK

Impenetrable, sombre, yet capable of innumerable variations of beauty.

Greta Garbo

Right: camera booths leaving for location, manned by technical artists who are part of the army behind the screen scenes. Tractors are used as the motive power for hauling this equipment, mounted on low trucks. With this 'fleet' is 'Gene Searle, the script girl-heiress—one of the hardest workers on the First National lot.



Left: the script girl and the star of "Little Johnny Jones": 'Gene Searle and Eddie Buzzell. 'Gene is learning the film business with ambitions to become a director some day.

The Millionaire Script Girl

She Rides to Work in her Limousine—
but She is Making Good on her Own

By Sydney Valentine

IN one circle of society she's 'Bobby' Jackson, but the studios know her as 'Gene Searle.

'Bobby' Jackson rides after the foxes, plays polo, bathes in the surf at Deauville, takes a little whirl with chance at Monte Carlo.

Nagene Searle has been saying 'Yes, sir,' for four years to motion picture directors, part of the time 'holding script,' part of the time being assistant director, and the rest of the time writing scenario treatments.

It didn't seem logical for a script girl to come to the studio day after day for over a year in one of three rolling fortunes, automobile aristocrats. A big chauffeured town car, some days. The same chauffeur in a limousine, other days. And a powerful, expensive roadster sometimes, with 'Gene herself at the wheel.

Then occasionally a lawyer, brief-case in hand, consulting with the girl, when the director could spare her or let her retire for a moment to the corner of the set!

So, gradually, the secret came out. 'Bobby' Jackson and

'Gene Searle were identified as the same girl. A big oil company behind the family, and the Jackson-Bell radio behind these cars and other expensive accessories of the 'script girl.'

Interviewed at First National Studios in Burbank, where she was 'holding script' on a talking comedy called "Loose Ankles," Miss Searle gave the whole story willingly enough. She did not mind Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Loretta Young, Louise Fazenda, Inez Courtney and other members of the cast joining in the interview, all asking as many questions as the interviewer.

"It's all very simple," Miss Searle remarked. "I want to be a film director. Lois Weber was my model. Now we have Dorothy Arzner, whom I admire very much."

"Why a film director?" Louise Fazenda wanted to know. "You could be an actress. Most people, seeing you come in here in that big roadster, mistake you for Laura La Plante, Bill Seiter's wife."

Miss Searle smiled. "I wouldn't (Continued on page 112)

“AND NOTHING

They Play the Game in Hollywood—the Game of ‘Truth’

HEY-HEY and hilarious Hollywood. Headquarters of all-around-the-clock whoopee and hectic festivities—or so the guileless imbiber of Hollywood gossip supposes. But—

As you’ve oft been told before, there’s lots of home life out west that hasn’t nearly as much sin in it as the cinemas would imply. And while we’re not prepared to paint the movie colony as a cross between little Eva’s heaven and a Y. M. C. A. sitting room—what we are going to do is let you in on a few of the milder amusements that are all the rage at present in screen circles.

If you happen in on a little party in the Beverly Hills section and spot a bevy of gorgeous ladies tearing each other’s hair out, you’ll know they’ve been playing “Truths.” You might have met the game before at one of these nice friendly blow-outs, where the hostess is always devising a means to bring her guests closer together by introducing something ‘really intimate.’ Anyway, you’ll be interested to know that even as you and I sit around speculating on our favorite movie star, the best looker, best dresser and the rest, so do the boys and girls themselves pass judgment on each other. And their way of doing it is to gather for a session of “Truths.” This is how the stars play the game—and we have the dope first hand, together with the actual score-card kept in Eleanor Boardman’s hand-writing, on a piece of King Vidor’s stationery. Eleanor, as you know, being Mrs. Vidor.

Among those present at the Vidor house following a dinner party, were Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Charlie Chaplin, George K. Arthur, Eleanor Boardman, Josephine Dunn, Harry D’Arrast, who directed many Menjou hits,



Lois Wilson tied with Harry Crocker for second highest score. Lois rates high for kindness and sincerity.



EB.	HC.	James	Gloria	Lois	Score
6 1/2	6 1/2	4	4 1/2	5	7 1/2
5	6 1/2	7	4	3 1/2	9
9	7 1/2	7 1/2	6 1/2	5	8 1/2
7	5	7 1/2	4 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
2	3	3 1/2	7	7	5 1/2
9	7	7	5	5 1/2	8
7	9 1/2	7 1/2	6	5	8 1/2
7	9	2	4 1/2	8	4 1/2
9	9	6 1/2	2 1/2	4 1/2	1 1/2
3	5	5 1/2	5	5	7
					68
					58 1/2
					72 1/2
					57
					50 1/2

The actual score-card, in Eleanor Boardman’s hand-writing, at the ‘Truth’ party. Gloria Swanson has the highest rating. Hostess Eleanor at the left.

but the TRUTH!"

By Muriel Thirer



Gorgeous Gloria led them all for sex appeal and adaptability. Gloria is a favorite in her own home town!

and Harry Crocker, Chaplin's ex-assistant.

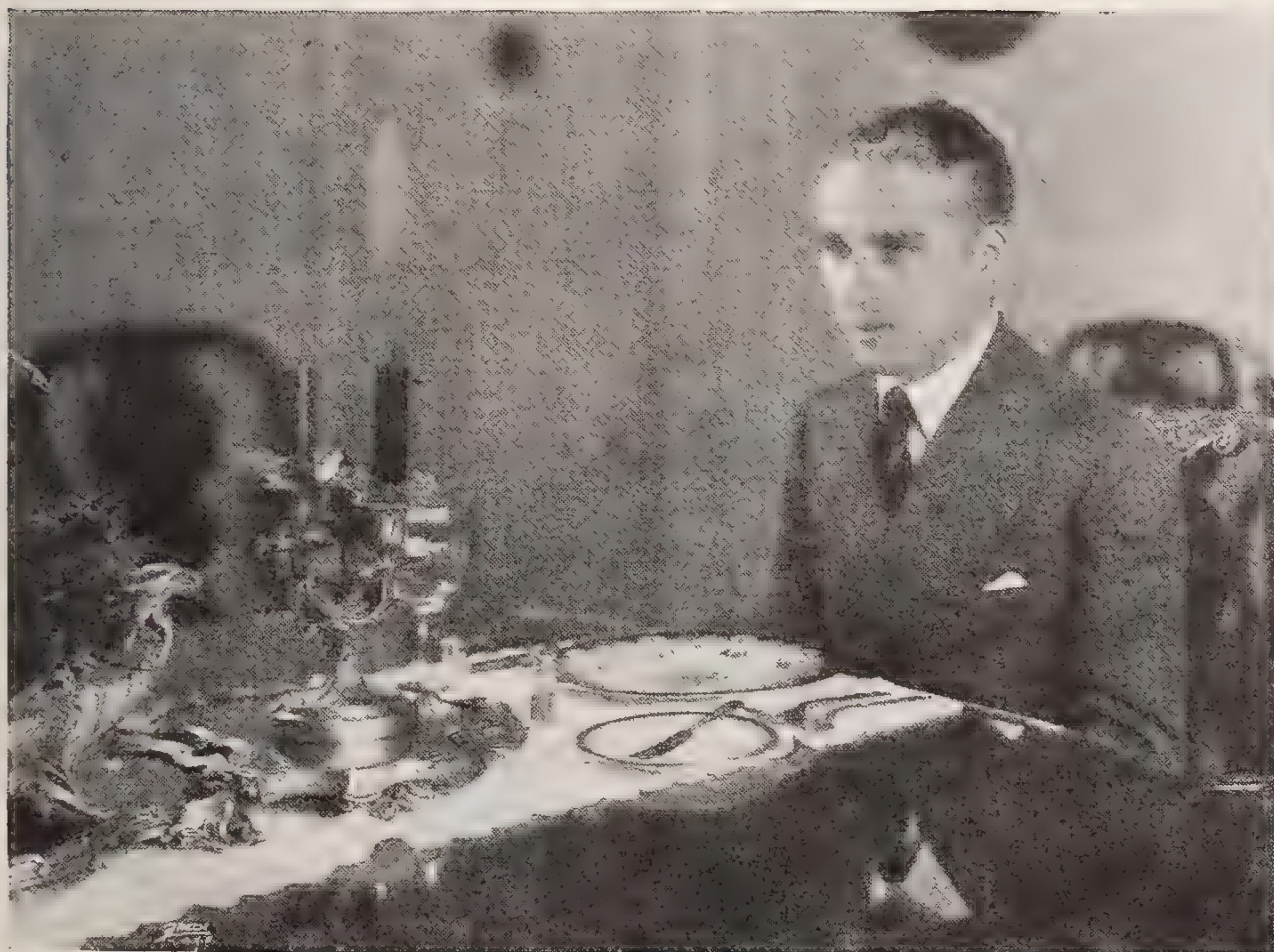
A score-card was drawn up allowing a column for each player, at the top of which was written his or her name. Out in the margin, and reading from the top to the bottom of the page, were listed the qualifications about which the players were going to come clean. They are such items as sex appeal, charm, good looks and so on.

The highest rating that can be given on any item is ten points; the lowest, zero. Each player must fill out a sheet, giving grades anywhere from zero to ten—half tones accepted—to all the participants, including him or herself. After all the sheets are completed, the percentages are added together and divided by the number of persons playing, in order to get an average. And then the final list is drawn up, showing at a glance who rates highest honors for wit, wisdom and all the other attributes that go to make a movie star worth her contract.

Here's how Eleanor Boardman's game ended, and it's the real low-down on what these stars think of each other.

	Eleanor Boardman	Harry Crocker	Harry D'Arrast	Geo. K. Arthur	Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson	Lois Wilson	Josephine Dunn
Sex Appeal	6½	6½	4	4½	5	7½	4½	7
Aesthetic Sense	5	6½	7	4	9	5	7	3½
Charm	9	7½	7½	6½	8½	6½	7½	5
Good Taste	7	5	7	4½	2½	6	5	6½
Adaptability	2	3	3½	7	5½	8	6	7
Intelligence	9	7	7	5	9	8	8	5½
Kindliness	7	9½	7½	6	4	8½	9	5
Good Looks	7	9	2	4½	4½	8½	7	8
Sincerity	9	9	6	2½	1½	7½	9	4½
Sense of Humor	3	5	5	5½	9	7	5	5
	64½	68	56½	52	58½	72½	68	57

(Continued on page 118)



Charlie Chaplin, one of the distinguished guests at Eleanor's party, rated 9 for sense of humor—but only 1½ for sincerity! Right, George K. Arthur.



DO'S *and* DON'TS Who Want to



She's young, she's pretty—and she's one of the most famous and highly-paid writers in the world: Miss Jeanie Macpherson.

PEOPLE always laugh when I succumb to entreaties, and tell what I think a girl should do who has aspirations towards the writing of scenarios.

No one ever believes me, but to my mind no young woman should approach the stiff competition of film writing until she has first attended a business college and taken a full secretarial course.

No matter what college degrees a young woman may hold, or how thorough an educational and cultural background she possesses, she needs the direct contact with the commercial drama of the world. Stenography and secretarial work teach order, a first requisite for any writer. More important, however, they take a girl from the cloistered surroundings of the home and make her stand on her own feet. Both wit and observation are quickened.

While any business office will have some values, the would-be writer will attempt to get a secretarial job in a newspaper office. Here she can observe the technicalities of

gathering news, of assembling the drama of the day. She should keep training herself in writing, until she is fit to accept any vacancy which may occur in the reportorial staff. While I never had a day's training in a newspaper office, I have greatly regretted the lack. What comes as second nature to a reporter has been very hard work for me. Reporters soon learn to take what is vital from the news, and reject the rest. This is a trick which comes only from special training. I value the attribute so highly that I go contrary to my own experience when I urge journalistic work as a writing essential.

The hardest step comes next.

When a girl gets to be a reporter she has attained a certain standing. I say to such a girl, "Forget your pride—and go back to your pothooks again."

In other words, seek a secretarial position in a studio, even if you have to take half the salary. You are 'unknown' as a writer. You wouldn't have a chance to get by the studio gates for the training you need in screen technique.

As a stenographer, however, you are in demand. It is not easy to get into any picture studio, but it is an easier road through shorthand than any other.

Once inside the guarded gates a clever, capable girl will find many situations in which qualities of sincerity and seriousness will give her opportunities to observe technique and, eventually, a chance to 'practice' on a story.

All of this takes a lot of time and hardly fits in with the ideas of the young graduate who looks at a picture and tells her friend, "I could write a picture that good myself."

What an awakening she gets when she tries!

Let me say to you with heartfelt emphasis that there is no quick and easy road to successful screen authorship. When you are trying to combine human emotions with physical factors such as sets, lights, cameras, etc., you must know certain fundamentals which are not learned in a day, or even a year.

I can hear some who may read this article saying, "She's a hot one to hand out all of this free advice. She never worked that way—she admits it herself!"

That's all true, but if I had followed this systematic path as over a score of big woman scenario writers have done, I would have saved myself years of time and much nervous and physical energy.

I went from acting into scenario writing, from \$200 a week as a star in my own two-reel pictures, to writing for Cecil De Mille at \$25 a week.

I sacrificed \$175 a week simply because the man made

FOR GIRLS Write Scenarios

Cecil De Mille's Scenarist Gives Practical Advice on Breaking into the Screen Writing Racket

By Jeanie Macpherson

me mad.

He insinuated that I couldn't write—and I determined to show him!

Oh, how I would have loved to have had some basic newspaper experience in those days!

I wrote my first script, "The Rose of the Rancho," six separate times. If you don't think that it is terribly hard work, try it! Finally I was able to satisfy Mr. De Mille, but it was a very close shave, and it all might have been easier had I known more about story fundamentals.

In writing my stories I find it necessary to use an outline which looks exactly like one of those 'organization charts' a capable business secretary sees every day—you know, one of those things whereby a little square marked 'President' leads off to squares bearing the names of all the other executives of the corporation, and from them to the minor departments.

To my mind this idea copied from big business is the one way to construct a story.

Where the business chart would say 'President' I put

'central situation.'

From there lines lead out to 'supplementary situations.'

Around the side of the chart are from six to forty or more little circles. These are my characters.

I sit in front of this map and start drawing lines. Every supplementary situation and every character must have a line leading direct to the

central situation—or I abandon it.

This map system is a bit hard on inspiration, but it is infallible as a clearing house for 'dead wood.' It is very easy for a writer to fall in love with a fascinating character. However, if that character does not fit into the plot, does not definitely advance the motivation, he or she must go, no matter how delightful!

All of these thoughts apply to both talking and silent pictures.

Talking pictures, taken by themselves, afford a number of problems of their own. Their technique is very different. However, this should not concern a girl who wants to write. Technique is the

(Continued on page 120)

Miss Macpherson going over a scene with the Big Chief, Cecil B. De Mille, in his elaborate and imposing office at the studio. Jeanie has written the scenarios for such De Mille successes as "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "Dynamite." She is a thorough crafts-woman, loves her job, and works hard at it.



The Boys and Girls of Movie-land are Always on the Job

Hard Working



Above: Harry Richman shows Lilyan Tashman, Joan Bennett, and James Gleason an invitation he won't be able to accept. Too busy.

"An actor's life is a hard life if he takes it seriously," admits Edmund Lowe. But he likes it.



THERE has been a good deal of sputtering done about the hard work of the screen players, particularly since the advent of talking pictures. Every time a writer is in a hurry to see a player they are always prepared to hear, "Well, So-and-so worked till five o'clock this morning, so could you make the appointment at four this afternoon instead of eleven?" And that's likely to go for days. Oh, it happens all the time.

You look at the working schedule and see that a picture which in the old days used to take four weeks to 'shoot,' will be finished in three. There's plenty to read between the lines *there*. It means working for hours overtime. On the other hand, the players are paid enough to enable them to live in luxury. They can go home to a comfortable house, have their meals served to them in bed if they are that tired; and all the annoying 'little' things are taken care of for them. Such as seeing that things are sent to the laundry, the cleaners; clothes properly brushed; boots shined; stitches taken when a button comes off. Relieved of those cares a girl need not hunt up a plastic surgeon for the fashionable face lifting before her time. Of course, if you must work to the point of exhaustion every day in the year, the luxuries don't loom up so big. There are things to be said on both sides. Anyhow, I thought I'd do a bit of scouting about to find just what was what. The first player I corraled was Betty Compson, who hops from studio to studio so fast it would take a Washington detective to keep tabs on her.

"Hard work never hurt anyone," Betty told me. And of all the girls and boys in Hollywood this past season, I imagine Betty could chalk up the greatest number of actual working hours, and is therefore best qualified to judge. Her energy is inexhaustible, which is perhaps why she is able to stand the grind better than others. Being a free-lance player, during the past year Betty has not had one

Hollywood

By
Helen Ludlam



Above: Kay Johnson is marcelled by machinery aboard ship on location while she manicures herself—and likes it.



Betty Compson hasn't had a day off from picture making during the past year. "Hard work never hurt me!" she says.



day between pictures, and sometimes is working on two at the same time, at different studios. She was one picture girl who could speak lines and whose voice registered one hundred percent over the 'mike' at the beginning of this talking picture eruption, and was therefore in constant demand. The limitations of some of the picture players were a handicap to the industry when the fever first broke out. Those who could speak lines were snapped up like diamonds on bargain day.

How does Betty keep up the hard work? Well, this is what she told me.

"It isn't the hard work that hurts people. It's what they do after work is over for the day. If they don't try to go to parties, or the theater, but will go home and rest, they will live through it. It's trying to burn the candle at both ends that does the damage.

"When I am working I cut out everything but doing my job. I used to like the good old days that got you home in time for dinner as well as anybody, but the business is having growing pains and that makes it hard for everyone until things are settled. There's no use trying to kid yourself. If you're working and want to last through the ordeal, do nothing but your job while the picture lasts. There is almost always a day or two between when you can attend or give a party. Not for me, though. I haven't had a day to call my very own—oh, for months! Even Sundays."

The Duncan Sisters are game troupers and hard workers. When you see this opera burlesque with its spontaneous comedy in "It's a Great Life," you'll never believe how hard they worked to get it just right.

Everyone in Hollywood would understand what that last remark meant in the Cruze household. Jim never goes to openings, to anyone's home or shopping. But he is a convivial person and likes to have his friends come and see him. Every Sunday is open house in the Cruze Flintridge abode and guests start coming (Continued on page 126)



Russell Ball

Whiteman takes himself seriously only so far as his beloved music is concerned. "I'm a jazz band-master, first of all," says Paul.



He may be a ton in size, but he is every ounce a musician.

PAUL—

Maestro Whiteman Bows

By Jason

"HEY, there! Are you an actor?" shouted a busy assistant director to Paul Whiteman as he was rolling down the studio avenue at Universal City.

"Certainly I'm an actor," retorted the amiable king of jazz, suspicious of a gag. "Who says I'm not an actor?" he continued indignantly.

"Okay. You're just the type we're looking for. Hop yourself right over to Milestone's office. He needs a cook for 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'"

Whiteman shook with laughter when he confronted the startled Milestone to apply for the job. His band boys were rather indignant to think that their maestro had been mistaken for a German cook-type, particularly in view of the fact that Whiteman's face and figure are what might be called well and favorably known. But the king of jazz got both a laugh and an idea out of the situation.

"Wouldn't I have made a hot and romantic hero?" demanded Paul. "Can't you hear the wise-crackers saying, after watching me trying a Jack Gilbert on the heroine: 'as a great lover, that fat bird is a good cook?'"

It will be recalled that the Whiteman picture has been long delayed over the difficulty in finding a story which would suit. The jazz king and Junior Laemmle solved the problem by deciding upon a revue in which he can keep on just being Paul Whiteman.

There are many screen stars in Hollywood who have known Paul Whiteman since the days when he started with his own orchestra at the old Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles. They firmly believe he will prove a riot in pictures. He may be a ton in size, but he has always been a ton in music, and he is very apt to prove a ton in musical-talking pictures because he has a rich and humor-

ous personality, unlike anyone's in the world of amusement.

"I have been called a revolutionist in music," said Paul. "I am a revolutionist, but solely of progressive ideas tempered with common sense. Jazz supplied the tonic music needed. We hadn't had anything from the old masters in centuries. Of recent years such men as Victor Herbert contributed brilliant music, but his like are few and far between. Jazz came along to express the spirit of America."

"Why are you making a picture," I asked the jazz maestro.

"Say, buddy, I'm as eager to score a hit in pictures as a baby star. That's why I was so insistent and determined not to make myself absurd by attempting to play the rôle of the usual hero. I'm a jazz bandmaster, first of all. Revue is my line. I've done revues for years in New York, so I know what I can do with this type of production.

"Who wouldn't want to be successful in pictures? They offer far greater opportunities to the individual artist than the radio in pleasing millions of people throughout the world. I have made countless records. I have toured with my band around these United States five times, and in Europe as well, playing in person before thousands of people. I have played, and still do every week, to an audience of a possible thirty million radio listeners. Now



He believes that jazz expresses the spirit of America.



Russell Ball

"Say, buddy, I'm as eager to score a hit in pictures as a baby star!" says Paul Whiteman.

that's all

to Screen Audiences

Carroll

I have an even greater opportunity to add to whatever fame I have attained. Who wouldn't want to succeed in pictures?"

Then he added rather wistfully, "I wonder if this is asking too much? After all, fortune hasn't been unkind to me."

He will play but one familiar number in his revue, Gershwin's famous *Rhapsody In Blue*, which was originally written for him to play. The entire score will be brand new. Because of its popularity Whiteman simply had to include the *Rhapsody*, the screen rights of which he purchased just before starting production.

Of course, the jovial Paul will have able assistance from such screen stars as Laura La Plante, John Boles, Glenn Tryon, Joseph Schildkraut, Mary Nolan, Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard; and such stage entertainers as the Sisters G, Clara and Eleanor, Berlin dancers who are a hit in Europe; Charles Irwin, Grace Hayes, William Kent and Stanley Smith. It will please picture fans to know that Jeanette Loff is to have her big opportunity in the Whiteman revue, as she is playing the leading feminine rôle throughout. Might be nice if the maestro had her do an organ number. She used to be an organist in an Idaho picture theater, you know. And John Murray Anderson will stage the production.

This writer happened to be present one eventful night in the old hotel, when the famous picture stars of the

day cheered Paul on to his first personal success. There were Mabel Normand, Wally Reid, Charlie Chaplin, Lew Cody, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Frederick, Cecil De Mille, Roscoe Arbuckle. That night proved the turning point in Paul Whiteman's career—but let him tell it.

"I came by my musical ability quite naturally," he started. "My father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, was director of musical education in the Denver schools for thirty years. My mother sang in oratorio and the Denver choirs. So you see, I was really born in music. One thing I want to make plain, I was not a child prodigy. I much preferred to ride horseback with the cowboys on my dad's ranch. I used to play hookey from my practice hours, and finally won a licking in the woodshed from my dad for temperamentally smashing my violin into bits. Result: I was the chief viola player in the Denver symphony at the age of seventeen.

"Three years later I was playing through the San Francisco exposition in the World's Fair orchestra. It was in that picturesque old city that I first met jazz. Down on the notorious Barbary Coast. It hit me hard. Here I was a symphony player, down on my luck and blue. Jazz was made for blues. In those days it was crude, uncouth; but somehow the fantastic beat of the music haunted me. I had gone as far as I could in the symphony as a viola player, and the pay was poor. I determined to try jazz. At first I was a complete failure, but I persisted until I could jazz it up with the best of them. I had fallen from the aristocracy of a symphony orchestra to the slums of music in those days, but my hunch persisted.

"Here I started my first orchestra, and you can well imagine that I was regarded as a nut in San Francisco band circles. Along came the World (Continued on page 129)

PROGRESSIVE

Star Parties as well as Pictures
Must Have Clever Continuities

"THREE grand whoopee parties!" announced Patsy the Party Hound, gleefully. "What could be sweeter? All in one night, too," she confided. "You know—one of those progressive parties where you all go to somebody's house and take off your things and settle down to an evening of solid enjoyment. Then, when you are in the middle of a particularly interesting game or conversation, your hostess says, 'Come on, everybody, we're all going to another party,' and you pile into cars and go to somebody else's house and have a perfectly wonderful time and eat a lot more delicious food—and then you all go on to a still bigger and better party. It will be loads of fun but don't tell—it's a surprise to everyone but the hosts and hostesses!"

The parties, Patsy further confided, were to be given by Charlie Mack, of Moran and Mack of vaudeville and radio; Frank Mayo of the good old drama; and by Mary Lewis, of grand opera—quite representative, if you ask me.

We knew a vaudeville party would be a lot of fun and it was. But if you ever saw a grand opera star or a dramatic actor turn loose you know that they certainly do enjoy a little comedy relief in their lives.

Bright lights shone from the windows of the big Mack home as we drove up and, never having met Mr. Mack before, we nearly shook hands with the butler, thinking he was our host. The occasion being informal he was the only man in evening clothes. We found our host much more simply clad.

Mrs. Mack, young and pretty, greeted us at the door, and her husband came forward to invite us into the bar room, all outfitted correctly even to the brass rail, except, alas, that our beverages were strictly of the B. C. grade. Meaning, of course, before cellars.

Out in the big loggia, opening on the back garden, a fire was burning in the fireplace, and around it a number of guests were gathered. Little tables were set out there for supper also, while other tables were set in the dining room and library.

Most of the guests, however, were in the drawing room, and there we discovered Cecil Cunningham, vaudeville and musical star; her little foster daughter, who is going into pictures, and her husband. Miss Cunningham herself entertains the idea of going into talking pictures, I found.

"I'm the elderly *It* girl!" she laughed.

The Duncan Sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, were there, but as usual Nils Asther, to whom Vivian is engaged, found

Patsy Ruth Miller has been guest of honor at many smart parties since her marriage to Tay Garnett. The latest is a post-nuptial shower, by way of a novelty. "I think men like long dresses," said Patsy Ruth. "By 'men' probably meaning her own husband!" whispered her hostess, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck.



FILM PARTIES

By Grace Kingsley



some excuse for not coming to the party. Nils is either high-hat or shy, or both. He hates parties, and never goes to them, nor to openings either. But Rosetta and Vivian were as full of life as ever.

Clara Bow came with Harry Richman. She was looking lovely in a white, tight fitting evening gown, and wearing her hair, of a gloriously titian shade, in a long bob which floats in curls over her shoulders. We found her all delighted at the prospect of playing "Madame Sans Gene." She and Harry seemed very devoted, and everybody thinks it will really be a match between the two.

Another couple, reported to be engaged, came together. I mean Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. Helene looked perfectly lovely. Lowell was wearing his usual monocle, plus a 'spare' on a black silk cord attached to his waistcoat.

"He's going to take no chances of going about with a shamelessly naked eye!" remarked Polly Moran.

Lew Cody was there, looking quite well again. He told us that he goes to see his wife, Mabel Normand, every day, and that he has to take her a fresh stock of jokes. She is in a sanitarium, you know, in the beautiful Pasadena foothills.

"And don't the jokes have to be new, too!" ejaculated Lew.

Lew says that Mabel really is slowly improving, is doing everything the doctors tell her to, and is as happy as a kid every time she finds out that she is making a little gain in strength.

Polly Moran had come with William Haines. There's a great and real friendship between these two. Both are indefatigable kidders and jokers, and both really are serious at bottom.

Norma Terris was there with her husband, Dr. Wagner. Norma is a lovely, vivacious girl, and we hear that she is making a big success of her Fox rôles. Her screen debut was made in "Married in Hollywood."

Charlie Mack is really funnier off the stage than on, with his droll, unctuous humor. He told us about going horseback riding up at his ranch in the Newhall hills, where he is founding an artistic colony, horseback riding evidently being a new (Continued on page 124)

The Head Man and his wife at home: Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mack. The Black Crow is one of the new hosts of Hollywood, entertaining lavishly in his modernistic mansion. This picture shows a corner of the living room.

SHE WANTS

Corinne Griffith, Aristocrat of the
for her Film Future.

By Betty



Corinne Griffith, posing perilously as the Winged Victory or something. Anyway, it's nice.



"As I gaze into my crystal ball," Corinne might say, "I see bigger and better, snappier and more sophisticated parts." It's all right with us.



Above: a scene from her new all-dialog and singing a very hot number. Right: the lily who toils, practicing

ladies of easy virtue. All this, cinematically speaking, of course!

When Miss Griffith's first all-talking production, "Lilies of the Field," is released, the orchid is going to be transplanted into hardier soil and exchange the fetid hot-house atmosphere for the glitter and glow of Broadway night life. As a show girl in a New York cabaret she will—hold your breath and prepare for a thrill!—wear tights. Furthermore, she will execute a jazz tap dance atop a baby grand piano and she will drink too much champagne at a big jamboree at which she plays hostess to the first of the 'lilies' to take unto herself a legitimate husband.

In her private life, Corinne Griffith continues to remain serene and detached. She is the despair of scandal-mongers. She is never seen in public with any male escort except her husband, Walter Morosco, who is the producer of all her pictures. She is considered the epitome of good manners and good taste. This charm, grace and inborn refinement of a personality somewhat unique in flamboyant Hollywood have been reflected in the beautiful Corinne's shadow-self. A poised loveliness and commendable restraint have marked her performances with a flavor particularly her own. But the urge to spread her wings and taste variety, the spice of screen life, is upon her.

"I'm sick and tired of hearing about my poise, my beauty and my ability to wear gorgeous gowns," says Corinne. "I want to be an actress, not a clothes-horse. For years, this beauty myth built up around me just be-

CORINNE Griffith has kicked over the traces! The patrician of Hollywood, the orchid lady of the silver sheet, the aristocrat of the film world, has turned over a new leaf in her screen career and the future pages will be plentifully supplied with asterisks, for the new Corinne Griffith, born of rebellion and revolt against the languorous ladies of the salon, the blue-blooded noblewoman and virtuous clinging vines of her early performances, plans to be wicked, wayward and wild. In future, Corinne will drain the cup of life's bitterest experiences. She will fling convention to the four winds and sound the depths of sin. She will make whoopee with a capital W, if necessary to her art, and live the blood in the veins of girls of the slums, women of the streets and

to be WICKED

Screen, has Other and Hotter Plans
Read and Anticipate

Boone



film, "Lilies of the Field," in which Corinne appears as her dance routine for her teacher between scenes.

cause I happened to get my first start in pictures by winning the prize at a Santa Monica ballroom contest, when I was sixteen years old, has been publicized until it has become a detriment rather than an asset.

"To this day, I'm constantly reading how I was selected as Queen of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Not a word of truth in it—I was just a child when I went to New Orleans with my father, who had business there. I attended boarding school and studied art, at the time, intending with all the ego of my eleven winters and summers to become a great portrait painter. It had never entered my head at that age to go on the screen. Furthermore, I was regarded as the ugly duckling by my family. I was pale, delicate and thin and I had failed to inherit my mother's great luminous brown eyes, the distinguishing mark of beauty in our family, as Mother was very proud of her Italian origin. To have the only blue eyes in the family was almost a sin.

"But once I had been tagged with the beauty label there was no getting away from it. Artists invited me to sit for them, couturières wanted me to be the first to wear their most expensive models and producers cast me in stately and languid rôles written around jewels and satins. As long as I walked through a part without stubbing my toes they were satisfied, but I, myself, was miserably unhappy. I knew in my heart that the really vital thing about beauty on the screen is that it is more important to be able to express beauty (Continued on page 116)

Seriously, the star appears in this—er—garb in a ballet number in "Lilies of the Field."



The gorgeous Griffith adorns Malibu Beach when she isn't working at the studio.



June Collyer came to town for a visit but found herself rushed into a talking picture.

Harold Lloyd is the only film star who can travel around New York without being recognized.

Jeanette MacDonald, the newest talkie rave of "The Love Parade," sandwiched a Manhattan vacation between pictures.



IN NEW

Film Stars Brighten the White Way

before sailing, I called to see him. Over the afternoon coffee cups, he said: "I'm really here for pleasure. I don't want to talk business. Do you mind?"

Of course I didn't mind. So I just settled down in my big chair and listened lazily while Barthelmess and his wife spoke of their intended trip. "Rome at Christmas" . . . "Winter sports in Switzerland where the waiters skate over the ice carrying champagne to thirsty onlookers". . . "Carnival time in Munich where nobody goes to bed until the last handful of confetti is thrown, the last balloon exploded". . . "Down the blue Mediterranean to Egypt" . . . "Back to Hollywood in time for spring."

You see Dick is of Bavarian extraction, way back, and still has an uncle in Munich. So he is visiting Europe primarily to introduce his wife to his Bavarian relations. Clannish, those Bavarians.

Dick is looking awfully well. In his herringbone suit, white shirt and dark tie, he seemed positively collegiate—except for his eyes. They were frankly tired. But a good rest will fix all that.

And, by the way, right here is the place to say that Mrs. Richard Barthelmess is a personage. Not a bit beautiful. But slight and slim and distinguished. In a navy blue dress and straight off-the-face hat, her deep, husky laughter and her lovely white hands brought an intimate charm into the room—a charm you rarely find in the wives of celebrities. Wives of celebrities are usually bored or miserable or frightened. But Mrs. Barthelmess struck me as a woman who was enjoying life. She is certainly an intelligent wife. Sophisticated enough to keep her hus-



DICK BARTHELMESS has gone abroad—to give his larynx a rest, and his wife a good time.

Like all the other film stars of the silent regime, he has found the making of talking pictures no more difficult than an animal trainer would find tight rope dancing. And like other film stars who have made a big success in this new art, he decided that he had earned a trip to Europe. So after he completed his work in "Son of the Gods," he hopped the flyer for New York.

At the Savoy Plaza where he stopped with his wife



Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc., N. Y. C.

YORK

By Anne Bye

band amused. And yet unsophisticated enough to want to look after his bodily comforts—and that's the rarest wifely combination!

* * *

I hope I may slide down the next pair of subway stairs if Marilyn Miller doesn't seem as young and pretty today as she did when she first toe-danced her way into the hearts of all America in Mr. Ziegfeld's "Sally."

Marilyn had just returned to New York after her fine work in "Sally," her first talking picture. Almost immediately she had her tonsils out, and I felt a little hesitant about intruding on her while she was convalescing. I had heard it said that Marilyn didn't like to be interviewed. And I felt with that, plus a minus pair of tonsils, I might get a grouchy greeting.

But I didn't. Miss Miller has what Barrie calls 'that damn charm.' She was as sweet and hospitable and direct as a young, unspoiled child. And in her princess dress of aquamarine velvet enhancing the honey of her hair and milk and roses quality of her skin, she presented a picture of beauty not often seen around these parts.

When I asked her how long she expected to stay in New York, she answered: "That's hard to say. I never stay in one place very long. It's a bad habit I contracted as a child. You see, when I was little, I was on the stage. The Gerry Society was always after my parents, so to keep a lap ahead of this well-intentioned but annoying organization I had to make many a flying jump. Finally it got so bad I spent most of my childhood in Europe, where there wasn't any Gerry bogey. So now



Paul Muni, east for the opening of "Seven Faces," confessed he'd like to do a 'hooper' rôle.

Left: Marilyn Miller is back giving Broadway a treat after her screen triumphs in Hollywood.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess enroute to Europe for a long vacation. First stop, Naples.



I suppose the only way I'll ever settle down is to build a railroad track in my backyard and take a ride every time I feel those travelling blues coming on.

"I started dancing so young I can't remember when. But I can well recall my first dancing lesson. I was visiting my grandmother down in Louisville, Kentucky. Her cook had a little boy who could clog and cut the pigeon wing in a way that turned me pink with admiration. I persuaded him to teach me how.

"We waited until everybody was out, then stole my grandmother's sewing board, put (Continued on page 105)



Don't be deceived. Tom Moore's voice is really a whole lot better than Blanche Sweet pretends. These two great troupers have made a hit with the 'mike.'

Coming Back *with the* Play-back

Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet Return in the Talkies

By Keith Richards

TOM Moore and Blanche Sweet enacted a little love scene before the microphone, in a set with a kitchen stove and an apartment sink. They stood for a moment for the 'test.'

"Play-back!" yelled Robert Ober, directing the dialog in the new picture of Manhattan night club life, in which they're making their come-back in talkies; and Ober, Albert Kelley, co-director, and the cast went into the sound-tight play-back room to listen.

From the horn rolled the words of the scene—and Moore grinned. "It seems funny to hear your own voice," he commented.

"That play-back," Ober remarked afterward, "is really the come-back of two great screen stars. Every inflection, every word, shows what thorough masters they are of the art of acting. The public will know they've made a come-back when they see the new picture on the screen, but the studio knew it the minute the first wax play-back of one of their scenes was heard in the monitor-room."

The talking picture has done quite a Columbus job of 'discovering' old-time screen celebrities. And now come Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet to prove that the old favorites of the screen can conquer this new art of talking into a black microphone.

Moore had been on the stage, and Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer got him away from Henry Duffy, producer of stage plays with a Pacific Coast chain of stock theaters. He had been a smashing success before the footlights, but then, after all, he'd been

a stage star long before he went into pictures, as had his two brothers, Matt and Owen. Miss Sweet has grown up with the silent picture, from the days of Griffith. She knows every subtle trick of the camera, and has had sufficient stage experience to be very, very sure of her voice.

"It's all like coming home to me," grinned Moore, with his irrepressible smile. "You see, I was on this lot very early in the game, and with the old Metro, too. See this police uniform I have on? Well, I had it made in 1922; wore it in 'One of the Finest,' in 'Officer 666,' and a dozen other pictures. I guess this uniform has returned me something like eight thousand percent on the original investment! I wore it on the stage, too, in a couple of police plays."

Moore is eagerly interested in the talkies, and hopes to put over some of his old-time success with them.

"I'd like to play 'Canavan,' the street sweeper who became the political boss," he confided, for one. "It was a *Saturday Evening Post* story, and we made it under the title of 'Hold Your Horses' back in 1920. I always thought it one of the greatest picture plays ever written as well as a great story of how the Irish (Continued on page 116)



RUDY VALLEE

DRAWN FROM LIFE

NEW YORK CITY

NOV. 21 - 29

WOLF
TRISTRON



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

LUPE VELEZ in "Hell Harbor"

Garbo Glamour

*Portraits of Garbo by Nickolas
Murray, exclusive to SCREENLAND.*





GARBO! There's magic in the name. She is the most famous woman in the world today. Her coiffure and clothes are copied. Her strange sombre beauty has been hailed by artists. But her highest praise has come from her audiences. In an industry swept by sound her pictures continued to be box-office attractions. But now—Garbo smashes the silence with "Anna Christie." Her voice, with its Swedish accent, will be heard for the first time. The question is, will audibility break Garbo's spell, or will she pursue her triumphal progress? Somehow we know the answer. Garbo, speaking or silent, is a great star. She does not need sound, but she will make good use of it. She cannot fail.



Anton Bruehl

RICHARD BARTHELMESS began by playing poor but honest rôles such as *Tol'able David*. True to film form, Dick has progressed artistically and materially from obscurity to celebrity, all without losing one of his loyal following on the way.



Burgert, Tampa

RUTH YBANEZ, grand-niece of the late Blasco Ibanez, famous Spanish author, and member of a well known Florida family, makes her screen debut in "Hell Harbor." Director Henry King, on location in Tampa, selected Miss Ybanez for her beauty and charm



Ernest A. Bachrach

RICHARD DIX is entering upon an interesting new phase of his picturesque career. He has made "Seven Keys to Baldpate" as his latest contribution to the gaiety of the sound screens, and it is said to be by far his best talking picture.

THE gayest young modern in movies, Alice is an ambitious youngster whose pretty head is as level as it is brightly blonde.



Elmer Fryer



THESE are Alice White's everyday clothes—the ones she works in. But that's quite all right with us, and with the rest of the world.



THIS infectious grin, backed up by a voice and a pair of agile dancing legs, is starred in "Hit the Deck." It belongs to Jack Oakie, once a chorus man on Broadway, then a struggler up the Hollywood ladder, and now a great, big hit.



Otto Dyar

ANOTHER Broadway blonde gone to Hollywood, but not Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald, after many triumphs on the Broadway stage, repeated her success on the screen in "The Love Parade." Positively next appearance, "The Vagabond King."



Russell Ball

SHARON LYNN was never an ordeal to the optics, and now that she has discovered she owns a voice, she becomes one of our more exciting adventures in the cinema. (An elegant way of saying that Miss Lynn is nothing less than a full-fledged wow.)



Elmer Fryer

FAIRBANKS the younger. As grave and poetic as his father is brisk and buoyant, Joan's husband is fast developing into an excellent actor of considerable depth and power. He is one of the most promising and ambitious young men in Holler-wood.



BY request: Mr. Barry Norton. The boy from the Argentine has progressed pleasantly in screenland since he first attracted favorite attention in "What Price Glory?" How many remember that Barry was in one of the first talkies, "Mother Knows Best?"



Hommel

RAY, 'ray—Fay! You'll have to excuse us, but Miss Wray affects us that way. This young woman with the soft, mysterious smile is the little Mona Lisa of the motion picture studios. At least, we like to think só; so leave us with our dreams.



Ruth Harriet Louise

NORMA SHEARER is one of the most interesting personalities in the whole of Hollywood. Reason: she's a nice, cultured girl in love with her husband, and yet she can play a *Mary Dugan* and make your heart ache; or a *Mrs. Cheyney* and make it throb. An artist!

ARTHUR LAKE, play-time boy friend of American sub-debs. He is fresh and funny, in a way so ingratiating that even the regular boy friends have to like him. Arthur is a nice kid; if you ask him his favorite actress he says, "My sister Florence."

Bruno





Otto Dyar

PHILLIPS HOLMES, an engaging young man. What a disappointment he must be to those pessimists who persist that talented men's sons are rarely if ever chips off the old block! Phil has the ability and the ambition to make good on his own.

HOLMES:

CHAPTER II

Presenting Phillips,
son of Taylor

By John Godfrey



Holmes the first is showing Holmes the second how to make up for the movies. Taylor Holmes has lately returned to the screen in Christie comedies.

IN the summer of 1925, Hollywood boasted an exclusive social set composed of six youngsters between the ages of 15 and 19. They were good-looking, happy, and hard-working. Where one was seen, there were the other five. Each had a particular claim to distinction.

Mary Brian and Betty Bronson had scored several months before with their screen debuts in "Peter Pan." Lois Moran and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., had finished parts in "Stella Dallas." The other two boys were unknown to the film public. Freddie Anderson was a young camera

assistant at the Paramount studios who secretly hoped to become an actor some day. The only one of the six without serious intentions of seeking a screen career was Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, who was visiting his family in Hollywood before starting to

college in Cambridge, England.

All six of this group are in Hollywood today appearing in talking pictures. The ideas of Phil Holmes have changed considerably in the past four years. He has developed a desire to become an actor. By inheritance, he knows what the business is about. And Taylor Holmes, from experience gained from his long association with the theater, has given his son invaluable advice. He has made sound examples of the careers of this younger set of four years ago and has convinced Phil that it takes between three and six years to become firmly established on either the stage or screen.

So Phil knows that slow but steady advancement is nothing to worry about. He can see that Mary Brian is now about to reap big returns from her five years of experience. That Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Lois Moran are steadily becoming more popular. And that Freddie Anderson has quit his camera job and is building a sound foundation for his advancement with small parts. Phil also believes that if one doesn't succeed in six years, he probably never will.

Fortunately, no illusions of early stardom are in the boy's mind, yet there is little doubt as to the eventual success of Phillips Holmes. He has five qualities, any one of which would be enough to give any boy a good start. He has the character and background of Taylor Holmes, the manners of Clive Brook, the voice of Frederic March, the physique of Richard Arlen and the good looks of the late Wallace Reid.

Any girl of today who wants a little advance information about the boy who will be one of her screen favorites in 1932 might just as well acquaint herself with

(Continued on page 110)



Left: Master Phillips Holmes on his way to school. He had no theatrical ambitions in those days.



The two boys on the right are Phil Holmes and Doug Fairbanks Jr.—before they were famous.

Reviews of the



By Delight Evans



Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in the enchanting "Love Parade"



The Love Parade

WHAT a star! What a leading lady! What a cast! And what a director! All contribute their very best to "The Love Parade," but perhaps the greatest contribution is the director's. For Lubitsch has surpassed himself. He has made this frothy little continental operette a thing of beauty, light, and laughter. He has helped to mould Chevalier into just about the greatest male attraction in the movies. He has so sympathetically assisted at Jeanette MacDonald's screen debut that this beautiful girl from Broadway acts with the ease of a film veteran. The music is enchanting; the dialog witty; but it is Lubitsch, I believe, who has put so much charm, poise, and sophisticated humor into this first original operette. And the talkies sadly needed just these qualities. "The Love Parade" is a miniature masterpiece. Chevalier is simply a knockout. He and his picture have everything. Excuse me while I go to see it again!



Rudy Vallee, Marie Dressler, and Sally Blane in "The Vagabond Lover"



The Vagabond Lover

NOW let's all get together and have a good laugh on our boy friends. Because—ah, it has been admitted!—Rudy Vallee, of the good old Lehigh Valleys, has made a pretty good motion picture debut in "The Vagabond Lover." It's true that the crooning lad of the radio has not quite mastered all of the celluloid technique, but you forget that when he sings. It's an amusing trifle of a story on the old mistaken identity theme, in which the youthful band boy with the sax appeal is taken for a king of jazz and urged to play at a society function before all of the big wigs and little whiskers. If Sally Blane hadn't been in the offing, Rudy would have cancelled; but Sally's in the offing and Rudy has his innings. Marie Dressler romps away with a personal hit in hilarious comedy scenes. But it's Rudy's show, and when he sings you can let the rest of the world go by.



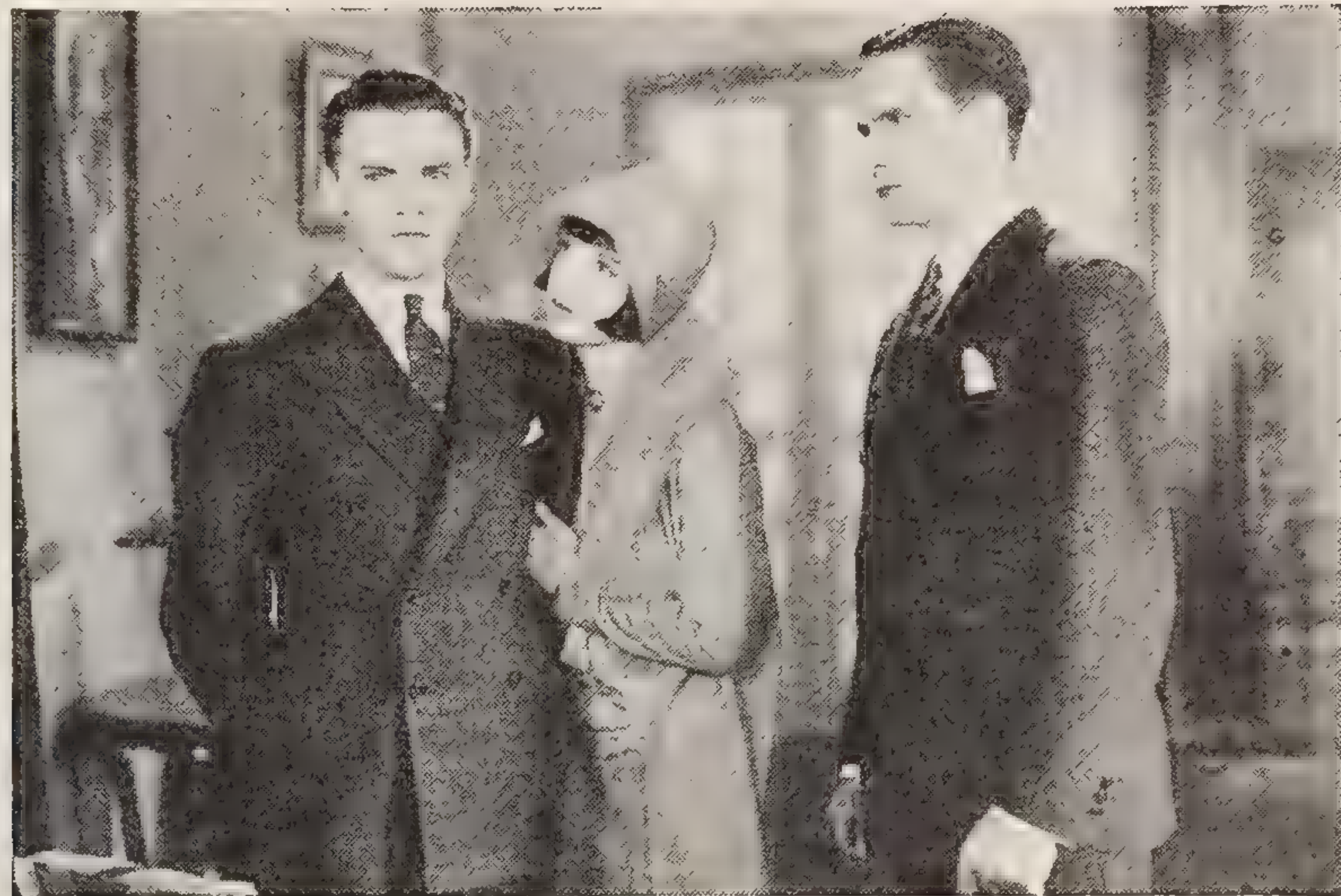
Jack Buchanan and Irene Bordoni in love in the musical "Paris"



Paris

PARIS is Paris, and always will be. You can't stop it. But "Paris" starring Irene Bordoni, assisted by the amiable Jack Buchanan, is also "Paris." And who wants to stop it? It's a screen version of the play which further glorified the boulevards and Folies Bergere; and it is enhanced by the charms of the chic French chanteuse whose naughty eyes and caressing voice are almost, if not quite, as potent on screen as on stage. To say nothing of a big, brilliant beauty chorus; and the very English and agile Mr. Buchanan. But this tour of "Paris" is worth embarking on if for no other reason than Louise Closser Hale. As a prim lady from Boston who takes an apartment above Harry's bar, and a lot of other things, Miss Hale is the month's most irresistible chuckle. Just as Miss Dressler peps up Rudy's show, so Louise Closser Hale is the life of the party in "Paris." Talkies are giving seasoned troupers a chance.

on Current Films



Footlights and Fools

HAVE you seen Colleen Moore as 'Fifi of the Follies?' Not Colleen Moore? Yes, Colleen Moore, the same Colleen who was 'wurra-wurra-ing' in "Smiling Irish Eyes." In fact, in "Footlights and Fools" Colleen proves that she is just about the most versatile little girl in this blinking age of celluloid. Colleen rolls her eyes and sings snappy songs, and shows us that she can toss an ooh-la-la with the best of the Bordonis. The story? Well, the little Irish girl is presented to the theater-going public as 'Mlle. Fifi,' and everybody believes it. Why not? There are two leading men—Frederic March, as a millionaire, and Raymond Hackett as a lovable ne'er-do-well. Take your pick, because I'm not going to tell you which one our heroine picks, no matter how hard you tease. The funniest scene occurs when the song plugger demonstrates his latest vo-deo-do to Colleen's priceless pantomime.



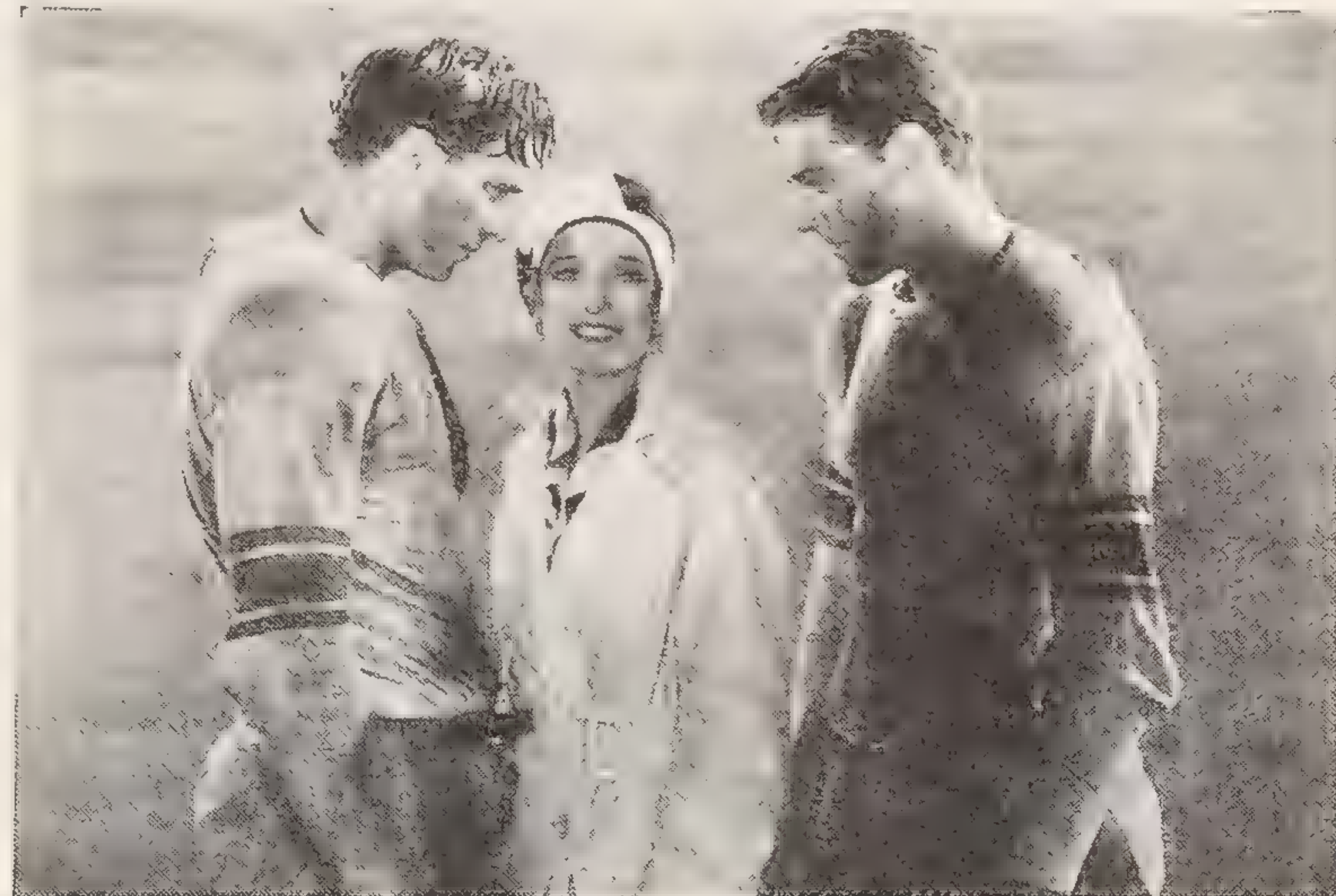
The Kiss

TAKE a good long look at this good long kiss; for it is Garbo's positively last appearance in a silent motion picture. The Swedish charmer carries this load of a mediocre story on her splendid shoulders and so makes "The Kiss" worth seeing. With anyone else as chief kissee, it would not be worth bothering about, even though Jacques Feyder from France directs with a nice appreciation of what dramatic values there are and an always interesting technique, to say nothing of unusual camera angles. It is a typical continental theme: young wife, jealous husband, adoring lover, up to a certain point; and then it fools you. For the young wife—censors, take notice—remains a faithful wife, but the husband comes to a bad end. Next to Greta, the most interesting thing about "The Kiss" is the film debut of young Lew Ayres, a smouldering boy who is a real find.



Seven Faces

IF you think this picture is a group array of Lon Chaney playing the Lucky Seven at one smack, you're wrong. It's that new youngster, Paul Muni, who threatens to out-Lon Chaney by at least four faces. This is what we call a protean rôle—one lone actor, count him, playing seven characters, with the author writing in a dream sequence to give all of the faces a chance. That Muni is an artist, no one can deny, particularly in his delineation of 'Papa Chibou,' the old attendant in a wax-works museum. He also portrays Napoleon, Don Juan, Franz Schubert, Joe Gans, a hypnotist, and a costermonger, just to show us he can do it. The love interest is ably supplied by Marguerite Churchill and Russell Gleason. But all seven faces belong to Muni; he is clever; and if you don't believe it, look in your mirror and try to make seven different faces at yourself. Hal - Not so easy, is it?



The Forward Pass

YES, that bright little girl in the back row is right—"The Forward Pass" is a football picture. But Eddie Cline, who directed, has done a drastic thing. He has shown us a college where there isn't a single necking party or gin-swinging harlequinade. Dear me, is the coming generation slowing down? But take my word for it as a person who knows a dropkick from a goal post that this little picture presents the best sequences of actual football action I have ever seen. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is the brave boy in the game, and my spies tell me he really played. It looks all right. The girl is Loretta Young, and she, too, has found she has a singing voice. It's a nice voice and a nice little song—the title escapes me, but it's not 'Football, I Love You.' If you want to see some college and football life with all the comforts of your favorite theater, save your cheers for "The Forward Pass."

REVUETTES *of*



So This Is College

Yes, college—I said college. Oh, it is, is it? Yeah. Oh, yeah? Yeah! Etc., etc. Well, it strikes me as being that kind of a funny picture. It doesn't ring true. It's so collegiate it hurts. On the other hand, it has a good football game in it, so don't say I'm not fair. A Damon-and-Pythias-at-college combination are Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery. They are pals on the gridiron and in life—you know the sort of thing. Nothing can come between them—nothing, except maybe an occasional co-ed. Sally Starr, who looks a little like Clara Bow and more like Nancy Carroll, but isn't either of these girls, is the femme appeal as the college vamp.



Nix On Dames

Another back-stage comedy, this time about two vaudeville acrobats, sworn buddies and woman haters, who both tumble for the same girl at the same time. Light stuff made amusing by the boys, Robert Ames and William Harrigan, and charming by the girl, Mae Clarke; while Maude Fulton, who wrote the piece, and George MacFarlane, lend comic assistance.



The Saturday Night Kid

Clara Bow as a self-sacrificing martyr who takes it on the chin when her sister steals her sweetheart is a waste of her time and ours. Jean Arthur runs away with the Nasty Little Sister Prize for the new year and also with Clara's picture. Jean is an acting sensation but it's hard on Clara, and not her fault. Bring back, oh bring back our red-hot Bow!



Tanned Legs

And still they come, these musical comedy movies. This one lives up to its title, all right, except that the legs are not tanned, since it isn't a technicolor film. But they belong to Ann Pennington, so no complaints. Arthur Lake is clever; 'Penny' dances in her own inimitable style, and Sally Blane is the sweet heroine. A gay little trifle.



The Night Parade

The title doesn't begin to tell the story. Adapted from the prize-fight play, "Ringside," this is excellent, rousing entertainment under Mal St. Clair's direction. Hugh Trevor plays a young champ framed by a 'gang' with the help of Aileen Pringle, handsome menace. If you like fights, don't miss this, because the wallop is all there.

OTHER PICTURES

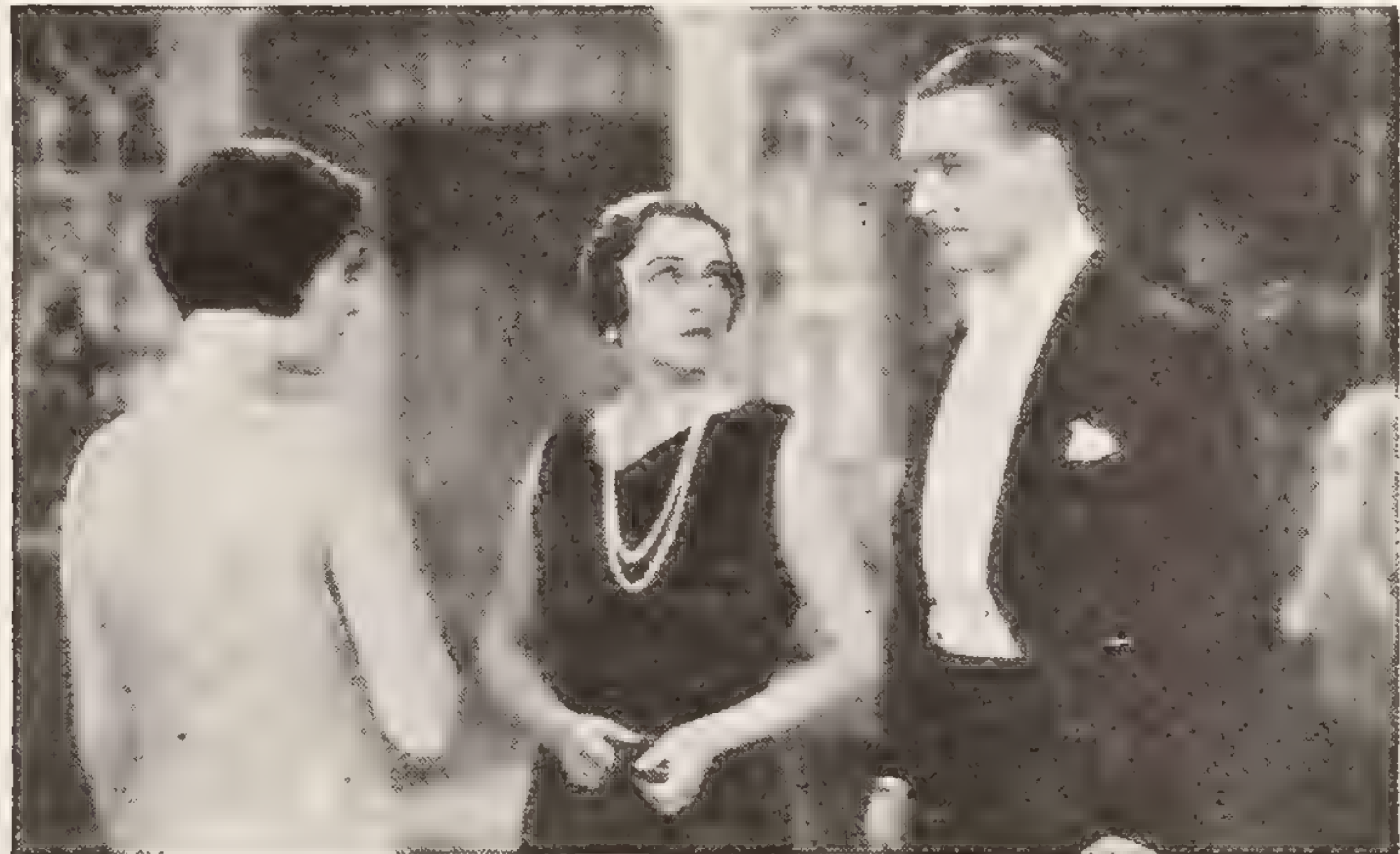
Song Of Love

Meet the feminine Al Jolson—Belle Baker. Miss Baker is a star from vaudeville making her screen debut, so let's give her a hand, especially since she is an agreeable personality with a pleasant voice who has the good sense and taste to stick to the stuff she can do so well. As a sentimental songstress she is in a class by herself. She shares honors with the small boy who plays her son—David Durand, a genuinely likeable and gifted youngster with few smarty tricks. The story of back-stage vaudeville life is slim; but the star, the boy, and Ralph Graves as a philandering hoofer put it over. The theme song, 'Take Everything but You,' will be whistled.



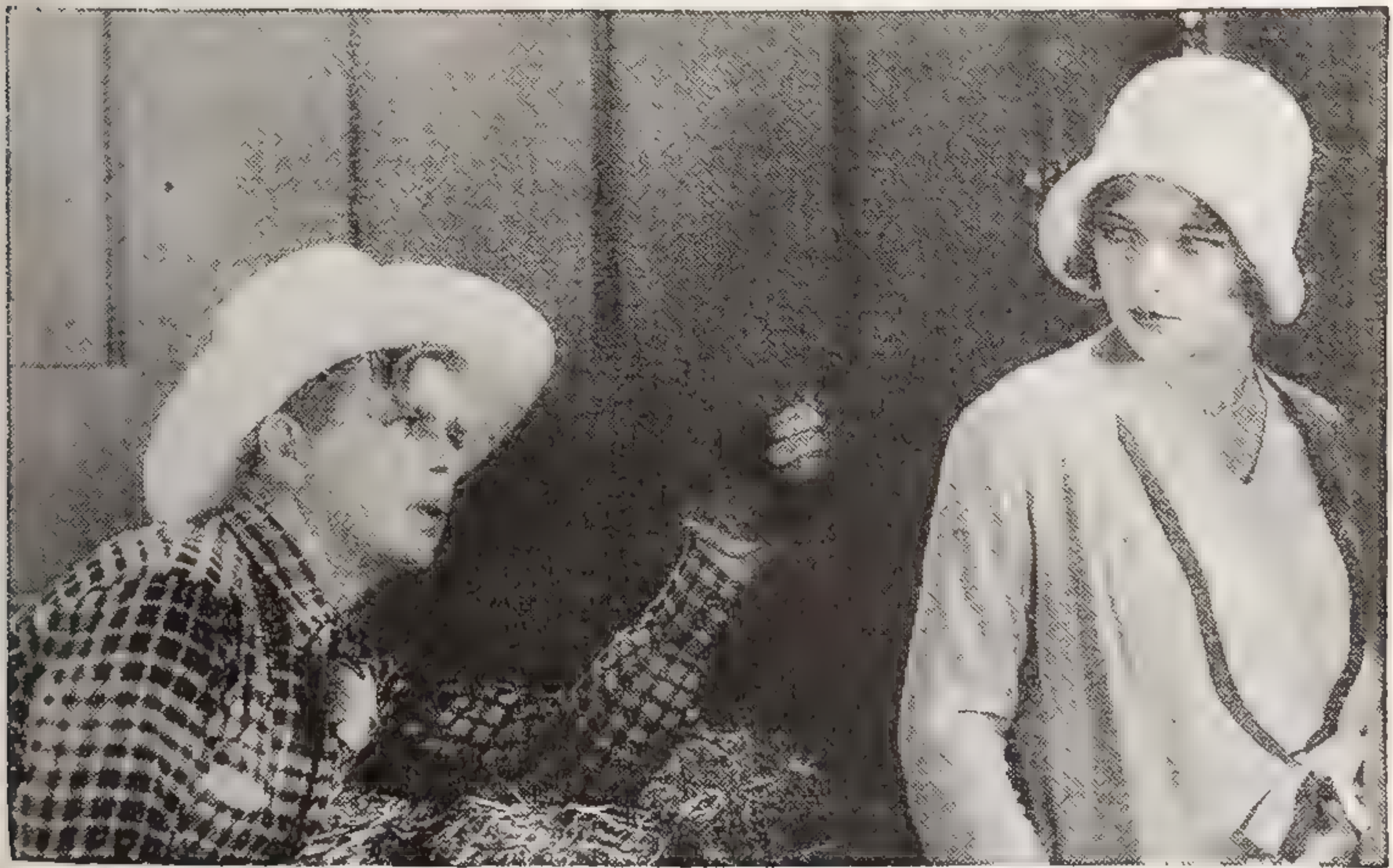
Woman To Woman

Mammy! What are they doing to our It girls? Here's Betty Compson crooning to her screen child as a French war bride who becomes a famous dancer—in fact, she dances her self-sacrificing way right out of the film. Betty does good work but the plot fails her. Juliette Compson is the other woman, and very pretty, too. George Barraud is the lucky man.



The Sacred Flame

Adult entertainment of a high grade, but not recommended as a gloom chaser. It is a sombre drama adapted from W. Somerset Maugham's stage play, with Lila Lee splendid as the wife of a war cripple, Conrad Nagel; Walter Byron as his younger brother who supplants him in her affections, and Pauline Frederick superb as the mother who finds a way out.



The Long, Long Trail

Hoot Gibson—with sound. Far from sounding the death-knell of the wild and woolly drama, the talkies have revived interest in westerns; and Hoot and his horse are safe as long as they continue to supply the demand for hard-riding and shooting melodrama as competently as they do here. Sally Eilers, soon to become Mrs. Hoot, is the girl friend.



The Love Doctor

You may recognize in this talkie comedy the echoes of "The Boomerang," an old stage favorite. It makes a pleasing though mild vehicle for the comedy talents of Richard Dix. If you like Richard the shortcomings of his material won't disturb you excessively. June Collyer is the very beautiful nurse who is glad to share Dr. Dix's heart troubles.



It might be just a quiet little country church in a peaceful village—if it weren't a 'set' built on Warners' ranch. That's Billie Dove at the gate, and Director Lloyd Bacon without the coat.

ON LOCATION

By Helen Ludlam

IN spite of its title, "The Other Tomorrow" isn't a story of the life beyond—and of course changing the title is the easiest thing in the world, so by the time you see it on the screen it may be called something else. "Another Yesterday," or something!

Anyhow, what do we care so long as it stars Billie Dove, and Kenneth Thompson and Grant Withers are in the cast? Especially Grant Withers. You want to watch yourself when you look at Grant—he'll steal right into the first line trenches in your own particular heart attacks if you don't look out. But if you find yourself floundering don't let Loretta Young know it! She's his particular girl friend, you know. He's the kind of kid that you feel you have known all your life as soon as you meet him. Not a bit of self-consciousness. The whole world is just made up of 'folks' to Grant. He talks easily and naturally, just as though you had always been pals. A great gift, that.

The location was built at Warner's ranch. It has about 2000 acres and is a stone's throw from the First National studios, with every variety of scenery one could wish for a country locale. Mountain roads are flanked with beautiful live oak trees. In a little clearing had been built a country church, and the Lloyd Bacon outfit was in a huddle around it. Billie Dove was hard at work on the church steps, having an argument with Scott Seaton who plays her dad. Not a personal argument, a professional one. We spied Ken Thompson and Grant Withers settled comfortably in a snappy touring car, both buried behind the stock reports of the morning paper. It was a bad time to interrupt, but I took a chance.

"Hello!" exclaimed Grant, scrambling to adjust a seat for me. "Thought you were coming to see the carnival scenes."

"I am, but not till tomorrow night when you will all be working."

"Carnival!" groaned Ken, emerging from the stock reports. "You know when I was in Cuba, the cemeteries were filled with the most interesting tomb stones. There was one in particular that I remember—black, shiny black onyx. I thought it so appropriate!"

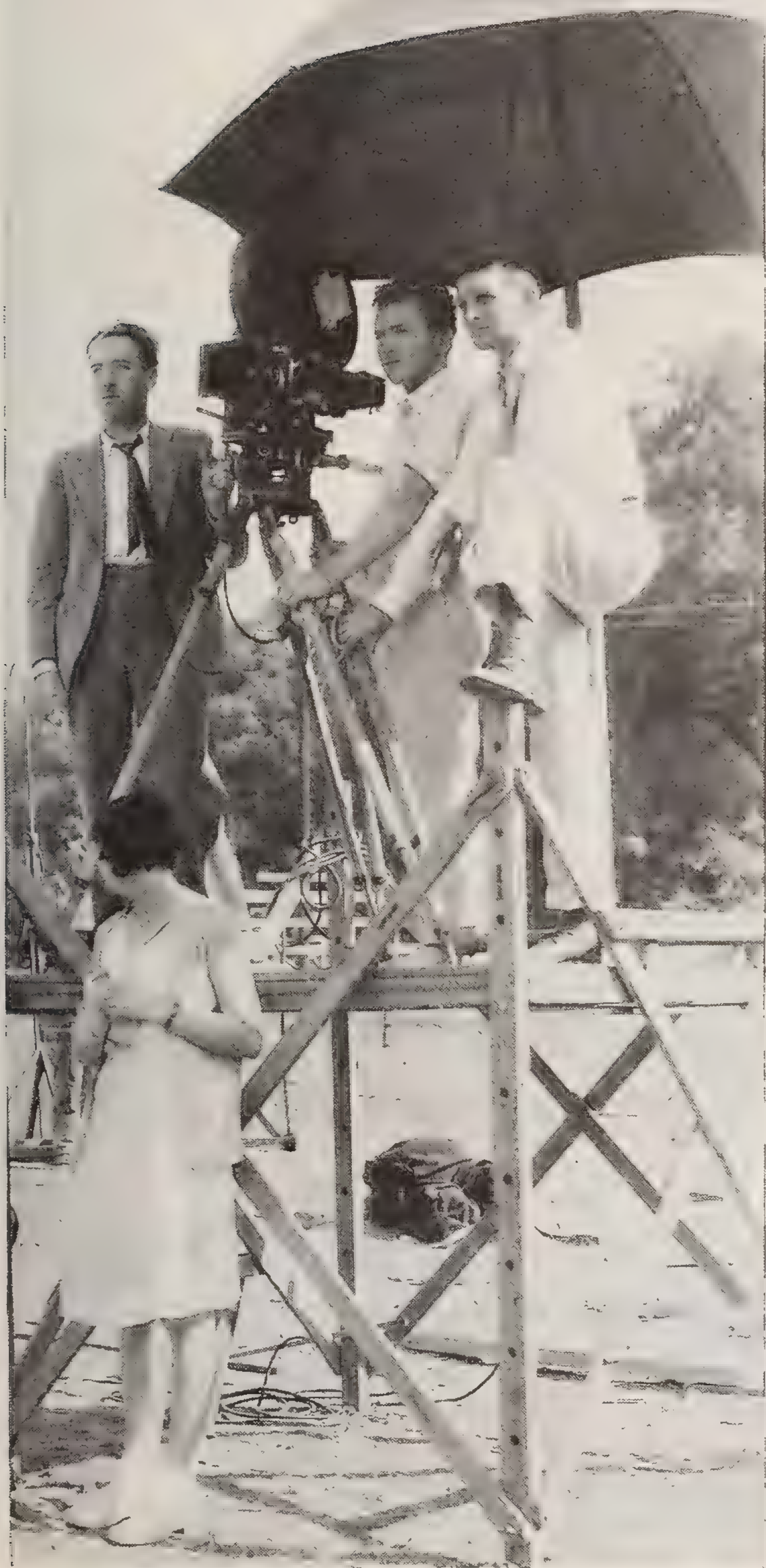
Grant looked at his pal and buddy and shook his head. "Too bad. He was a fine fellow once. See what Wall Street has done to him. Over there, old man," Grant waved toward the location graveyard adjoining the little



with BILLIE DOVE



Kenneth Thompson and Grant Withers, the leading men in Billie Dove's picture, "The Other Tomorrow," waiting to be called. Our Location Lady moved the camera up on them as they sat there.



In the shade of the old umbrella: Irva Ross, script girl, Billie Dove, Helen Ludlam and Kenneth Thompson. The cameramen are perched on the 'parallel' at the right.

church, "over there you may find rest and relaxation. And remember, every cloud has a silver lining and nothing's as bad as it seems and—"

But Ken had a faraway look in his eyes. "Guess I *will* have a look at them. Sometimes the inscriptions are very cheering."

"Gosh, but I'm tired," said Grant. "Loretta and I went to Mayfair on Saturday night, (meaning the Mayfair Club dinner dance), and you know it means three o'clock before you get home. Then I fell out of bed early Sunday morning. Took a three-gallon water jug, a thirty-five pound pack and a rifle and set out for the big open spaces. I had climbed 6500 feet before noon, deer hunting. Didn't even sight one. Got home and collapsed. I was so tired I couldn't sleep at all last night."

"Who made the trip with you?" I asked

"No one. I played a lone hand. No one else would be crazy enough to do so much concentrated tramping up-hill on a hot day like yesterday."

"Come on, Grant and Ken," said Lloyd Bacon. "I can't ask Billie to do *all* the work on this picture."

"Why not?" retorted Grant. "Her public wouldn't mind. It's a shame to disturb *me*, and poor Ken is over there trying to pick out a suitable epitaph for himself. You guys have no heart at all."

"Come on, you two, before this sun goes out of business for the day."

"Gee, that was terrible!" said Ed Marin, assistant director.

"What was terrible?" Lloyd Bacon wanted to know.

"That scene! The extras all went the wrong way."

"Well, what am I supposed to do? Burst into tears? You were a great help, people, I want to thank you," Bacon went on, addressing the extras. "You did all the things I told you *not* to do. Get it right this time. This is the full scene."

Billie was looking charming, as usual, in a blue crepe silk street dress and becoming hat.

"My dear," she greeted me, "what on earth can you find out here to write about?"

"You'll be surprised," I said. "The fans don't care a fig for the scenery. They want to know about you."

(Continued on page 106)

WHAT The

A Smiling Mouth with Well-kept Charms in the World, Says

By Anne

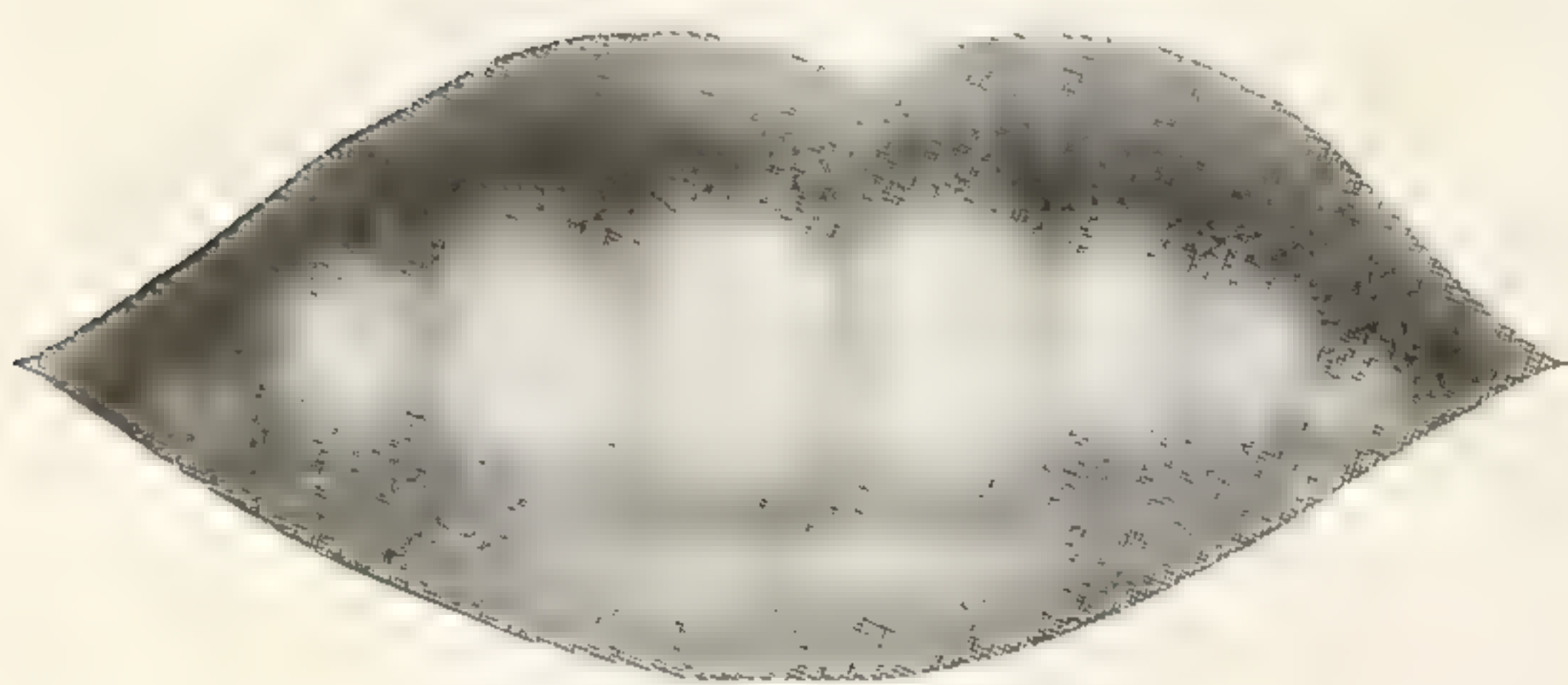
1. *These lovely lips and teeth belong to one of our prettiest ingenues. Who is she?*



2. *A tender, serious mouth—but its owner is a beloved and brilliant comedienne.*



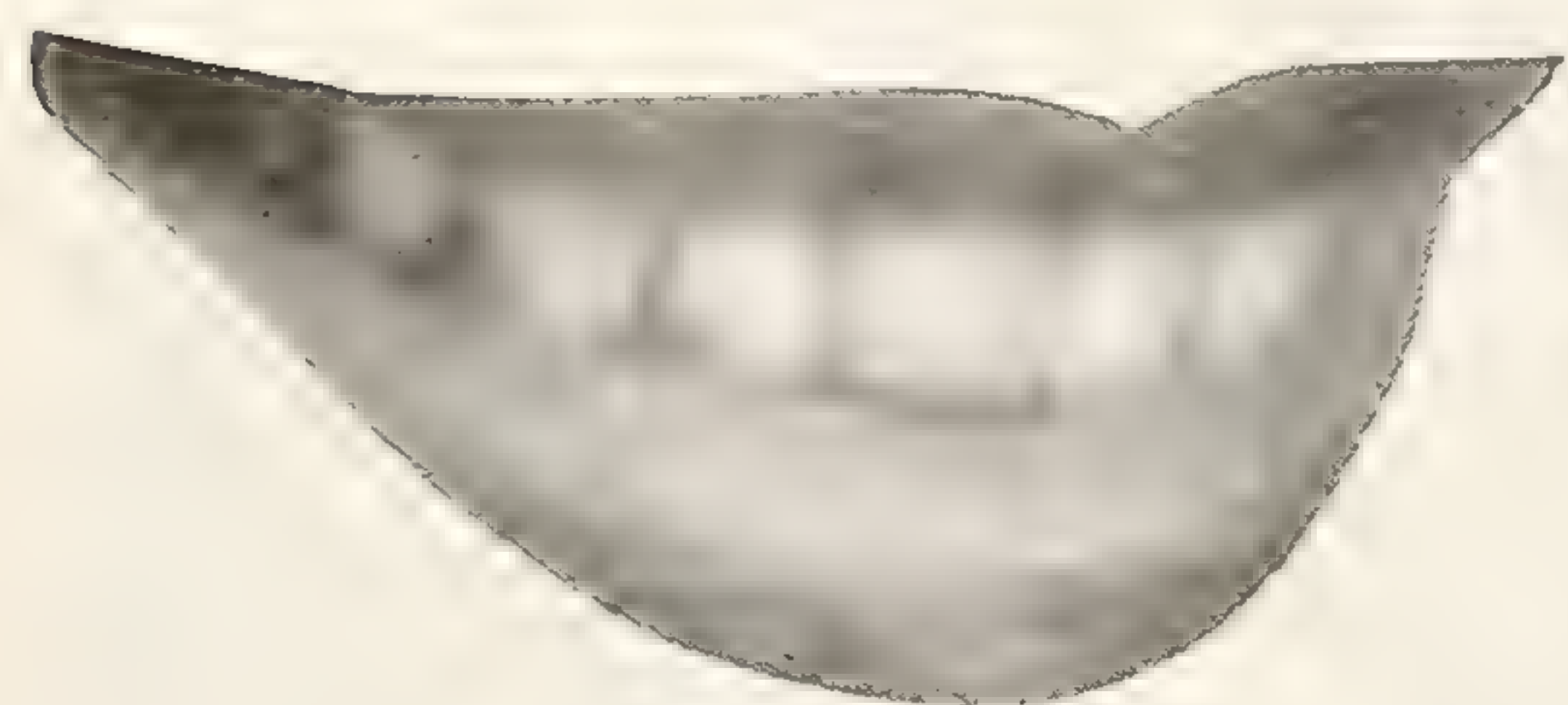
3. *The siren smile that wrecks hearts or wins them, according to mood.*



4. *This well-groomed, well-shaped mouth denotes strength of character and ambition.*



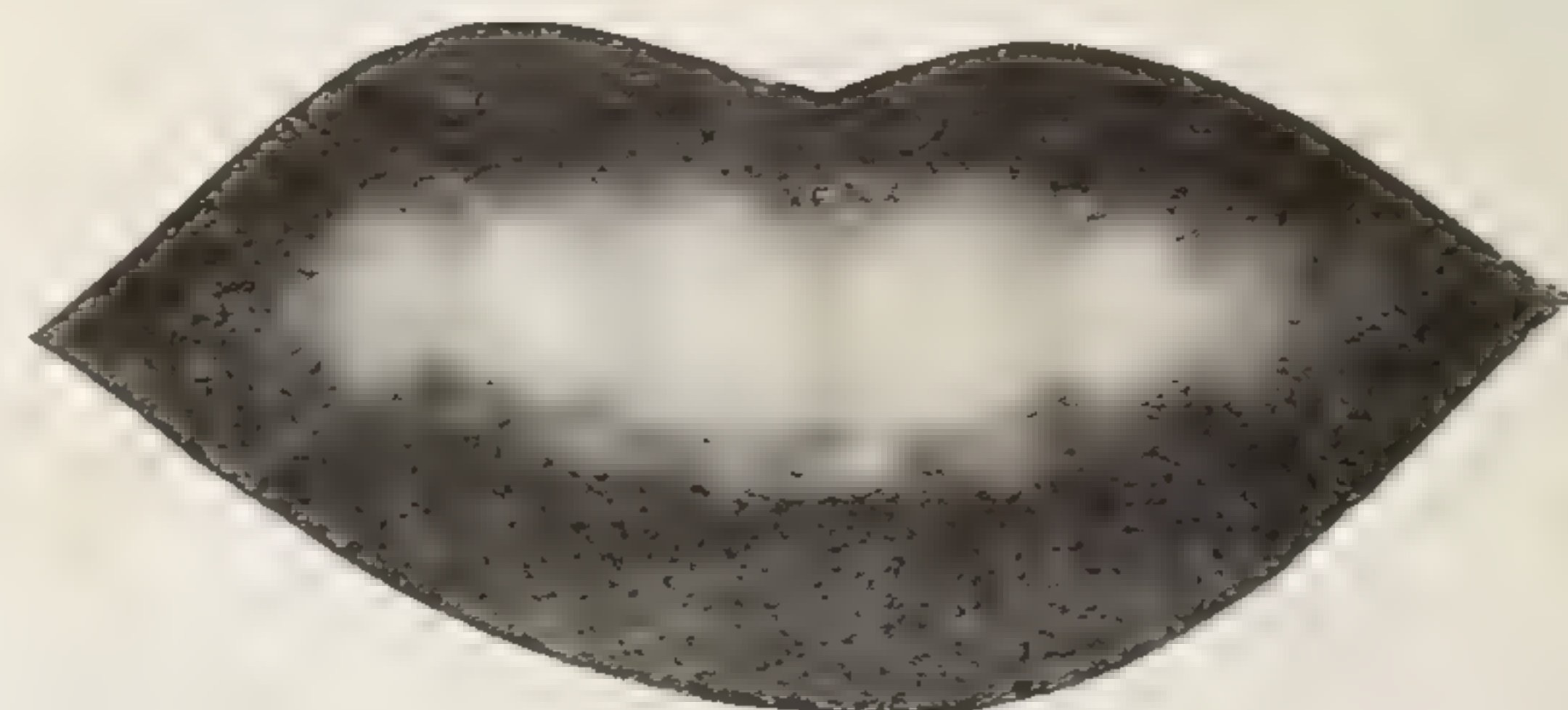
5. *A sweet and pensive mouth. Its owner came to the screen from the stage.*



6. *A little girl, displaying well-brushed teeth? No, a well-established favorite.*



7. *This mouth shows real character. Its possessor is one of our great actresses.*



8. *"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," is this little star's theme song.*

WHEN you sit in a theater and watch every move of one of your movie favorites, which of her features do you most admire? Of course, it depends upon which one of your favorites it is, but there is always one thing that stands out.

It may be only the set of her head or some gesture of her hands, or the way she walks that intrigues you. It may be a pair of eyes suggesting velvet and moonlight or a 'sweet, red, splendid, kissable mouth.' If the latter, you wonder what she does to her mouth to make it so lovely or if she was born with a mouth like that. Well, she may or may not have been born with it—I don't pretend to know. But I do know that even though you were not born with a beautiful mouth you can do much to add to its beauty.

Much has been said about the expressiveness of the eye but when all's said and done it is not to be compared with the expressiveness of the mouth. The mouth and eyes may work together—they may laugh together, be tender together or cry together—or they may work wholly at odds. Lips may smile with honeyed sweetness while eyes are cold and hard. Eyes may twinkle with laughter while the mouth is pursed in a fine little line. The eye expresses the mood of the moment while the mouth is the readable record of the years. A mouth that has been habitually querulous for fifteen years cannot become suddenly sweet.

Eyes tell tales, but not so plainly as do our mouths. The mouth speaketh, often without opening!

Your mouth may indicate your character. Tradition says that the long upper lip indicates a person ruled by brains, with an inclination toward hardness; and that the short upper lip, though always considered a mark of beauty, denotes lack of energy and reasoning power. Also, that the short, narrow mouth denotes pettiness and cold heartedness while the short, too full mouth indicates love of luxury and selfishness.

And that's not all of it. The character readers had things to say about lips, too; thick lips which

Do You Know Which Stars For Their Names

Mouth Tells

Teeth is one of the Most Potent
Screenland's Beauty Expert

Van Alstyne

designate a person as pleasure-loving; thin lips denoting a narrow outlook. Tradition was not even kind to the mouth famed in song and story—the Cupid's bow, contending that such a mouth may denote conceit and selfishness.

So much for tradition, which probably was all wrong anyway! So don't go scurrying to your mirror to study your mouth and then start worrying about it. You can't do much outwardly, but perhaps you can do a little inside work. Because the shape of your mouth, or at least its expressiveness, has been determined, to some extent, by your real inner character and personality. If you want a mouth with pleasant, graceful lines showing affection, enthusiasm and wholesome energy, you must deserve it!

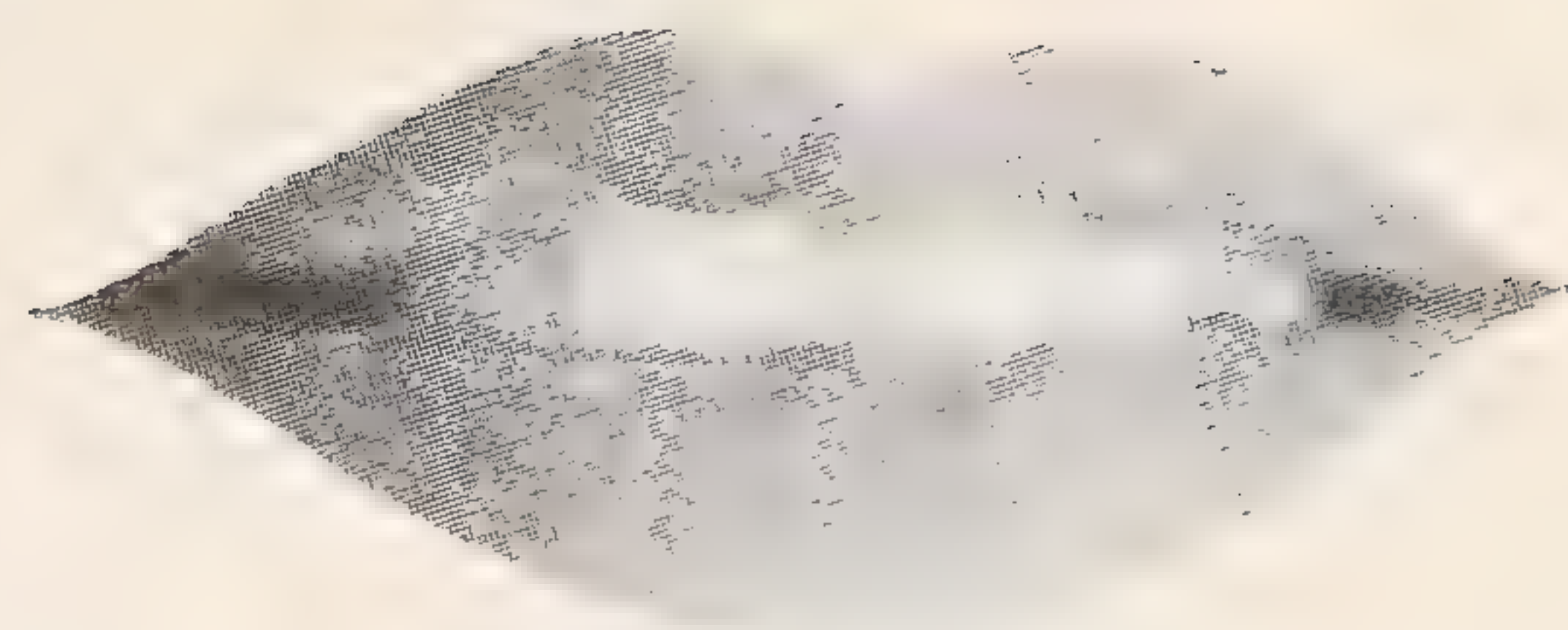
So don't be discouraged, girls! If you can't have the 'sweet, red, splendid, kissable mouth' of your favorite star, you can at least have a sweet-expressed mouth. Here is the recipe: Every pretty look counts for prettiness, every ugly look for ugliness. This isn't sentiment, it's a simple, physiological fact. Muscles are most susceptible to training. After they have done a thing a number of times they incline to do it all the time. And skin, though elastic in extreme youth, tends to become less so as the years go by and to keep the shape into which it is most habitually drawn.

Don't become discontented and disillusioned and let your pliant mouth droop at the corners like plumes that started out in sunshine and got caught in the rain. If you keep your sweetness and sense of humor and generosity your mouth will take on a warm, human, understanding expression and you'll be a nice person always. All grown-up life is a bit difficult, but if you hold on to your courage and a few of your dreams it will all be there in your undefeated mouth.

There's one consoling thing, too, about a mouth that isn't all it should be. In certain small ways the little stick of red or white paste may seemingly correct minor faults of the mouth. If your mouth is too large and of too bright color, a plain white lipstick will make your lips look fresh and pleasant, yet will not add size or color.

(Cont. on page 108)

**These Mouths Belong To ?
Turn to Page 108**



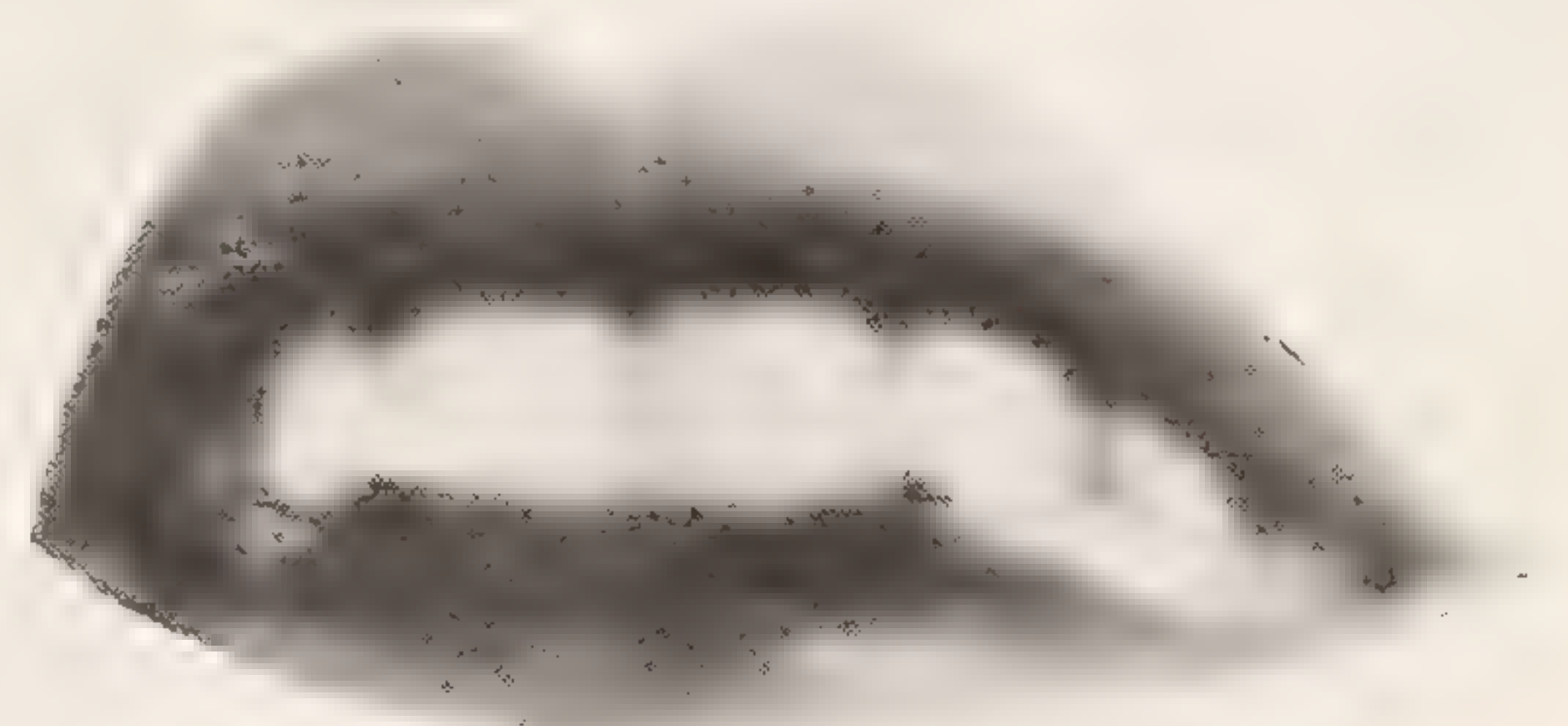
16. *A smile we all love to see! Mark the dazzling beauty of the teeth.*



15. *A mouth with laughter waiting at its corners. Married to another great star.*



14. *These sweet lips denote affection. That's what we feel for their owner.*



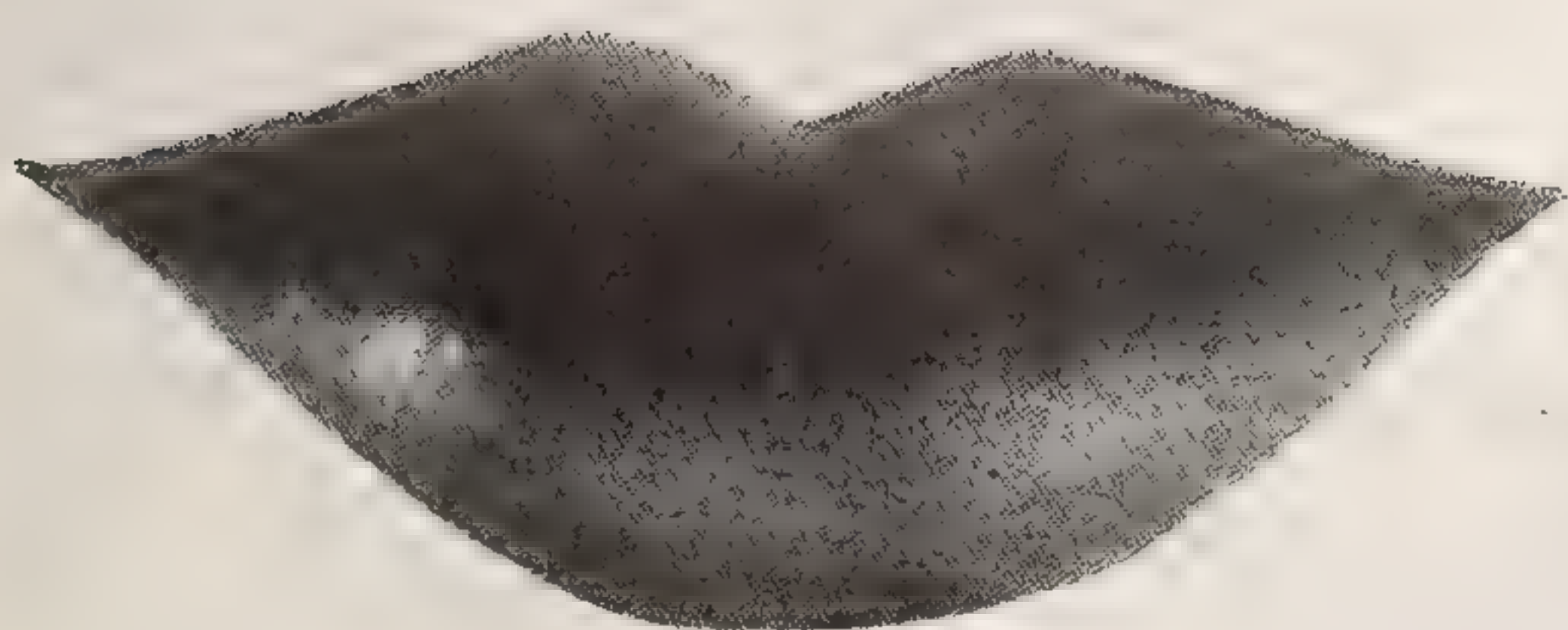
13. *The possessor of this mouth is one of the preferred blondes in Hollywood.*



12. *You've seen this mouth at work in talking pictures, in vaudeville and always welcome.*



11. *A fitting vehicle for one of the loveliest voices in musical movies.*



9. *A mouth that's characteristic of its owner—generous, sincere, and lovable.*



10. *Hasn't she a real little-girl mouth? Everybody loves her. Who?*

The STAGE

By Benjamin De Casseres

"Sweet Adeline"

"SWEET ADELINE" is the light musical knock-out of the century. I have seen them all since the original "The Black Crook," and there isn't one that I wanted to go back to—but I could see "Sweet Adeline" once a month for the next six months. Why? Because there isn't anything in the ten scenes that shouldn't be there and because what isn't there is just the filth and nudity that we are all getting pretty well fed up on.

A Hoboken beer-garden, 1898; San Juan Hill, the Bowery, McGowan's Pass Tavern, the Hoffman House bar, Madison Square roof-garden, Fort George, the City of Paris: variety de luxe to the real, original, dejazzed music of Jerome Kern, who knows the difference between melody and muck.

And—Helen Morgan, whose beauty and voice are worth the price alone; Charles Butterworth, cadaverous, unsmiling, shuffling, the greatest real comedian doing business in this country today, and I do not except my two ancient and honorable heroes, Charlie Chaplin and Leon Errol; Irene Franklin, cynical, vibrant, only more so than ever; Robert C. Fischer in an old German air that will twist a tear out of you, and little Caryl Bergman, a human oddity. Oh, yes, thirsty Jimmy Thornton—may his gullet never be parched!

"Ladies of the Jury"

As everything is being wise-cracked and satirized, of

Helen Morgan's beauty and voice enhance the charms of "Sweet Adeline," a great musical comedy.



Gladys Baxter, in "A Wonderful Night," is a thing of beauty with a good footlight voice.

i n REVIEW

Considering the New Plays Which May Later Find Their Way To the Screen

course the bonehead jury had to go on the grill sooner or later. Fred Ballard has certainly roasted the twelve-good-men-and-women-tried-and-true wheeze to a brown turn in this play.

A regular New Jersey murder trial. Girl killed hubby—so it looks. Jury retires. Now, the interior of the jury-room for two days (acts II and III) shows us just what the jury 'thinks' about, how it forms its 'opinions,' how it changes what was really its mind back in the paleozoic slime, and how and why it came out "not guilty," although everybody voted guilty except Mrs. Fiske, who held out for the Little Girl. While it is all good satire, it is only stomach-quivering in spots. It thins here and there and might improve by condensing.

But it is, after all, a vehicle for Mrs. Fiske, who, although still the champion word-chewer of the American stage, is vibrantly hilarious and poppingly explosive. We forgive her her dancing mannerisms, her spasmodic twitchings and jerkings, because of the cerebral and vital personality that surges out over the footlights and catches the most unimpressible of her auditors in a kind of electric fluid. Wilton Lackaye returned to the stage as the Judge, and got a big reception. But it is *Svengali* and *Tess* in pretty strange surroundings!

"A Wonderful Night"

Soused—that's the word; soused to the thatch, to the toes, to the gizzard—on the music of Johann Strauss!

This old magician of the swooning waltz and demonic czardas had something eternal in his music. It never wears; it never cloy; it never relents in its Bacchic and Venusian power.

When you speak of Strauss, tell me not of Richard, but of Johann, who whips my (Continued on page 121)



Mrs. Fiske, First Actress of the American stage, is vibrantly hilarious in "Ladies of the Jury," a good satirical vehicle for her cerebral and vital personality.



Arthur Byron caps his long career with one of the most convincing bits of acting seen on Broadway in some seasons, in "The Criminal Code."



Bette Davis and Donald Meek in a scene from "Broken Dishes," a play about a married worm who turns. De Casseres suggests this would make a good talkie vehicle for Will Rogers.

Come *into the* Kitchen

By Loretta Young

I WAS born of poor but practical parents. That isn't exactly so, but I like the phrase 'poor but practical.' As a matter of fact, we had a comfortable home, a happy family and a lot of friends. We weren't exactly rich, but we were comfortably fixed without going in for any swanky splurges.

Now when I say my parents are practical, I mean that they have good sound common sense and took care that their four daughters and one son should not grow up with any fancy notions.

Perhaps you do not know it, but before I became an actress, my name was Gretchen and Gretchen it still is to my two older sisters, Polly Ann and Sally Blane (don't you like those quaint names) and my brother, Jack, who



This charming Young girl specializes in the creation of a light and delicious sponge cake.



gave up being a picture actor to become a lawyer.

Mother had a well-developed system in the rearing of us four girls, first at our home in Salt Lake City and then in Hollywood. I don't remember much about Salt Lake because we moved to Hollywood when I was just a kid. At that time my uncle was business manager for George Melford, the director, and the first conscious wish that I recall was a desire to become a great actress like Mabel Normand. She was a favorite of all the children at that time.

Like most parents, my father and mother met my ambition with a tolerant smile without changing the program of my education. I didn't like school very much and cooking and sewing seemed an awful bore, but it was part of the family schedule that I should go through the same practical routine as my sisters did before me.

When I was old enough to wipe a plate without allowing it to slip through my fingers, I was taught the rudiments of kitchen technique. I remember my mother used to say, 'whatever a woman may become, she must know how to

LORETTA YOUNG'S

SPONGE CAKE:

7 eggs	1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cream of tartar	1 cup flour
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks until thick and whites until stiff; add sifted sugar; cut and fold in flour sifted with cream of tartar. Bake in a slow oven 30 minutes.

with Loretta Young

Loretta Learned to Cook before she Learned to Act. Now she's an Expert in Both Arts



Some day we're going to drop in on Loretta at this point and beg for just a bite.

I recall that in the kitchen of our old home, when all of the family were living together, we had a battered and much thumbed cook book. But more important than that, in our culinary department was what we called 'Young's Cook Book.' This title was roughly lettered on the cover page of an album in which each one of us wrote our own recipes. First there came recipes by mother. Then there followed sections of the book given over to each of us girls in the order of our age. As we developed various dishes, revising or amplifying the recipes in the standard cook book, we wrote them down in the family record which even now is a treasured relic of our childhood. I suppose this book will go down through various generations of Youngs and I hope it will be added to by our children and grandchildren.

In turning over the pages, I find this recipe for cookies credited to Gretchen—that's me!

My cookies always made their (Continued on page 110)

cook.' She used to try to engage our interest in learning how to prepare special dishes. Each one of us had a specialty that was served on a certain night each week and if it turned out good, parental commendation was generous.

I recall my sister Polly excelled in the making of biscuits which we had every Sunday night for supper. Sally specialized in the preparation of meats so the roasts and dressings, whatever they might be, were entrusted to her. You see, mother really was practical and saw to it that our ability was not limited to fancy dishes.

Now, for all our careful training, I don't pretend to like cooking as a steady thing. I think, like everything else, it should be done in moderation and in the creative spirit. A woman who has to cook three meals a day cannot be expected to get any fun out of it; but to go into the kitchen intent upon making something good to eat out of raw ingredients is different. It gives an outlet to the creative urge and a pleasing sense of satisfaction when the results are worth while.

FAVORITE RECIPES

EGG BREAD:

1 egg	1 level teaspoon of soda
2 cups cornmeal	1 level teaspoon of salt
2 cups buttermilk	½ tablespoon of lard

Sift meal, salt and soda into the milk; add egg well beaten. Melt lard in heavy frying pan or skillet. Add ingredients when you are sure that lard is hot. Bake in a very hot oven. Be sure that the oven is hot!



Loretta lets her little sister Georgianne participate in the good old family custom known as 'licking the pan!'

News and Gossip of Pictures and Players

Helen Twelvetrees, with a brand new contract to her credit, drums up news for this department. Thanks, Helen.



HOLLYWOOD gasped when Lew Cody appeared at the "Rio Rita" opening with a lady gorgeously attired in black lace with all the trimmings, including a high Spanish comb. "How could he," they whispered, "with his wife, Mabel Normand, so ill?" Lew, however, lost no opportunity to present his companion to his wondering friends. Then it leaked out that the lady, who boldly acclaimed Lew as her favorite actor, and stated a decided preference for Bebe Daniels as an actress, was Bebe's grandmother! It seems that Grandmother has said she wished she had a good-looking escort for the premiere and Lew, always willing to oblige, said he'd be delighted. So there they were.

* * *

Fred Stone had razzed the speakers at the last opening about always saying the same thing: "Hello, everybody! It's a great opening and we're tickled to death to be here"—or some such trite remark. So Freeman Lang, who usually handles these radio affairs, thought it might be a

good way to get dollars for the Christmas Community Chest Drive, and every unwary person who started with "Hello, everybody!" had to fork up a dollar. Also, if the speech was very short, they had to pony up. As a result, the Community Chest fund was the larger by a considerable number of dollars.

* * *

George O'Brien had such a beaming smile on his face the other day when we saw him at the studio cafe that we thought something unusual must have happened to him.

"It has. I've had a hair cut, and boy! I feel as though I were free, white and twenty-one."

George has been out on the plains doing "The Lone Star Ranger" and had to let his locks grow too long for comfort so as not to ruin the picturesqueness of the character. We were told to believe it or not but it was the first all talking Zane Grey story. Bill Farnum did the yarn ten or twelve years ago; then if memory serves, Tom Mix took a hand at it, and now George O'Brien in what is said to be the most interesting version of them all.

* * *

Little Janet Gaynor had to go shopping for a house. She's married now to Lydell Peck, you knew, and husbands have to be kept some place. Janet hunted until the wheels almost fell off her car and then she "found the cutest house! I took it because of the staircase, and signed a lease for six months. It winds and winds till it gets to the top—the staircase, I mean, of course, not the lease."



Bessie Love and William Hawks never dreamed of falling in love and are vastly amused at finding themselves engaged.



Anita Page says the new circular playing cards are easier to hold and the corners don't break and give themselves away.

Mr. Peck, who is a wealthy young man, studied for the law but didn't take much of a shine to it and although he graduated from law school he never practiced. When he fell in love with Janet, he adopted her profession as well and is now on the Paramount pay roll in the capacity of scenario writer.

* * *

The impression seems to have gone the rounds that 'Little Tooting' is a restaurant, just because food was mentioned in connection with an item of gossip. We want to correct that impression. It is not a restaurant. It is simply a locality. The members are a half dozen or so convivial Englishmen and their friends who are close neighbors and like to entertain. The residents are all bachelors; the non-residents are married.

Among them are Victor MacLaglen, Joseph Schildkraut, Montagu Love, Lawford Davidson, Lionel Belmore, Eric Snowden, Alfred Tennyson and Eric Stacey.

At a recent dinner Lionel Belmore convulsed the gang by telling a joke on himself. Clarence Badger was directing a picture he was in and asked Lionel to cross his knees. "I have never crossed my knees since the day I was born," declared Lionel. "Well, try, anyhow," said Badger. So Lionel tried. And kept on trying for five solid minutes, getting redder and redder in the face and more out of breath with the effort while the onlookers roared with laughter and the cameras recorded the comedy.

* * *

Eric Stacey had a taxicab of very ancient vintage, 1906 to be exact, sent



George Bancroft looks up Emil Jannings in Berlin. George was vacationing and Emil was between pictures. When is Jannings coming back to us?



Lupe Velez with Henry King, director, and technical crew shooting a scene for "Hell Harbor," filmed near Tampa Beach, Florida.

over from England, and he rents it to the movies. It nets him quite an income. For a joke Blanche Mehaffey drove it up to the entrance of the Carthay Circle Theater with her party for the opening of the season—"Rio Rita." The shouts of laughter they received almost put the 'mike' out of commission.

* * *

Did you know that the very first part Ken Maynard ever played was with Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith?" He played *Paul Revere*.

* * *

Jim Cruze and Jim Tully have joined hands in producing Tully's "Circus Parade"—Cruze as producer and director, Tully as author and actor. They have been friends for years but this is the first time they have trouped together on a set.

During a recent trip to New York, Tully introduced Cruze to H. L. Mencken, another old friend. "I've never read any of your ravings," began Cruze; and Mencken came back at him with, "And I've never seen any of your screen abortions." So they immediately became pals.



Estelle Bradley, Anita Garvin, Thelma Hill and Addie MacPhail, the four beauties of the Educational Comedy lot.

Topsy and Eva Duncan have at last signed their much discussed contract with Metro. "It would have been signed two days ago," said Rosetta, "except that I couldn't make head or tail out of it. Looked like a telephone directory to me. I went about the house muttering 'the party of the first part gets all the money and the party of the second part does all the work.' That's the way it looked—you need a Philadelphia lawyer to translate these things."

The kids clean up half a million over a period of two years in which they will make four pictures. It is their privilege between times to go off on vaudeville tours—and clean up another half million, or more. Not so bad! Their next film may be "The Heavenly Twins."



A director develops a voice. King Vidor shows Marion Davies a record of songs he recorded, including several from "Hallelujah."

Jetta Goudal has broken the taboo against her since winning her case against Cecil De Mille, by appearing in several Bryan Foy shorts for Warner Brothers. The first will be "The China Lady," all talking, and I hear there is to be singing as well. Warners plan to present the exotic actress in a feature after the first of the year when the studio reopens.

* * *

SCREENLAND's representative had been on a still hunt for news and had had a particular trying day of it. "Will you please," we said to Jimmy Gleason on the Harry Richman set, "say something smart?"

Jimmie stood square in front of us, arms akimbo. "Are you," he demanded severely, "a motion picture producer?"

"No—n-not yet!" we confessed weakly.

"Well, that's all you need to become one—that line and a coupl'a million dollars."

And we faded peacefully out of the picture.

* * *

In case there has been anything said to the contrary, Joan Bennett's voice is not being doubled in the Harry Richman picture now called "Puttin' on the Ritz." They say it is positively the permanent title.

When the studio folk heard the playback of the theme song they wanted to know who Joan's double was, and they wouldn't believe



Rudy Vallee's radio contest announced in January SCREENLAND is still open. Write the best letter telling Rudy what is your favorite Vallee Victor record and why, and win this Victor radio. The contest doesn't close until February 10th.



When Gray meets Gray! Alexander Gray of stage and screen "Sally" and our own Larry Gray of the movies make friends on the First National lot.

the child sang it until they saw for themselves. But we know, because we were there too and heard her sing it, not once but several times. She stood in her Alice-in-Wonderland costume, a distance of barely one foot from us—looking as lovely as an angel. Not that everyone didn't know Joan had a beautiful voice, but when she sings it is contralto! And she is such a blonde little thing and so tiny, you expect a soprano. For no reason, but you just do.

* * *

It seems to be renovating time in Hollywood. Jack and Ina Gilbert are moving to separate establishments until Jack can get to the bathroom without saying 'good-morning' to a dozen carpenters and clambering over a pile

of lumber to find his underwear. The alterations were to have been completed while the Gilberts were in Europe, but they didn't get finished and the confusion was too much for them.

The case is a little different in the Edmund Lowe household. Lilyan is having her bedroom redecorated. According to everyone who saw it, it was one of the most beautiful rooms in Hollywood, or rather Beverly Hills. In Eddie's opinion it was the most beautiful, though to be facetious we don't quite see how Eddie could possibly be a fair judge of that. And now the fair Lilyan, who can never stand to have things stay put for long, has cleared the beauty all away and is turning it into a pure white room.

"Even the carpet," groaned Eddie. "Can you see what Champ and Snoopy will do to that white carpet when they come to wake us up in the morning?" Champ and Snoopy are Eddie's two pet wire-haired terriers.

"They aren't going to come in, in the morning," said Lilyan.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," declared Eddie impressively.



Our Gang are learning their lines from Miss Laura Peralta, Spanish teacher, for a Spanish edition of their comedies.

The Best Lines of the Month

From "The Love Doctor":

Gerald (Richard Dix): "You are chilled through."

Virginia (June Collyer): "Yes, I had a terrible scare, and my spine feels like a piece of spaghetti."

From "So This Is College":

Eddie (Elliott Nugent): "You know, every time I look at Biff I can figure out why girls walk home."

Biff (Robert Montgomery): "And you're the reason they run home."

From "Taming of the Shrew":

Petruchio (Douglas Fairbanks): "In faith I'm moved to woo thee for my wife!"

Katherine (Mary Pickford): "Moved? In good time! Let him that moved you hither remove you hence."

From "Nix On Dames":

First Clerk: "Say, you know I studied to be a pharmacist once, but flunked in my examinations."

Second Clerk: "What happened?"

First Clerk: "I couldn't make sandwiches."



Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth in "The Love Parade."

From "The Love Parade":

Jacques (Lupino Lane): "Do you know the story about the Frenchman and the farmer's daughter?"

Lulu (Lillian Roth): "Yes, I know it!"

Jacques: "I'm the Frenchman."

Lulu: "You are not."

Jacques: "How do you know?"

Lulu: "Because I'm the farmer's daughter!"

ASK ME

An Answer Department
of Information
about Screen Plays
and Players

By
Miss Vee Dee



Miss Vee Dee's correspondents have a soft spot in their hearts for Dolores Del Rio. Her next picture is "A Sailor's Sweetheart."



Nils Asther's engagement to Vivian Duncan hasn't changed his standing in the 'Ask Me' department. They still ask questions about him.

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

PLAIN JANE from Lexington, Ky. You surprise me, I wasn't wise to the fact that Kentucky had any plain ones. But here's some sympathy, I'm just that kind of a girl. Yes, we've lost Victor Varconi for a time—he might come back if he knew how much we miss him. He was born in Kisvard, Hungary, on March 31, 1896. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. On the stage in Budapest he appeared in "King Richard III" which is the highest success to come to an Hungarian actor. On the screen he has played in "Triumph," "Changing Husbands," "Feet of Clay," "The Volga Boatman," "King of Kings," "Chicago," "Tenth Avenue," "The Angel of Broadway" and "The Divine Lady."

Teresa S. of Logansport, Ind. Mary Brian's new picture is "Kibitzer" with Neil Hamilton and her preceding one was "The Virginian" with Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen. You can reach Mary at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels appears with John Boles in "Rio Rita." She sings and talks and is altogether lovely in one of the big rôles of the year. Atta girl, Bebe!

Dorothy K. of Red Bank, N. J. Pola Negri hasn't made a picture for us for a long time—she left us bag and baggage and we'll have to worry along without her. She was born in Poland but doesn't give her age. She has black hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Billie Dove's parents were of Swiss descent. Her real name is Lillian Bohny. When she was 15 years old and an accomplished dancer, she was offered a chance to go on the stage and appeared in "The Midnight Frolic" in New York. She also played with Johnny Hines in comedies and with Tom Mix in Westerns. Billie's latest film is "The Painted Angel."

Louise B. of Seattle, Wash. You're going to be thrilled all right for here you see your name in this famous department. Your favorite, Nick Stuart, was born April 10, 1906 in Roumania. He has curly black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 154 pounds. He has been in pictures since 1921 when he started to work

as an extra for the Fox Studios. His latest film is "Happy Days."

Chloe of the Swamps, Ill. What a ripping blue theme song that would make. I'm glad you look for me the minute you buy Screenland. That's turkey for me. Write to Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Olga Baclanova played with Pola Negri, Warner Baxter and Paul Lukas in "Three Sinners." Richard Arlen was born Sept. 1, 1899 in Charlottesville, Va. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

H. T. of Morristown. We want to know if Tom Patrick was ever a cowboy and a cartoonist? Where are you Tom, speak up—let's hear from you. Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. Not married. He played with Dolores Del Rio in "Evangeline."

Kyspie from Ossining, N. Y. Yes, dumb films, as we say on Broadway are still being shot but audible pictures are the last word in the film world, in Hollywood. Warner Baxter and Roland Drew had the male leads in "Ramona" with Dolores Del Rio. Roland was the Spanish Don and young hero lover of Ramona.

A Fan from Canada. It takes something else besides 5 feet 6 inches to get a good movie contract—an unlimited supply of 'it' or that and a dogged determination to succeed. Greta Garbo, Phyllis Haver, Irene Rich, Myrna Loy and Zasu Pitts are all 5 feet 6 inches tall. Agnes Franey was born in New York City 18 years ago. She won four beauty contests and over hundreds of other girls she won a place in the Zeigfeld Follies. Agnes is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair. Canada has given our films several top-notchers, among them are, Barbara Kent, Marie Prevost, Mary Pickford, Fay Wray, Norma Shearer, Betty Egan and Pauline Garon.

Fifth City Boy of U. S. With several cars at your command, fine clothes and

surrounded by money you want to find out what's doing in Hollywood in the picture industry. Although we have several young blades in pictures whose fathers are captains of finance, it would be just as easy for you to crash the gates if you didn't have a penny. If you can convince the producers that you have all the magnetic personality you think you have, we'll hear from you before many moons have waned, to say nothing of waxed. Go to it, Boy, and good luck.

Jessie K. of Riceton, Sask, Canada. When such extravagant praise comes from all quarters of the globe for my department, I'm just melting down with emotion. I'm sure I can't say why Gary Cooper, the quiet reserved man of the screen, fell in love with Lupe Velez, the whirlwind and saucy mad-cap of the flickers. Love's a darned queer thing, girls. Nancy Carroll's first all-talkie was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. Her voice is pleasing and her songs are some of the best from Broadway. You can write to Nancy, Clara Bow and Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Joan Crawford can be addressed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

John C. of Luzerne, Pa. You like Screenland a lot, you're no real estate dealer but a modernist if I know what that is. I give up—never was good at riddles. Lon Chaney has not changed his mind as yet about making a talking picture. Lon prefers to be silent with his thousand faces. Rudy Vallee leads the cast of "Vagabond Lover" produced by RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Others in the cast are, Sally Blane, Danny O'Shea, Marie Dressler and Eddie Nugent.

Helen B. of Ipswich, Mass. I've gone quite gaa-gaa over the name of your town—it makes such a fine morsel to roll over the tongue. Write to Billie Dove at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson and Irene Rich at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Anita Page and Robert Castle at Metro Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jackie Coogan can be reached at 673 South Oxford Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Signor S. of Napoli, Italy. I'd make a good title-writer, would I? If I thought you were serious, we'd step aside and have a silent chuckle over that. Your favorite, Don Alvarado, was born Nov. 4, 1904, at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His real name is José Paige. You can write to him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He plays in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," with Lily Damita, Raquel Torres and Duncan Renaldo.

Ann L. from Utica, N. Y. I'm sorry that I can't answer contest questions in the magazine or personally—time and space forbids and would it be fair, I ask you, now would it? Raoul Walsh appeared in "The Birth of a Nation," as John Wilkes Booth. He directed Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad"; also directed "What Price Glory," "Loves of Carmen," and "The Cock-Eyed World," and wrote the script, directed and played in "Sadie Thompson," in which Gloria Swanson was the star. Raoul was born in New York City and was on the stage playing leads, heavies and juveniles before going into pictures.

P. K. of Indiana. Where did you get the idea I am Mary Astor and that I give funny answers? Now I'll think up one. Barbara Kent and Larry Kent are not related. Larry's real name is Henri W. Trumbull. Barbara was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada. In "The Lone Wolf Returns," you saw Billie Dove and Bert Lytell. It was released in July 1926. You can reach Nancy Drexel, Lois Moran and Janet Gaynor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Esther Ralston, Nancy Carroll, Clive Brook, Fay Wray and Charles Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Loretta Young at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Louise Fazenda at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Marion Davies, John Gilbert and John Mack Brown at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Billie from Atlanta, Ga. Do I always give good answers? Here's one! Clive Brook was born June 1, 1891. He has brown hair and grey eyes. Look carefully in this department and you'll find his address. His latest picture is "Slightly Scarlet."

Girly from N. Y. City. We do not send out photographs of the screen stars so I'm unable to tell you the cost of large photographs, but why don't you write your favorites a complimentary letter and ask for a picture? You may get something you least expect. Several of the addresses you asked for are found elsewhere in this department. June Collyer, Edmund Lowe and Charles Farrell can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Dolores Costello at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lane Chandler is at Universal now.

Walter R. from Fairfield, Conn. Quickie-comedies are turned out too fast for me to keep the casts for publication—often just one or two principals are given anyway. When "Big Business," with Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and James Finlayson comes to your theater, stay away if you don't want to laugh your head off. Renee Adoree's latest film is "Redemption," with John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel. Renee was born in Lille, France,

on Sept. 1, 1901. She has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

Just Marge from Denver. One of the friends from radio-land, are you? Welcome! Be sure to read Screenland's new movie-radio department. Nancy Carroll will be seen in "Flesh of Eve," with Richard Arlen. Nancy has auburn hair and blue eyes. Sue Carol is not Nancy's sister, not even a fifth or sixth cousin. Gary Cooper has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is 28 years old.

Jerry of St. Louis. Why are "The St. Louis Blues," when from out the town comes such swell letters and such Gary



Ann Christie, a sprightly comedienne, sports a new beret.

Cooper-like big boys? Some towns get all the good breaks. *Felipe*, the Spanish Don in "Ramona," was played by Roland Drew. His real name is Walter Goss and he was born in 1903 at Elmhurst, L. I. He has black hair, dark gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Ben Lyon is a favorite among the men screen fans, partly due to his aviation activities. He is a government pilot with a license and ever' thing. Ben was born Feb. 6, 1901, at Atlanta, Ga. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. His next picture is "Lummox," with Winifred Westover. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She is said to be engaged to Harry Richman.

Freda B. of Pittsburgh. Sonny Boy, where is Mam-ah-may? All kidding aside, I am not able to tell you Al Jolson's exact age but about 43 would be a safe guess. He has a Peter Pan complex, just never will grow up; and who wants him to? He has light brown hair and brown eyes and can fill our best movie houses with tears and paid admissions, and we like it. Clara Bow's cousin, Billy Bow, is to appear in her next picture.

Ellie T. from Saginaw, Mich. Why so serious? Let's shake off the gloom if there be any and clap hands; you're wrong, I said clap hands, not hold hands. Estelle Taylor plays with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez in "Where East is East," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release. You can write to Charlie Chaplin at Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Wallace Beery at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mary Ann Jackson, Wheezer and Farina can be reached at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. E. of Auburn, N. Y. Do you believe everything you read and can I depend on that? Ronald Colman is 38 years old and has not married again and has not gone back to England to live. Barry Norton is 24 years old and not married. Clive Brook is 38 years old and is married to Mildred Evelyn. They have two children. Dolores Del Rio is 24 years old. Her latest picture is "The Bad One," with Edmund Lowe.

Arlo Lee of Santa Cruz. More snappy names this month with lots of appeal and plenty of rhyme and hey, hey! Dolores Del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, on Aug. 3, 1905. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

J. E. F. of Amarillo, Texas. Your color scheme is all wrong, Jean, for Colleen Moore hasn't one green eye and one blue eye, but one brown and one blue. You can address Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Compson at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Norma and Constance Talmadge at United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Ben Lyon at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mike of Honolulu. From the Isles of Friendliness—that suits me and may your shadow grow never-the-less. Jack Mulhall was born in Wappingers Falls, N. Y., on Oct. 7, 1894. Jack has been a featured player for First National for some time. He plays a dual rôle in his new picture, "Dark Street," with Lila Lee. You can reach Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Elaine from Mankato, Minn. I do not talk for publication on any other subject but the who's who and why of screen stars. But take it from me, I know my stars. Barry Norton, whose real name is Alfred de Biraben, was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on June 16, 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes. Davey Lee was born on Dec. 29, 1924 in Los Angeles, Cal. He has brown hair, dark blue eyes, weighs 47 pounds and is 36 inches tall and has been in pictures since July 1928. Write to Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fort Wayne Fan. Welcome, Hoosier! 'That interesting new vamp' of the talkies is Kay Francis, from the stage. Yes, I like her, too. She is under contract to Paramount. Write to her there.

In New York—Continued from page 65

it on the parlor floor in front of the old-fashioned base-burner which heated the whole house, and I was off to a flying start. First the black boy would do a double shuffle. I would watch him and worked out then and there my first routine. That's the method I've followed ever since. I don't know anything about music or counting time. I can't read a note. But when I hear a song or a dance, I get the rhythm in my bones, and keep at it until I get the number down pat."

There is no mysterious reason why Marilyn keeps in front year after year when many of her early contemporaries have flashed out. It's because she works. And that's no hocus-pocus either. I know her singing teacher well. And he says not a day passes but Marilyn has her singing lesson. And that is true of her dance routines also. She works for certain stated intervals every day. No matter whether she is on a train, a steamer, a movie lot, or a Broadway stage. And this continuity of effort has raised her from an unknown child actress to one of the highest paid and most beloved stars in the world.

* * *

You've heard of two-faced people, haven't you? Well, so have I. But never a seven-faced one. However, the other day I encountered a man who really has seven faces—and each of them a good one.

This seven-faced gentleman is no other than Paul Muni who did remarkable work in his first picture "The Valiant." Paul came back to town for the opening of his second picture, "Seven Faces," at the Roxy Theater. In this new talkie, he actually plays seven entirely different rôles, and plays them with conviction.

He used to be known as Muni Weisenfreund of the stage. He played in "Four Walls," "We Americans," and other Broadway plays, until Winnie Sheehan saw him and nabbed him to make pictures on the Fox lot.

Muni is good-looking in a dark quiet way. The last thing on earth he resembles is an actor. And yet he is mad on the subject of acting. I never saw a man so passionately absorbed in his work as this young man of Viennese parents. Nothing else exists for him. When you talk to him of other things, he listens politely and then weaves back again to the stage, the screen—any form of dramatic art.

"How I should love to play *Rasputin*," Muni said. "That will be one of my coming pictures, I hope. But before I do any more serious rôles I should like to do a 'hooper' part."

That rather amazed me because you always connect Muni with serious rôles. But it seems he has danced ever since his father and mother left Vienna and brought him to America at the age of eight. It was down on the east side that he got his stage baptism, dancing in the Yiddish and German theaters. Breaking in on his father's and mother's act any time he could contrive some little bit of business which would fit in—and sometimes when he couldn't.

The strange thing about Muni is that despite the fact that he lived abroad until he was nine, he speaks perfect American, without the slightest trace of accent. He looks absolutely American, too. All except those strange eyes.

Muni is tremendously interested in the question of make-up. He believes that most

make-up is unnecessary. He believes if you feel a part sufficiently, you can so immerse yourself in your feelings that you can actually concentrate to the point where your face will fit whatever part you are playing.

Paul has played many rôles of older men. And as you watch him speak of these rôles, suddenly his eyes grow dim. His face and forehead become furrowed. The muscles of his mouth droop. Before your eyes, this twenty-eight year old actor has turned himself into an old man. This concentration amounts almost to the point of self-hypnotism. And it is a fascinating, eerie thing to watch.

While we were speaking of such things, Muni's wife came in. She is a handsome woman who has a brilliant sense of clothes. She used to be a Broadway actress but has given up her work for writing. She recently completed a scenario for her husband which Fox has bought and will soon make into a picture.

* * *

Home, to June Collyer, is the Park Avenue apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Heermance. Yes, June was named Miss Heermance before she took to talkies. She came east for a vacation, only to be rushed into stardom in a picture directed by Irvin Willat—Billie Dove's husband.

Lunch at the Ritz, with June is fun. Both Mr. and Mrs. Heermance are usually present. Mrs. Heermance is a sweet-faced woman who is continually torn between her desire to be with June in Hollywood and wanting to be with her husband and two sons in New York.

Mr. Heermance is ripping. Clever, hu-



Kay Francis, one of Hollywood's best dressed women, makes gingham more popular.

morous, full of fun. One of the best *raconteurs* (German for sheik) I have met in a long time. At the table over their eggs *bouffant*, June and her father kidded each other about who would pay the check and declared they would toss for it. Papa pays.

Hollywood has done something to June. When she first went into the movies she was just a sweet, pretty girl. And now—well, she's different. Prettier than ever, and vivid and sparkly as if somebody had just told her a delicious secret which she daren't share with the world. I wonder if she's met her prince?

The Ritz was particularly gay that day. There was the Grand Duke Alexander on one side of us and lovable Dorothy Gish on the other. The orchestra played wonderful old dance tunes from "The Chocolate Soldier," and June made an exquisite hostess. As she sat there in her pretty green dress and hat, with a soft coat trimmed with luscious lynx thrown over her chair, I felt that this girl was equipped to reach any heights she wanted—in the social as well as in the dramatic world. She's one of the best bred girls in pictures—our own little movie crown princess.

* * *

I was invited to tea up at Jeanette MacDonald's the other day. Jeanette, as you've heard, has made a tremendous success in "The Love Parade."

Consequently, I toddled up to the Maison MacDonald near Central Park around five o'clock. Jeanette's maid answered my ring and said her mistress wasn't in. I waited a little while in the comfortable drawing room and pretty soon Jeanette's nephew came in. About a quarter of an hour later, Jeanette's mother arrived with Jeanette's music teacher. And long about six bells—sure enough, in came Jeanette in the flesh, and with her—Mr. Ritchie to whom I hear Jeanette is engaged. If Mr. Ritchie is the lucky man, I think Jeanette is a lucky girl—if you get what I mean.

Miss MacDonald was overwhelmed at being late but she had been detained down in Mr. Lasky's office. A matter of a new contract.

She is a real beauty, violet-eyed and golden-haired. She was dressed in one of these new different dresses—gray tweed which would have killed the coloring of any women but the most unsynthetic blonde. The dress was long and Jeanette's figure was—as you will find in "The Love Parade"—perfect.

* * *

It is possible for a screen star, no matter how famous, to stroll the streets and mingle with the crowds in Manhattan if he really wants to. Take Harold Lloyd. He disguises himself simply by discarding his prop spectacles. When he hung around the Rivoli Theater on Broadway where his first talking comedy, "Welcome Danger," was playing, and went inside to listen to the comments of the paying guests, he was never once recognized. Who would ever see in the quiet, unobtrusive young man the great screen comedian whose clever antics fetch him a healthy little stipend of something like \$30,000 a week? Harold came up to call at SCREENLAND while he was in town, and if the office boys hadn't tipped off the elevator boys no one except the publisher and editor would have been the wiser. As it was, Harold was a big hit in his impromptu personal appearance.

On Location with Billie Dove—Continued from page 91

"But why come all the way out to this dusty and uncomfortable place? Why not have lunch with me at the studio one day when we are working there? I can tell you just as much."

"Ah, but this is a location story. And they are more interesting because of the hazards and the handicaps and the inventions—so I go to lots of uncomfortable places to find out just how uncomfortable they are. But this is heaven—you should have been on those railroad tracks when Paramount was making 'The Virginian!'"

Billie laughed her musical laugh and gave my hand a pat with her soft little paw. "You poor girl!" she said.

"Poor nothing!" I declared. "I adore to be uncomfortable under such thrilling circumstances! Just think how many gals envy me sitting on those railroad tracks between Gary Cooper and Dick Arlen! Not to speak of the boys who would like to be talking to you in my place."

"Come on, Mary. Some powder for Miss Dove's nose," directed Lloyd Bacon. "And—my grief, is that a drop of rain?" It was. "Billie, get under cover. That dress will be ruined with even one drop of rain on it."

"Oh, Miss Dove! Oh, Miss Dove!" sang Grant Withers capering about like a jumping jack. "Quick, Miss Dove!" Putting his two hands together megaphone style, Grant bellowed up to the sky: "Hold the rain! That will fix it, Lloyd, you needn't worry any more," he said, pretending to be full of authority.

"Step over here, will you?" said one grip to another. "I want you on a conference." Together they placed a covering over Billie's head.

A severe-looking little woman came up to me and asked where the assistant director was. "He's the man wearing two hats—over there by the cameras." I might have said two of everything, since he had two megaphones slung on his arm and two pencils, one behind either ear.

"Well, I am going to ask him why the teachers aren't on the set for these children. You know," she shook a threatening finger at me, "those children are supposed to be in school and if they don't get their lessons it goes very hard with them the next day."

I soothed her as much as I could, but after all I was just a visitor and not in the least responsible, although I began to feel so. But I realized she was just rehearsing what she was going to say to the assistant director. It all got straightened out. The children had been taught in the morning and would not get another lesson until the following evening, when they had to work. When children work at night, however, they are sent home at nine-thirty.

"Does the picture follow the story?" someone asked.

"Darned if I know," said Ed Marin. "We have only four more days to shoot and I haven't read the script yet! Want to read it?" He tossed a copy over to the inquisitive one.

"The first requisite of an actor," said Lloyd Bacon impressively, "is to know his lines. Now Billie knows hers—she studies at night." Grant Withers was very busy picking up little stones from the gravel path. "Yes, Billie knows hers. She's not a good time, Charlie—and that goes for Mr. Ken Thompson, too. But I have the

script, Grant. I'll read your lines in case you blow up," Mr. Bacon finished with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

"Who's a good-time Charlie?" exploded Grant. "One dance and one hunt have I been on since this racket started—and I haven't blown up once in my lines today!"

"Well, let's get the scene in between drops," said Mr. Bacon, "and then we might as well migrate. That sun's quit for the day." The scene went through fine and Grant drove us back to the studio.

We got out the next evening for the night scenes at about eight o'clock. Such a transformation! The carnival was on. Booths decorated with paper flowers, lanterns strung all over the place. Booths

of his pocket and started to read! He is a great reader and as he wouldn't be wanted again for an hour there was no reason to waste the time.

Some distance away was a long table with a powerful lamp over it. Seated about were four or five children with their teacher who was supervising the 'home work' for the next day. Little Joyce had to make five maps, and when she explained them to me I was amazed to see the difference in the duties of the school children today, as compared to those of—well—shall we say twenty years ago! One map had to show all the railroads, one all the bus lines, one all the air lines and their ports and I've forgotten the other two. What research!

Loretta Young came out for half an hour to talk to Grant and they sat in her car on the sidelines giggling and having a lot of fun.

A location looks weird at night. The lamps stood on twenty-five foot parallels and all around it is black as ink. Night work increases the number of things the prop men have to think about, too. For instance, when Ken drove the car to the church yard gate where the carnival was being held, light from the lamps struck the metal trappings of the engine and sent out halations for a foot around. Two or three of them ran for black adhesive tape—the prop man has to be ready for any emergency on a location—and strapped up all the trappings of the car just as though it had a busted rib!

"Is someone going to comfort those geese?" asked Lloyd Bacon who had been trying to direct in competition with the quacking of the birds, disgruntled because of being kept up at night. The geese were borne off bodily, in disgrace, but a handful of corn or whatever it is that geese like best, soothed their ruffled feelings and they behaved very well the balance of the evening.

It's a strange thing how many actors turn writer and how many writers turn actor. Grant Withers is one of them. He likes writing and hopes to go back to it some day. "But I darn near starved to death when I was doing it," he laughed.

"I never knew you were a writer," I said.

"Oh, sure! I was on a paper here for nearly a year, and believe me it was a lean one. I decided I'd have to make some money and then scribble. Acting's all right. It's interesting and there's a lot to learn and I like to learn things. Good copy around here, too. I'm storing it all up and some day, maybe, I'll get it on paper."

Billie was so busy I had little chance to talk to her that evening. But I found out that, like all the rest of the girls in Hollywood, she was not neglecting her singing and dancing. "Both of them are restful, do you know it? Singing is wonderful exercise and after a lesson I feel ready to tear down the world. Dancing limbers up all the muscles that stiffen up when we have to sit about the studio all day. It's turned the talking picture business into one of the healthiest in the world. We must keep up with these two accomplishments or else our range of parts will be terribly limited. The easy days of the 'silent drammer' are no more!" she said with a little sigh.

Then they all started in on what seemed to be a long stretch of work, so the Location Lady decided to call it a day.



Harrison Ford is repeating his silent successes in the speakies.

with canned fruit, candy, fortune tellers, soda pop—a shooting gallery where you got prizes; lots of people and fun.

Billie was dressed all up in a lovely lace affair with a picture hat. She was terribly excited because a visiting school friend was to do an extra bit in the picture. The friend is in the party to greet Billie when she and Ken Thompson drive up to the carnival, and even has a line to speak. She has no wish to become an actress, but she was thrilled to death to play she was one just for this scene.

It was necessary for the motor car to start at a given signal and dash up to the group. Of course it didn't. "Just a moving picture prop!" said an assistant of the beautiful five-thousand dollar job, which burned its owner up.

After the party got out of the car Ken ran it outside the picture lines near an arc lamp.

"What's he doing that for?" I asked.

"You'll see," I was told. When he made himself comfortable Ken pulled a book out

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MARION DAVIES, one of the most fascinating of all the stars.



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CLARA BOW, scintillant Paramount star.



EVELYN BRENT, beautiful Paramount star.



BEBE DANIELS, charming Radio Pictures' player.



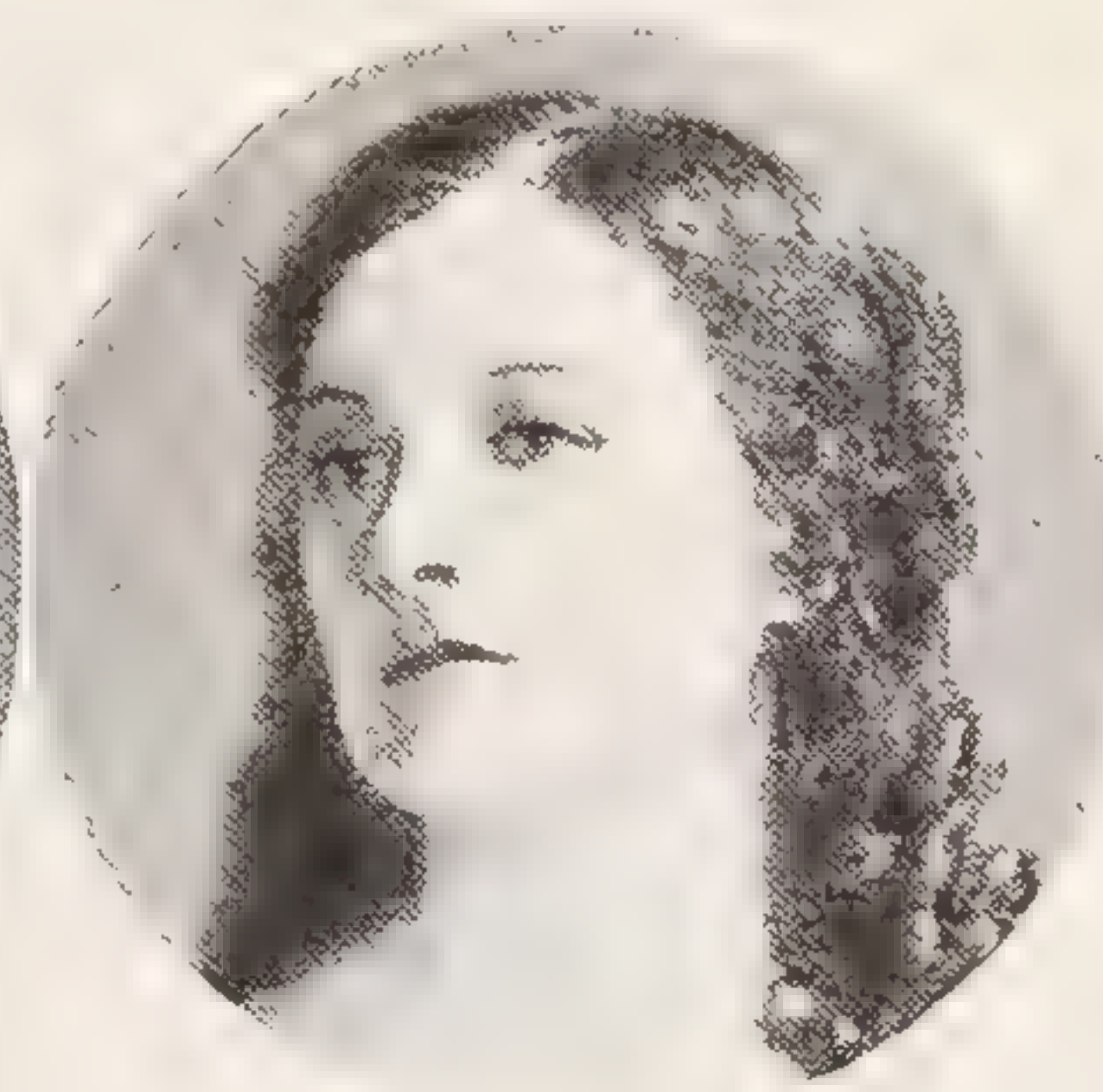
DOROTHY MACKAILL, lovely First National star.



BILLIE DOVE, lovable First National star.



JANET GAYNOR, delightful little Fox star.



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealingly beautiful star.



MARY ASTOR, ever so attractive a screen star.



MARY BRIAN, beloved little Paramount star.



BETTY BRONSON, a star famous for her charm.



MARION NIXON, beautiful Warner Brothers' star.



MAY McAVOY, petite star with Warner Brothers.



BETTY COMPSON, attractive Radio Pictures' player.



SUE CAROL, vivacious star with Fox Films.

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What the Mouth Tells—Continued from page 93

To make the lips appear fuller add rouge beyond the line of lips using care to keep the line very even. And to make full lips appear thinner, work not quite to the edge of the lips with the lip-stick. A mouth without shape can be cleverly shaped somewhat after the Cupid's bow model, but this requires skill.

Be careful in selecting your lip-stick. It should have body as well as color. A good lip rouge doesn't dry the lips but gives a live, natural appearance. If of the right shade and consistency it will add beauty and softness to your mouth.

A mouth to have full charm must have a finished look of perfect grooming—an added beauty that bespeaks health and culture. And no girl can be really attractive without fine, healthy teeth. It's a pity that fairy god-mothers did not bestow upon all of us the pearly white, even rows of teeth of the story-book princesses and the movie heroines—but as they did not, we must do what we can toward attaining and retaining this real asset to personal charm.

Much more is being done about teeth than used to be done. School children are instructed in care of the teeth. Periodical examination of teeth, with visits to the dentist when necessary, are doing much toward keeping the future generation in a better state of health than has ever before been the case.

The older generation is taking these instructions to heart as well as putting them in practise. Mothers have learned that if the first teeth of children are cleaned and filled they will last several years longer than if they are neglected, and the shape of the jaw and to some extent the quality of the permanent teeth depend on their soundness. Very small children today are acquiring the tooth brush habit and probably by the time well-trained little girls of today grow up they will have greatly increased the percentage of American consumption of tooth brushes both by practise and example.

The dentist, too, has become an important person in our lives. He is invited to inspect our teeth every three or four months for possible damages and to advise us about dentifrices and mouth washes. And at least twice every year—if we are wise—we have our teeth cleaned by a dentist. If you pay these visits regularly, you will find that the dentist is not a fearsome person at all. And if you begin early and keep faith you will have few unpleasant sessions with him for a great many years, if at all.

American girls have the reputation the world over for being healthy and charming. One reason is that when they smile they almost invariably display beautiful teeth. It is said that European women envy American women this important asset to beauty and attribute it to the superior skill of our dentists. But the American girl knows that her own conscientious habit of daily care of the teeth and health is re-

sponsible for the well-kept appearance of her teeth. And she knows that keeping the teeth absolutely clean is the safest and surest method of preserving them.

We must not only keep the teeth clean, we must keep the mouth clean, too. Therefore, a good protective or antiseptic mouth wash should be used at least twice every day.

Equipment for a perfect dental toilet may be simple but must be faithfully used. First of all, the teeth should be brushed not only twice a day but five times: in the morning, after each meal, and at night. This is a bit difficult for those among us who have jobs outside the home, but we must do the best we can about it. Wielding the tooth-brush so often may be a trifle boring but surely no more than getting the seam of your stocking straight or any other bothersome detail of the toilet.

tween the teeth. Draw the brush upward and across the gums and downward on the next group of teeth. Brush each section several times, keeping the upper and lower teeth closed. The lower teeth should be brushed upward in the same manner. Or perhaps you have been taught to use a rotary motion from left to right. If so, that's all right, too. The main thing is to get the teeth clean.

When it comes to dentifrices, our mentors give us no rules to follow. There are liquids, pastes and powders and a brief could be held for each. Some dentifrices claim germicidal, antiseptic or anti-acid qualities; others claim merely to cleanse. Dental journals advise a simple combination of pure ingredients, free from grittiness and of pleasant taste. The product that best suits your mouth is a matter of experiment—but if you are in doubt, or if your teeth or mouth need special attention, let your dentist advise you in your choice of dentifrices.

If you need a special teeth whitener, baking soda is excellent for this purpose and will remove the most stubborn stains from the teeth.

To sum it up—if you would prevent painful and expensive dental work, if you would have white, well-kept teeth, use dental floss often, brush your teeth more often, and invest in a good dentifrice and mouth wash.

And don't forget that what you eat has

ever so much to do with your teeth. A small girl's diet should be carefully planned by the mother who wishes her debut in any career to be a success. For acid fruits, green vegetables, whole wheat bread and milk furnish the calcium, vitamins and phosphorous which make strong, sound teeth.

Unless grown-ups follow the same menu they can't keep their teeth in good condition, either. To chew an apple a day keeps the dentist as well as the doctor away. Celery and crusts of bread are directly useful in keeping the gums healthy and the teeth sound, provided we grind them sufficiently fine. Not so long ago, however, an article came out in a leading magazine stating that it's a mistake to chew our food too fine as it leaves the stomach with nothing to do! Another fine old theory exploded—or is it? We don't believe that in this hurrying age there's much danger of anyone chewing food too fine. So put down chewing as another habit that if formed early in life is a real aid to good looks.

Care of the teeth must not be neglected, even for a day, and must continue indefinitely.

The mouth tells a lot, girls. Let yours reveal a sunny, understanding disposition and the charm that perfect grooming gives.

Do you want to know more about good grooming, charm, how to be popular? Write to me. I'm always glad to help! Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THE MOUTHS BELONG TO:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. ANITA PAGE | 9. BILLIE DOVE |
| 2. MARION DAVIES | 10. JANET GAYNOR |
| 3. GRETA GARBO | 11. BERNICE CLAIRE |
| 4. MARY DUNCAN | 12. CARMEL MYERS |
| 5. NATALIE MOORHEAD | 13. MARY NOLAN |
| 6. LOIS WILSON | 14. MARY BRIAN |
| 7. RUTH CHATTERTON | 15. DOLORES COSTELLO |
| 8. LUPE VELEZ | 16. VILMA BANKY |

It is best to have two tooth brushes, so a dry one may be used each time the teeth are brushed. At least once a day, rinse your tooth brush in bicarbonate of soda and warm water.

When it comes to selecting a tooth brush there is a wide choice. There are many shapes and sizes. Quite as your jaw curves, so must the bristles of your brush curve to reach remote teeth. Choose a brush with bristles neither too hard nor too soft. There are brushes so shaped as to make it an easy matter to brush the wisdom-teeth. There is a brush or rather a handle with two brushes easy to insert, whereby a brush is always available. There are brushes easy to keep clean with bristles set far apart; and there's a rubber brush for cleansing the teeth as well as massaging the gums—for we must do our 'daily dozen' on both teeth and gums if we would keep them in good condition. Healthy gums can stand the same amount of brushing as the finger-nails.

Dental floss is an important item of the dental equipment as it will do what the most aggressive tooth brush will not do—pass between teeth that grow close together. This should be used at least once daily—the last thing at night.

Of course we've been long 'in the know' that teeth must be brushed up and down and not crosswise, using a dentifrice and a dry brush. Begin at the upper left side. Place the brush well up on the gums and as far back as possible and brush downward, twisting and forcing the brush be-

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants

clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

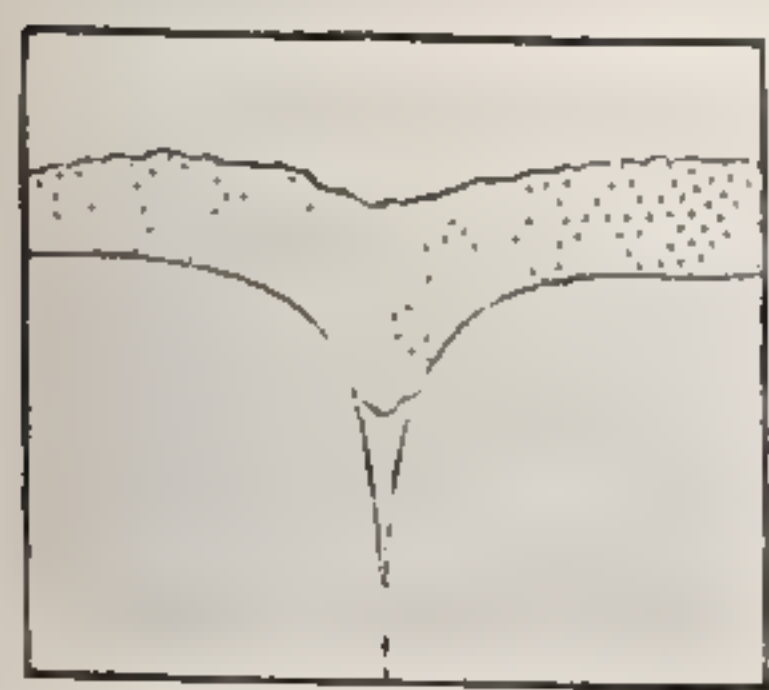
The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

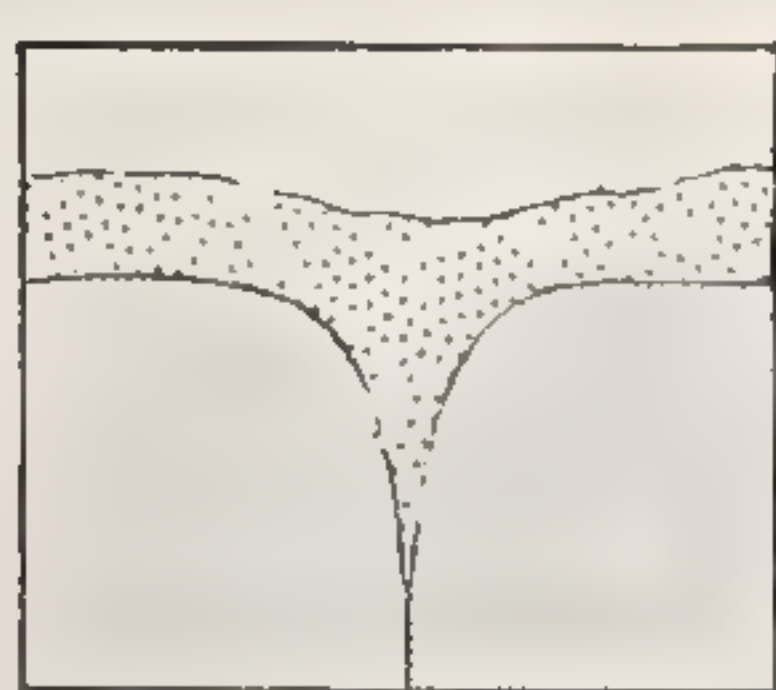
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Name

Address

Come Into the Kitchen with Loretta Young—Continued from page 97

appearances when we had a party, and even if I do say it myself, they were just about the finest cookies I have ever tasted!

RICH COOKIES

½ cup butter
⅓ cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup walnuts in halves

Cream butter and sugar together and add egg then flour then vanilla. Drop on buttered tins, smooth with a knife and put half a walnut on top of each. Bake in moderate oven.

My next *piece de resistance* is a lemon soufflé, a bit more difficult to make than sponge cake, but very tasty. Here is the recipe:

LEMON SOUFFLE

Yolks of 4 eggs
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
1 cup sugar
Whites of 4 eggs

Beat yolks until thick and add lemon coloring, add sugar gradually, and continue beating, then add lemon rind and juice. Cut and fold in whites of eggs, beaten until dry, turn into a buttered pudding dish set in a pan of hot water and bake 30-45 minutes in a very slow oven. Serve with or without a sauce.

Now I don't mean to say that I originated these recipes but I did make certain innovations that gave them individuality.

Some day when I have a daughter of my own—maybe—I am not even married yet,

I am going to teach her how to cook just like mother taught us and I am going to try to make it a pleasure for her rather than a drudgery.

I have a pet theory of my own that if we succeed in making play out of our work, it turns out a whole lot better and keeps us out of a rut. There are various ways of turning work into a sort of game and no child minds playing. Then it helps a lot when words of appreciation follow something that is well done. I know in our household there was a spirit of friendly competition between us three sisters and even my brother Jack, learned something about cooking which has stood him in good stead on camping expeditions. I don't know of any one who can do more with a tender, juicy steak than brother Jack.

Holmes: Chapter II—Continued from page 83

young Phil!

Phillips Holmes has been acting in motion pictures since June 1928. His rôles in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" and "Pointed Heels" are his biggest to date. And he is now at the unusual place in an actor's career where six rôles come at one time. He is being sought for parts in special productions by three studios other than Paramount. And there are rôles in four new productions waiting for him on his home 'lot.'

At twenty-two Phil looks twenty but acts with the poise, manners and confidence of a man of forty. And he combines this sophistication with the occasional embarrassed gesture of youth. The effect is fatal to femmes!

New York City was the scheduled birthplace of Phillips Holmes, but it happened that the situation was handled in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In order to correct this geographical mistake Phil has spent much of his spare time in New York. Although his mother as well as his father were of the stage, Phil grew up without thinking seriously of carrying on the name of Holmes in electric lights.

While Douglas Fairbanks and Taylor Holmes were leading men on Broadway, Doug Jr. gave a seven-year-old-birthday party to which young Phil was invited. This is the one big memory of Phil's early years because that day marks the beginning of a loyal friendship between him and Doug Fairbanks Jr.

When Phil was nine, Essanay engaged his father to come to Chicago for motion picture work. The elder Holmes had the old-fashioned belief that a man should consider his family as well as his career. This made it imperative that the family, with recent additions of a young son and daughter, move west. The change from night work on the stage to daytime picture work gave Phil more of his father's companionship. He spent considerable time watching scenes being made with Virginia Valli, the leading lady, and Rod La Roque, the menace. On one of these visits to the studio, Phil made his picture debut by playing his father's caddy in a brief sequence for "Uneasy Money."

The following year brought Taylor Holmes a contract with Triangle pictures and a trip to California for the entire family. In Los Angeles, Phil was put into boarding school at Harvard Military Academy. The enrollment several months later

of young Doug Fairbanks brought the two boys together again and for two years they attended the same classes and played on the same football team. At that time, the big events of their lives were Saturday afternoons when Doug, Phil and Florella Fairbanks, the daughter of Robert Fairbanks, attended the Orpheum and stopped in at a drug store on their way home for caramel nut sundaes.

Then Phil went East to attend Newman Prep School and Doug Jr. left to travel in Europe. In 1925, Phil came back to spend the summer with his parents, and found Doug Jr. there just beginning to establish a foothold in pictures. Through his friendship with Doug, Phil met Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Lois Moran and Freddie Anderson—which brings us right back to the beginning of the story!

At the end of a happy summer, the youngsters returned to their cameras and Phil sailed for England with his mother. She went on to Paris where he joined her for the Christmas holidays. The following two years which he spent at Trinity College were the most enjoyable of his life. With the average allowance of an American college boy Phil found he had a small fortune in England. He was on the rowing team and joined the Footlights Club. He made occasional trips to Paris and spent the next Christmas at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

During the boy's two years in England, his father was reminded of the fact that Phil was the world's most infrequent letter writer. When he returned to the United States, his parents had no idea as to the boat on which he was sailing. By mistake, the steamer on which Phil had sailed wired the family that he was not on board. When he docked in New York, a telegram informed his worried family of his arrival.

In New York, a friend of the family, a banker, told Phil of his mother's serious illness. He assured the boy that his mother needed a year for complete recovery. He knew Phil had been in England two years and was planning to go back, but the banker offered him a position—three years' training in finance, then an excellent opportunity to enter the banker's firm at a very good salary. With a decision to begin work in the fall, Phil left for California. His mother was slowly recovering and refused to hear of his leaving school to work. In the end, a compromise was effected.

Phil would attend Princeton, instead of putting the ocean between himself and the family.

The next spring, at Princeton, he was awaiting with some trepidation the ordeal of examinations when a telegram was handed him. It read: "I am coming East with Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, Mary Brian and film company to make a production at Princeton." (Signed) Freddie Anderson.

Phil was overjoyed. Frankly, he had liked Mary very much when he knew her several years before. He was anxious to show Mary to Princeton and Princeton to Mary. For two weeks, Phil heard nothing more and almost forgot the telegram. Then one afternoon, there was a note in his room. "Kindly see the Dean at 3 o'clock."

Not knowing quite what to expect, Phil went to the office and was met by two men, one of whom said: "You know what we are here for?" Phil's answer was a courteous 'yes,' though he actually had no idea. Finally he learned that the men were from the Paramount Studio and wanted him for a part in a Buddy Rogers picture. Remembering how the school had razed previous productions of campus life, Phil refused the offer.

But after several consultations with his classmates and with Frank Tuttle, the director, Phil finally submitted to a film test. The prospect of a trip to California by airplane if he made good led him to accept the rôle of Buddy's room-mate in the picture. Instead of the usual side remarks and general razzing by the students, the picture progressed very well at Princeton, principally because of the genial personality of director Frank Tuttle. And thus ended Phil's Princeton career!

Following this picture, Paramount insisted that Phil sign a contract, but with a clause permitting him to cancel the agreement if he decided to return to school or begin a financial career in New York. Phil accepted, then went to Boston where his father was appearing in "The Great Necker." Wisely, Taylor Holmes told Phil that if he was thinking of a stage career he could start as juvenile lead for three weeks of the Boston run. Phil accepted the suggestion, but after the play closed went at once to Hollywood.

He played small rôles in Paramount pictures; then came his rôle in "Sherlock Holmes." Today, they are laying odds along Hollywood Boulevard that he'll be the screen hero of 1932!

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~ ~ ~

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The Millionaire Script Girl—Continued from page 51

be an actress if I could become three separate and distinct film Bernhardt. In the first place, I'm frightfully camera shy. Second, I want to be a director. There's a real job—the most fascinating in the world!"

"Gene!" bellowed a voice from the nearby 'set.'

"Coming, Mr. Wilde!" cried the millionaire script girl.

"Never mind—just tell me whether Doug's place at that luncheon table in the other sequence was on the right hand of Eddie Nugent, or on his left?"

"On the left, Ted!"

"Okay!" And Ted Wilde could be heard resuming his preparations for a scene, while we turned back to the script girl.

"Are you really a 'millionaire'?"

"Heiress of a million, perhaps, but my own fortune from my interest in the Jackson-Bell radio, and other smaller investments, isn't as formidable as that," she smiled. "However, with my script girl salary of forty per week, I manage to get along without borrowing from my family!"

"Yes," Loretta Young remarked. "She struggles along in an eighteen-room house with only a dozen servants, a stable, a swimming pool, tennis court—more dog than Tom Mix!"

"Built by radio!" Gene quipped. "At any rate, I can claim no credit personally. I had a fixed income from my parents, saved some of it, and invested it. An easier way of making money than being a script girl, and keeping track of the ties Doug here uses, or Loretta's changes of shoes."

"Why did you keep the fact that you were wealthy a secret for so long?" I wanted to know.

"It would have been an obstacle to my progress in pictures to have it known. Even then it was rumored about that I was somebody's favorite. That's the way of the world!"

"Now, it doesn't matter, for everyone knows me and realizes that I have made good on my various jobs without influence. Except in getting my forty-a-week script job! That took all the pull I could bring to bear."

"Because you were breaking into the movies?"

"No! I was already in. That's the kick of it. I had been a scenarist for a year. But they told me a script girl had to have brains. Her position—in contrast to that of a scenarist, I suppose—is a responsible one. I wasn't quite fitted for it."

"How," I asked the producer who broke this news to me, "is one to qualify for this important position?"

"Well, usually they come from the typewriting department. You see, the typists copy the scripts, and that teaches 'em continuity and all those things."

"And I merely write some of the scripts they copy, and I'm not qualified?" I demanded with very real astonishment. He thought I was impertinent, of course,

so that ended the conversation.

"Looking back over the situation, I see some justice, if very little logic, in the producer's argument. He no doubt thought I was crazy to wish to give up a two-hundred-a-week billet as a scenario writer for a script girl's job at forty."

"Why did you?"

"Because the script girl has a chance to understudy the director. I don't believe being an assistant director—I've been one myself—gives such a thorough insight into the director's tasks."

"Did you finally persuade this producer to let you become a script girl?"

"Not that producer. That was at M. G. M., where I got my first job as scenarist, collaborating with Max Marcin. I went to Universal for the first script job. Once I had broken the ice I had no difficulty in getting other script jobs anywhere in the industry. With brief vacations I've given myself, I've been working continuously ever since."

"How did you originally break in?"

"I had thought I wanted to be a writer at one time. I wrote short stories, scenarios and plays, and some of the former were accepted, encouraging me just enough to make me keep on. I tried to sell Mr. Marcin an idea for a play or scenario, and he looked at some of my work. When he signed his M.G.M. contract I was signed as his collaborator. The stories we did together were manual labor on my part, creative work on his, but it was marvelous training, and I was able to supply gags and bits of business. He even gave me credit for a little helpful criticism."

"I soon lost interest in scenario writing, however. The director is the principal creative artist in pictures, and I believe he always will be. So I made my resolution to become a director, and with that in view tried for six months to be 'demoted' from scenarist to script girl. I had to go to another studio to do it, which seems to be a commentary on the status of film writers in producer minds."

"They got that way when Goldwyn imported the Eminent Authors," put in Louise Fazenda slyly.

"When and where were you assistant director?"

"With Norman Taurog and Arthur Gregor in pictures made at Tiffany-Stahl and Columbia. I could have stayed on Poverty Row as assistant, I suppose, but I wanted experience in the latest talkie methods at the big studios. Failing to get in on Vitaphone's ground floor at Warner Brothers, I connected with First National because I knew of the coming merger."

"How? I'm not telling. A business agent of mine got the news for me. I worked with the late John Griffith Wray, however, on a talkie, 'The Careless Age,' as my first tryout here. Then they gave me script on Billie Dove's 'Her Private Life,' which Alexander Korda directed; 'Little Johnny Jones,' directed by Mervyn Le Roy, and this one with Ted Wilde."

I'm glad to work with as many directors as possible. Their methods are all different."

"How do you propose to go about becoming a director?"

"I'll do as others have done, begin hammering at the various producers for a chance. Then they'll get a 'flop' story with a poor cast available, to fill a niche in a program. They'll give it to me, so as not to risk a known director's reputation on it. If I can make a good picture out of it, I'm 'made.' If, as the conditions and law of chance would dictate, it's an utter failure artistically and financially, back to the script I go. Ultimately I break through!"

"Now that it's known about your money, will they be more likely to give you such a position?"

"I could be a director tomorrow—on Poverty Row. All you have to do is invest a few hundred thousand in a production down there. I was tempted many times while I worked there. I'd have loved it—walking in there and saying: 'Mr. So-and-So, I'll direct 'The Sea Outlaw' for you!' and just before they threw me out, waving a check that would have had all the effect of a magic wand."

"But one needs producing facilities they haven't got. So I'm going to get a real director's job, with one of the big companies. I'm not quite ready for it yet. There are more developments in talking and color pictures I need to know."

"Now that the papers have commented on your wealth and all that, are you bothered by propositions to finance pictures and so on?"

"No. I turn all such applications over to the very hard-boiled and capable gentlemen who handle all my affairs of a legal and financial nature."

"She's busy dodging hungry but handsome young actors who're looking for a meal ticket, though," Inez Courtney interpolated.

"Well, I can take care of that side of my affairs without lawyers," laughed Miss Searle.

At that moment two persons rushed up to her. One was a prop boy, the other a uniformed negro chauffeur.

"Hey, 'Gene!' burst from the prop boy loudly, "Mr. Wilde wants to have you check the day's shots with the cameraman right away. Shake it up!"

"Okay, Jim, coming immediately."

Turning to the interviewers, she remarked: "Master calls—I must go. Good-bye!"

"Miss Jackson, if yo' please!" whispered the chauffeur, "Marie says yo' clothes are ready fo' tonight. When do you-all want me?"

"Have the car ready at seven-thirty, Washington!" she said, without the slightest notion that we, an interviewer and a group of motion picture celebrities, were 'taking it big.'

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The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Grand Opera on the Screen?—Continued from page 29

The scenery is real, the sets solid and the characters appear to be actual people, rather than a lot of choristers dressed in costumes. There are mountain camps, forest scenes and great palace interiors, so that we are introduced to real people living in a real world.

But how, then, about the music? Real people in real life do not go about singing their affairs. Here is where the constructionists of the story have shown their cleverness. Tibbett characterizes a 'singing bandit,' a chap with a gorgeous voice given to setting everything to music, even to telling a narrative. The result is that two-thirds of the story is told musically and without the least shock to the realities.

Furthermore, Tibbett 'goes over' in a way utterly impossible in grand opera, due, of course, to the grand old close-up. In other words, everybody attending "Rogue's Song" will have front seats. Better than that, they will mix right in among the characters.

Nor is the close-up merely optical. We now have a close-up on the voice. Instead of the singer having to project his tones fifty feet away so as to get over the foot-lights, he may speak and sing in the intimacy of a tête-à-tête. Tibbett told me that it was permitting subtleties of singing hitherto denied all opera singers.

So much for "Rogue's Song"—now for a few general observations. Where screen

opera will beat the stage is in the ability to cast even the minor rôles with great singers, for the studio pays them but once to appear before thousands and thousands of audiences.

Nor will it be necessary to cast the leading rôles with monstrous creatures equipped with bellows like pipe-organs. We can put a handsome chap with a good voice—like Ramon Novarro, for instance—in the stellar part and the 'mixer' will build up his voice until it sounds like Caruso—if such a thing is desirable.

Thus we come to the triumph of sound reproduction, in which the new king, known as the 'mixer,' does such extraordinary things with the human voice. He has made Raymond Griffith audible!—a chap who has whispered his way to great heights in the silent drama, but for whom everybody shed tears when sound pictures arrived. They reckoned without the skill of the 'mixer.'

Orchestral effects and accompaniments will be finer than in the theater, for the 'mixer' can also determine the volume and the co-ordination of the various instruments. Each group of instruments has its own microphone that feed-in to the monitor cabinet where sits the mixer and an orchestral leader. The singer's voice arrives via its own 'mike,' and by tuning down and up on the various receptions, these two men

can achieve a perfect blend. If the motif is romance, they emphasize the violins; if it is 'heart stuff' they bring up the English horns; if the orchestra is too loud for the voice they tune it down.

The mechanics of all this are utterly bewildering to the stage director who has been used to directing from the orchestra pit where he can command both the singers and the instruments.

In screen opera he directs the stage action utterly detached from the orchestra, which occupies a box-shaped room some distance away, and the only way he can know how the singing and playing are blending is through his telephonic head-piece which is connected with the mixing-room.

Another serious problem is to record the voice of the singers when they are in the open—riding across country, for instance. In this case the photographic close-ups—made silently—of the fellow singing are reproduced in the studio and the voice 'doubled-in.' This is done by having the singer repeat the horseback song while watching the lip action on the screen.

The grand opera of the stage may be a joke to Mr. Average Man but his ancient prejudices are going to collapse in the presence of screen reproduction of those same great classics.

What a day we are living in!

Edgar Wallace Solves Some Mysteries of the Movies

Continued from page 23

send for you—if you're good enough."

"How did you learn to be such a shrewd business man?" I asked. "Writers aren't always."

"I'll tell you. I've been poor. Awfully poor. So poor I had to count every ha'penny! I had to learn to be shrewd, not to be taken in by people who are smarter in business than I am. I need money. A terrible amount of money. I am an extravagant man and I made up my mind at the beginning of my career to make a terrible amount of money and not to let people out-smart me while I was doing it.

"By nature, I am a gambler. But I have learned to develop a flair for safety. I believe I've gotten to the top because while I'm perfectly willing to gamble, I always allow myself a margin on the safety side. I like racing because it's a gamble. I like bridge—because often it's a gamble. Any kind of human gambling I love. But not the stock market. That's cold-blooded, inhuman. I like to see my horse run; to win or lose my money quickly. There is no thrill comparable, at least to me, to getting out on a soft English morning, on the green English downs, and watching my horse romp home!"

Wallace has a great capacity for lusty enjoyments because in his youth he had few. Left an orphan at nine years, he was adopted by a fishmonger in Billingsgate, the famous old London fish market.

"My foster father and mother were good to me," Wallace explained, "but they had little. And at eleven I started selling newspapers on Fleet Street. Later I became president of the Press Club before which I had often stood on foggy evenings selling my papers.

"There wasn't enough excitement in sell-

ing papers, so I ran away to sea—got a berth as cabin boy on a fishing trawler. Later I enlisted in the army, and went to South Africa. Here one day Kipling came on a visit. I wrote a poem in his honor. It was published in the *Cape Town Times*. It was through this that I met Kipling. And he inspired me with a desire to become a writing man.

"When my enlistment was over I went into newspaper work, becoming a war correspondent for the *Evening Mail* in the Boer war. After this I took up police reporting. I got real stimulation out of this, but from time to time I would lose my job—for no especial reason. Because the life was so precarious and because I had covered enough crime to know something about it, I decided to write my own stories. And so I began my career of a mystery writer. It was more successful than I ever dreamed.

"We will always have mystery stories, mystery plays and mystery films. Just as a man needs iron in his diet so most of us need mystery entertainment. We nearly all live humdrum existences, working for our daily bread and going home at night to nothing more diverting than supper and bed. There is little color or glamour for most of us. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow stretch out our little lives from day to day, as Shakespeare said, or words to that effect! I like to write mystery books and plays because I know they provide people with the glamour and color their every-day lives deny them. It keeps them out of mischief and sends them to sleep at night with some of the hero's reflected glory in their minds and hearts.

"That's one of the reasons I should like to write for talking pictures. For the mystery play is not a passing phase. We've

always had it and we always will have it to provide adventure for those of us who cannot sail the seas of adventure and glory."

"Why is it," I questioned "that all producers have such trouble getting good stories for their films?"

"I'll tell you why," Wallace answered. "It's because a producer tries to do more than produce. He'll get a good author, pay him a lot of money for a story, and then when everything is ready to shoot will tear his story apart by saying: 'Here, let's write in a part for so and so.' Or, 'Change this. Don't make the climax a gambling-hall scene. Have an African elephant hunt instead.' The average producer who knows no more about drama than a baby does about bootleg liquor inserts his thumb into the pie and the result is like nothing on earth.

"I feel that I am one of the few writers not only able to write scenarios but also to re-write them instantly on the stage of a movie lot, as well—if the occasion requires. Not because I am anything phenomenal but because on the stage I have done just that year after year. Producing, writing, and directing plays has been my job for longer than I can tell you. Owing to the fact that I have learned my craft—which is a combination of three media—through years of unending work, I realize that the average moving picture producer should confine himself to figuring production costs and let the director and writer, the actor and technician, combine their talents to work out a picture in which dialog will not impede action and in which action will carry the positive earmarks of reality. That's the answer to the perfect moving picture—the answer to every movie producer's prayer!"

They dared Officer Kane to play



.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonographic music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and—lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel. "I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well, what's going on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace! "Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry, lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

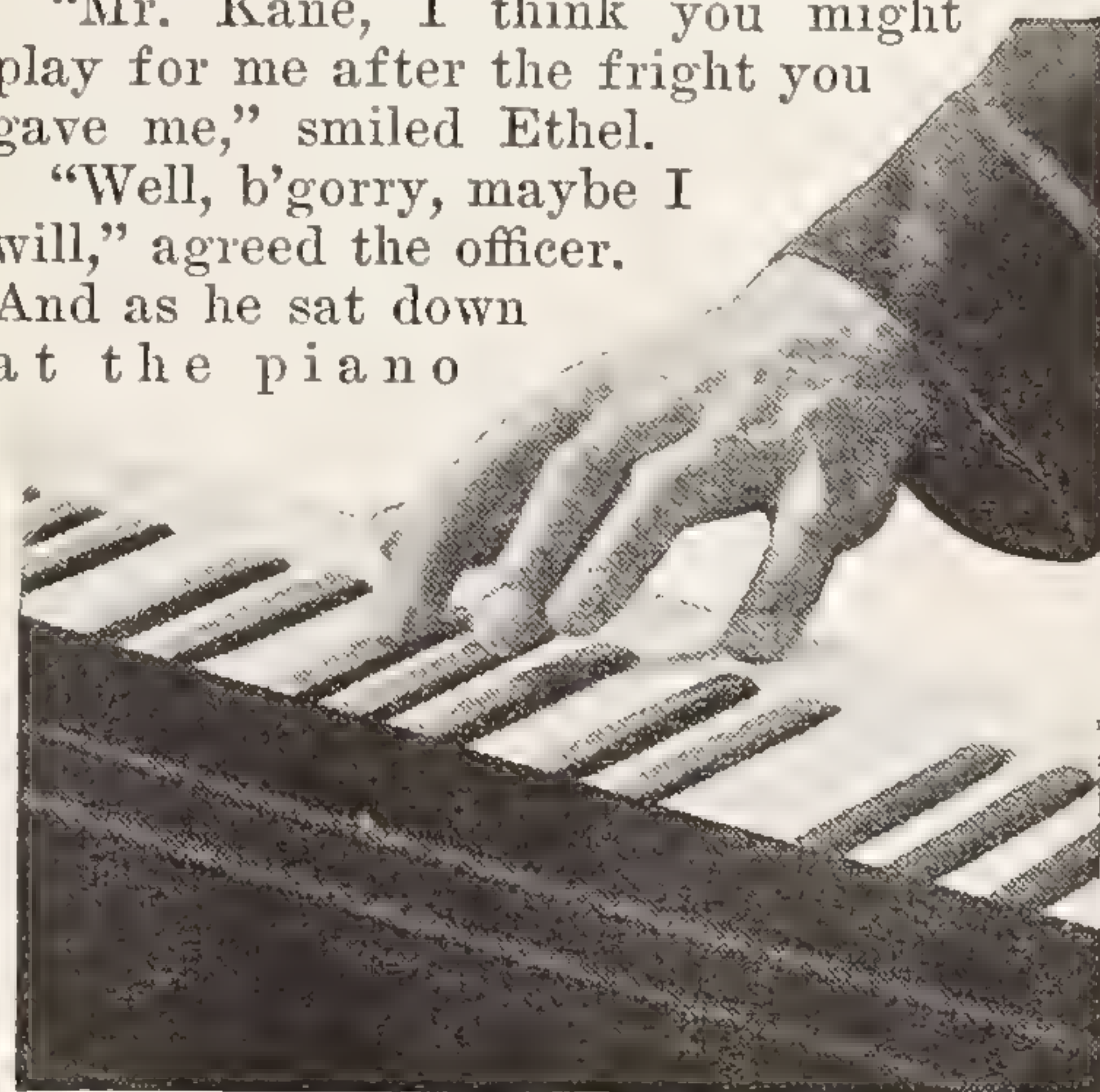
"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin', stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano



everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly, "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast, "How did you ever learn so quickly?"

"When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties

as a policeman. Then one evening I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was, so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

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She Wants to Be Wicked—Continued from page 63

than to be born with it. I longed to play women in varied walks of life requiring keen characterization and I wanted to give vent to my emotions. If there is anything calculated to make a star discontented with the pinnacle of fame it is being without a say as to her story material. But I was not then in a position to choose my own vehicles. I had to take what was assigned me and try to make the best of it. They kept on giving me parts where things always happened to me, but now I'm going to be the one to start things happening—and humming!

"The first time I succeeded in selling the idea that I could portray human everyday flesh-and-blood women of the people, was in 'Classified.' I had to fight tooth and nail to be allowed to play a working girl. That picture justified my faith in myself and proved that the public would accept me in stories other than those written around twenty or thirty French gowns. It made more money than any of my previous productions. My fan following doubled.

"At last, in my new contractual agreement with First National, I have a clause which stipulates I may choose my own stories and gradually, I have been departing more and more from my former saccharine rôles in machine-made vehicles. In future, I will deviate still further in selecting my screen material. Stories of human struggle attract me most, whether it is a struggle for achievement, fame, money, virtue, power, love or existence itself. Red-blooded characters who are 'naughty but nice' present the greatest acting opportunities. I want parts which offer possibilities for contrast and shading.

"With the advent of talking pictures the screen is coming much closer to the theater in the kind of stories and type of characters which meet with the greatest success. In the earliest days of the films, action was the all-important thing—a series of animated pictures. Their plot and counterplot became the vital issue. Next personalities were developed into stars and the public would go to see its favorites whether the story was good or bad so long as a big name with distinctive individuality was flashed in lights. This personality worship soon introduced type acting. One made

a success as an emotional actress, a vamp, a western type, a flapper or a fashion exponent and soon realism was sacrificed for made-to-order vehicles to fit each personality. All heroes were noble, all adventuresses wicked, all villains deep-dyed-in-the-wool bad men, and all heavies were heavy. The good were rewarded, the bad punished and the ending inevitably happy.

"Thank heavens, all those proscribed formulas are relegated to the past. The human quality is asserting itself more and more in dialog films, both in point of characterization and the logical and artistic development of the stories. Since the screen has found its tongue, stereotyped pantomime puppets become unconvincing, sometimes even ridiculous. That is another reason why I have broken away from my former placid rôles and am endeavoring to portray life as it is lived in the flesh, not in strips of negative. I want each of my interpretations to remind my audiences of someone they've actually known, someone who is a pulsating mixture of faults and virtues, foibles and follies, spiritual and of-the-earth-earthly qualities.

"That's why I loved playing *Lady Hamilton* in 'The Divine Lady.' The daughter of a cook and a blacksmith, who became a great lady, was neither all bad nor all good. She was weak and willing at times but also, she could rise to great heights on occasion. It was the tremendous human quality about her which appealed to me and the gradual development of her character through her colorful and dramatic love affairs which went into the making of history.

"In 'Outcast' I again departed from my erstwhile goody-good rôles by playing a girl of the streets, a social derelict, who fights against circumstances and environment and not only lifts herself from beyond the pale but through an all-compelling love regenerates the man of her choice as well.

"I chose Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer prize play, 'Saturday's Children,' because the story was fundamentally a chapter out of everyday life. I had the rôle of a \$40-a-week working girl who gives up her economic independence to please her husband but soon finds she is not domestic by temperament and that sweeping floors and

washing dishes are not conducive to the realization of girlhood's roseate dreams of love. It was a simple, intimate story of almost brutal realism with an originality of viewpoint in dealing with the unromantic realities of marriage which reflected the problems in thousands of homes of the present-day middle classes.

"Then in 'Prisoners,' as a waitress, I slipped down another round in the social ladder by going to jail as a thief. Five years ago no star would have dared to portray a thief unless she stole to put her little brother through college or save her father from prison, but Riza resorted to theft to make herself more attractive in the eyes of the man she loved. She was far from altogether bad, just terribly human, and she was quite willing to pay the price of her wrong-doing by voluntarily giving herself up to the police in preference to a sordid way out offered by a man who had figured in her past life.

"'Lilies of the Field,' my initial all-talking picture, deals with a group of those proverbial flowers of femininity who neither toil nor spin, except when it comes to spinning fairy tales to extract money from their wealthy admirers of the male persuasion. As *Mildred Harker*, unjustly divorced by her husband on the false grounds of a frame-up case, and deprived of the custody of her little daughter, I join this group of show girls. At first, I struggle to live worthily for the sake of my child but through lonesomeness, temptation and environment I succumb finally to the attentions of a persistent lover and accept his patronage outside the bonds of matrimony. Then comes the struggle for self respect. It is a swift-paced tale of orchids and orgies, temptations and tears, conflict and contrast which offers me an opportunity for considerably more abandon than my accustomed rôles of former days."

The new *Corinne Griffith* has stooped from princesses to paupers, from countesses to cabaret girls, from fine raiment to gingham aprons and ballet skirts, but she has stooped to conquer. Like all true aristocrats she is a democrat at heart and like all true artists she is not satisfied to stand still but must seek new pastures.

Coming Back with the Play-back

Continued from page 66

come to America to be Americanized. As an Irishman by birth and American by adoption I'm mighty proud of us all, you know!"

In his new picture Moore plays a policeman again, in a night club romance. The new story is a drama of night life with Moore as a New York policeman on a Broadway beat, and Miss Sweet as a night club butterfly whom he marries.

Years have touched Moore lightly—in fact, they seem to have receded from him like water from a duck's back. He looks younger than he did when he played "Canavan." He thanks athletics for this.

"I get up at six every morning, and Trixie (his pet wire-haired terrier) and I take a long hike. I play handball a lot at the Athletic Club, too. If a fellow keeps in physical shape he's a cinch. Physical well being is what's keeping a lot of us older players on the screen—Lon Chaney,

myself and a few more. Not that I'm what you'd call old—you see I was quite a kid when I went into pictures; but I've been in 'em quite a while."

Tom is in his forties; the early ones, at that. He looks no more than thirty.

"Gosh!" he grinned. "It seems a long time when I look back at it, but it's really not so long. This business is so young yet that a veteran can be almost a kid. It seems only yesterday that they used to put a little tin plate with the studio trademark on it in the corner of every set before they shot the scene—the Pathé rooster, the Essanay Indian, and so on. The other day I went to see an MGM picture and heard the lion head trademark roar from a film sound track!

"I had a little stage fright, at that, the first time I waltzed before the microphone, and Miss Sweet says she did, too. Seems funny for a couple of old timers, doesn't it? But once you get used to it, I think acting

with speech is really easier than the other way. You can be so much more natural. Of course you can speak naturally—on the stage you have to develop the trick of getting the voice across the footlights. Altogether you're more at ease and have a much greater flexibility in this game."

He's particularly interested in the newcomers, brought by the talking pictures; the stage people and the incoming youngsters.

"Some of the people I knew on the stage are out here and it's like an Old Home Week," says Moore, "and it's great to watch the new youngsters, starting on the path we older fellows started on away back when we deserted the stage for pictures. It's the same feeling exactly, except that the stage player today has a little easier problem—he's at home vocalizing, while we old timers had to learn to substitute pantomime and forget the voice altogether,

"But, after all, it's all moving pictures anyhow!"

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ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do

"wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

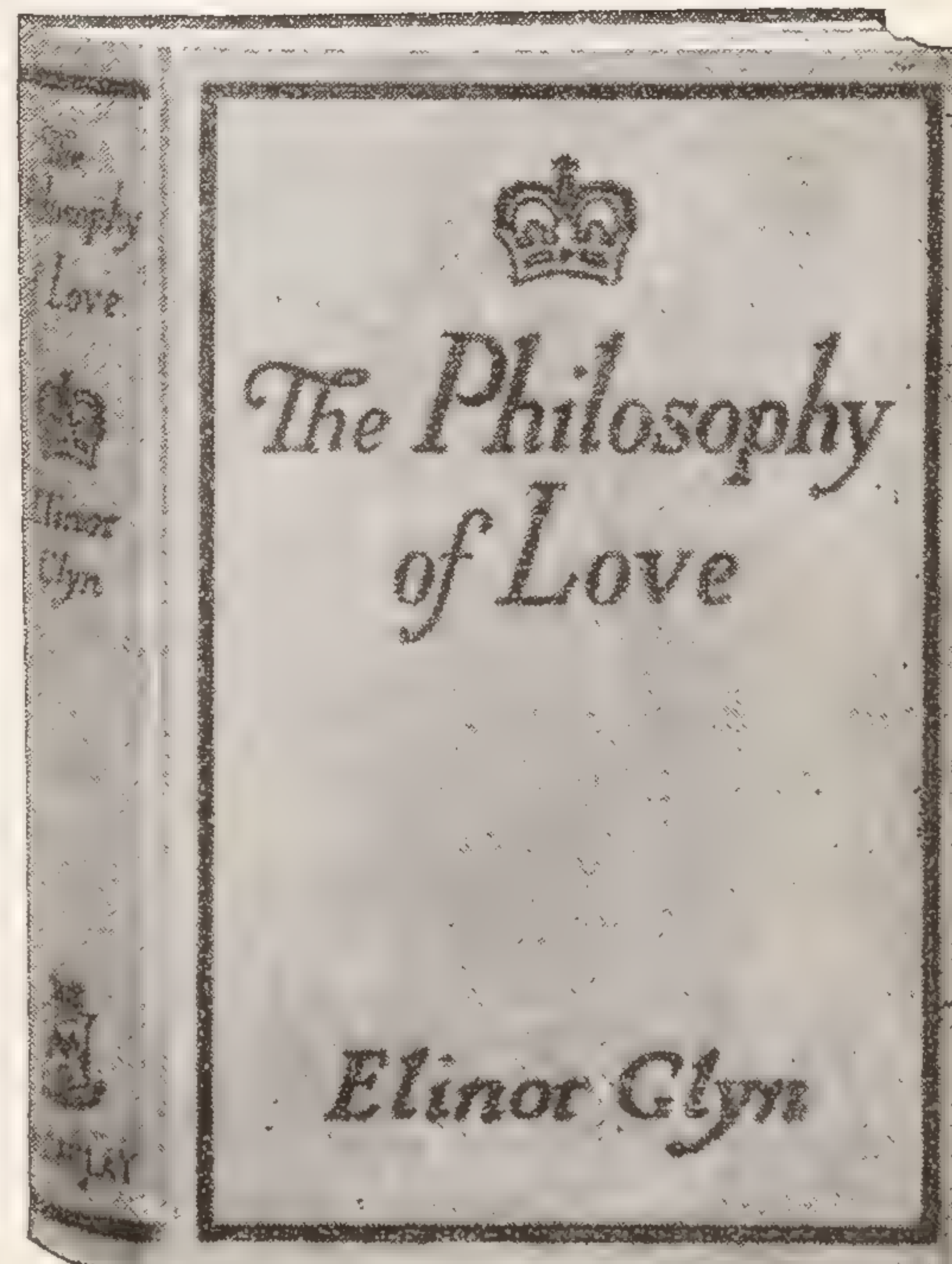
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| —how to hold a woman's affection. | —must all men be either "dubs" or devils? |
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| —why most women don't know how to make love. | —how to tell if someone really loves you. |
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"And Nothing But the Truth!"—Continued from page 53

Maybe there aren't some swell little digs tucked away in that innocent looking lineup. Playing "Truths" is a grand way of getting rid of your inhibitions. You can imply almost anything and get away with it—one reason being that after the score's all added up, no one knows which member of the party handed him the low ones and all he can do is suspect.

Take Chaplin's score, for instance. Charlie stands in high on some counts—you'd expect him to rate 9 for sense of humor, he being one of the world's greatest laugh getters. Intelligence, too, finds him in clover, as do charm and aesthetic sensibility. But when it comes to good taste—well, no one ever did say that Mr. Chaplin exercised discretion as regards his personal affairs. Also, the famous disdainer of conventions rates but $1\frac{1}{2}$ for sincerity, which ought to prove something.

Now let's look at Swanson—one member of our movie set who's licensed to send out crested Christmas cards—and does. La Marquise makes out nobly with a total standing of $72\frac{1}{2}$ points, which leads the list by $4\frac{1}{2}$! Gloria's evidently a favorite in her home town. It's natural enough that the pale-skinned brunette should lead in sex appeal, since most of her films are sex dramas and a good part of her fan following is male. She also leads in adaptability. By that we mean, give Gloria a part and she'll play it!

Now just by way of contrast, take a slant at George K. Arthur's column, which totals to a mere 52 and has the distinction of being at the bottom of the pile. That green-eyed monster must have been at large when G.K.'s fate was being decided. The comic star's strongest suit seems to be adaptability, for which he rates 7. His weakest is sincerity. Since Chaplin goes him even one lower there, it would seem that to be a good comic you've got to learn to lie and like it.

To get back to the ladies—we'll try a blonde for a change—here's Josephine Dunn, whose aesthetic sensibility doesn't go over so big, but whose good looks aren't disputed. Do you agree? And while we're on the subject of good looks, here's a surprise package. Harry Crocker, who hasn't been an actor for ages rates highest of the bunch with nine points to his credit! They'd better bring him back as a leading man. Considering that Crocker is a used-to-be-assistant to Charlie Chaplin, he ought to get more than 5 for sense of humor. And once again he upsets our rule by pulling down all of 9 for sincerity!

Crocker, incidentally, leads in kindliness and he ties with Lois Wilson for second highest total score of 68. The Wilson gal's also a hummer for kindliness. Those honey-

fied rôles that Lois has been playing on the screen, then, didn't take much rehearsing. She rates high in sincerity, too, and also in intelligence, which sounds like a swell combination. Lois' low points are sex appeal—fans take notice—and sense of humor, which Hollywood seems to think she lacks. If you don't agree let us know.

Which brings us to Eleanor Boardman, the lady who was responsible for this little massacre. Low score for Eleanor—that's poetry—on sense of humor. With only three points for knowing how to take a joke, the beautiful Boardman had better stick to her serious stuff, or so this Hollywood family group seems to think. But when it comes to charm, intelligence and sincerity—chalk up a great big number nine on each of the three counts!

With four men and four women playing this game, we can get a fair slant on where the Hollywood gals have it over on the males and vice versa. Let's start with sex appeal—and of course the femmes have IT. They rate a total of $25\frac{1}{2}$ points worth, while the other side counts up to a mere 20. And in good looks the ladies lead again with $30\frac{1}{2}$ to a losing 20.

Gallivanting grasshoppers! What's this? Intelligence— $30\frac{1}{2}$ on the fair side; 28 for the gents. Beauty plus brains—you just can't keep 'em down! And what's more, the gals are more adaptable, show better taste and are kindlier and more sincere than the poor, down-trodden males, for whom we're beginning to feel a sympathetic twinge.

But—when it comes to a sense of humor we're trespassing on male territory. A healthy $24\frac{1}{2}$ to 20, favor of the gents, settles that point. Aesthetic sensibility—whatever they mean by that—is another long suit for the boys, and they lead again in charm, which threatens competition for the good looks—sex appeal combine formed by the ladies.

Isn't it a wow of a game? Don't your fingers just itch for a pencil, so you can start slamming some of your pet peeves? Or maybe you're interested in trying it on the movie gang. Why not use this same group and see what sort of a consensus you and your friends form concerning 'em. It might be entirely different than the one the stars themselves have compiled. Let's hear about it, if so.

And now that that's that—"Truths" isn't by any means the only way the jaded satellites of screendom have of banishing boredom. There's a peach of a racket—and a very timely one—being worked by the in-the-knows on unsuspecting talkie recruits from Broadway. This one calls for a restaurant setting, and here's the way it's pulled. Long dwellers in Hollywood—the crowd that's grown up with the movies—

are used to early rising, breakfasting and heavy lunching. A gang of such wise guys will collect for lunch at a swell eating place and wait until some poor Broadway sucker, fresh from the hay and only recently arisen, stumbles in for his sauerkraut juice—favorite remedy for the morning after.

Said sucker will be seated at the head of the table and the gang'll dig in. At the end of a hearty meal—for all except the unknowing one—the spokesman of the party will inform him that he's been sitting in the payer's chair—explaining that it's a quaint Hollywood custom to have a special seat for the guy who foots the bill—and that he therefore must shell out for the entire company. And at a very recent luncheon party of that sort, the recruit forked over forty six bucks for one glass of sauerkraut juice! Which is pretty steep even for Hollywood.

A slightly more innocent pastime is the playing of charades—at which Charlie Chaplin is acknowledged the leading light. This little sport has a lot of followers. Clara Bow, for instance, would be likely to exclaim—"No charades! What kind of a party is this?" Laura La Plante might get up in the middle of a gathering and, pointing a finger at Ramon Novarro, say "School!" At which Ramon has to act out a two-minute playlet around the word. Dorothy Mackaill and Marie Dressler are both whizzes at charading.

One that always goes over big is Sue Carol's little telephone gag. Sue, it seems, entertained a youthful ambition to be a ventriloquist. When she went into the movies instead, she had to make use of her talents some way, so she picked on the neat scheme of calling up her friends, disguising her voice and asking them to "Guess Who!" After a lot of kidding, cajoling and coaxing, she usually comes clean.

And then there's the second to none in popularity, the gastronomical favorite. That's merely another name for Joe Brown's spaghetti parties, which consist of Joe's nursing the noodles while his guests prepare the sauce. Louise Fazenda, a hearty, meat-eating gal, holds hamburger fests, which work similarly. And just to make the diet complete, Estelle Taylor goes in for clam bakes, which are swell fun.

For the more intellectually inclined, there's the music guessing game, introduced by Marguerite Churchill who's an accomplished pianist. This consists in the hostess, or whoever else rates the job, playing bars of popular pieces and the guests guessing their names. You'd probably find Ramon Novarro, Ernest Torrence and other musical movieites patronizing this species of relaxation.

Gary Cooper Psycho-analyzed—Continued from page 27

time a convincing picture of a poor sap, bewildered and dazed by his first visit to New York and his first meeting with a leading lady, and at another time an equally convincing picture of a death-daring aviator in the Great War, whose twinkling eyes showed that he was wise to himself and the game.

There is, however, in his single-minded carrying out of what he sets himself to do a natural sense of loyalty, which, of course, would extend to relationships as well as to actions. He would seem by nature to be

a one-woman man, and a friend whose friendship could be relied upon implicitly. Since he is more the thinker, more the introvert, he is relatively less developed on the sensuous side. One does not think of him as the essentially romantic type; he is the opposite of a Valentino. He is, indeed, a man's man, but he is exceedingly attractive to those women who prefer strength and support to the more romantic and less stable qualities. One doesn't think of women as becoming infatuated with Gary Cooper, but rather as loving him with a deep and abiding affection, a whole-hearted

trust.

I should say on the whole that his place on the screen is that of all that is true and strong in the American nature, all that is derived from the terrific discipline of the pioneer days and the Indianization which took place at that time. If Ronald Colman, for instance, gives us new standards of manners, shows us the gracious strength of the adventurous Englishman, Gary Cooper serves to remind us of the stock of our own soil and of qualities which we would not willingly lose.

What Is Beauty?—Continued from page 34

atmosphere, cast a spell, by means of a series of illustrations. The artist, too, tells a story on his canvas, but he has learned that in addition to interesting subject matter, a work of art must have intrinsic, abstract beauty. He has such small space in which to express himself, that he is of necessity, selective. Since he can not put many details in his canvas, he chooses the two or three essential, salient characteristics that will distinguish his subject from all others. He becomes a connoisseur of the effective and the authentic. But always, quite apart from its illustrative content, he tries to give his canvas such decorative, designed, rhythmic interest that, even turned upside down, it would have beauty.

And if motion pictures, with their already remarkable technical development, ever start to work toward the pictorial ideals that set the standard in painting, then the cinema, the world's greatest story telling medium, may also become an immense art gallery. For every image thrown on the screen, beside advancing the plot, could be a unit of authentic character, or unforgettable beauty. The story, told as great painters tell stories, would gain in power from selective composition; in drama, from skillfully used lights and massed shadows. It would be told colorfully, with expert knowledge of the immense color range of blacks and whites; and appealingly because, added to the interest of the narrative, be the fundamental, universal, simple appeal made by any revelation of genuine beauty. The screen could give us pageants of romance and adventure with the sweep and splendor of great murals; poetic Whistler nocturnes and pastorals; rousing seascapes; character vignettes, mellow as Rembrandts.

When I think of the cinema in terms of painting, I visualize the huge palette from which epic screen pictures might be painted. What could more closely correspond to the colors and tints a painter needs, than the

beautiful array of screen stars around whom our motion pictures are made? Each has some special element of beauty so accentuated that when I think of her, I see the color that is her symbol.

White—the color that is unique because it does not resemble any other, and needs no other to enhance it—inimitable Mary Pickford. At the other extreme of the palette, is Ivory Black, as unfathomable and secret as its sphinx-like equivalent—Greta Garbo. Lemon Yellow, the palest tone in daffodils, is Ann Harding. Chrome Yellow, most primitive of all colors, startling, elemental—Lupe Velez. For flaming, dynamic Vermilion, gayest color on the palette—Clara Bow. Estelle Taylor is the deepest, softest red that smoulders; and the fragile, orchid shade called Cobalt Violet, could only be fastidious Corinne Griffith. Tranquil, transparent Cobalt Blue is Billie Dove; while Indigo Blue mysterious as Egyptian night skies, speaks of a girl too seldom seen in pictures, often badly presented, but whose exotic allure is sister to Circe and Scheherazade—Eve Southern. Willow Green, youngest of colors, is laughing Nancy Carroll; that vivid; Emerald Green, suggestive of warm sun on close-cut grass, and of shamrocks—humorous, gallant Marion Davies. And there is one star in whom the elements of beauty and talent are so mingled, that she must be accorded the royal splendor of Purple—Gloria Swanson.

There they glow—each the embodiment of some particular beauty or potentiality. There is the empty screen. If the two can be fused, motivated, and composed by an increased, genuinely creative understanding of their immense pictorial, as well as dramatic, possibilities, the screen will discard the last of its swaddling clothes, double its power and appeal, and its productions could achieve an otherwise unattainable fine arts quality.

Movies in the Air—Continued from page 8

designed for home entertainment has in no way affected motion picture attendance. Therefore, there is no ground on which to base the fear that the introduction of television into the home will substantially reduce attendance at theaters.

"First, the cost of professional television entertainment would be prohibitive.

"Secondly, private homes are not built to house the mechanical devices and appurtenances that will be part of the television set-up, any more than today one can turn the average home into a first-class motion picture theater. Such home entertainment will always keep its amateur standing.

"Questions like this naturally arise when we are faced with the prospect of revolutionary changes in any line of endeavor. Yet, does not science, like nature, always strike a balance? Scientific advancement, suddenly as it sometimes comes, seldom destroys the thing it presumably replaces. Usually new inventions simply make old ones more useful—more nearly perfect.

The movies have more than a billion dollars invested in theater buildings alone across the continent, and the producers spend two millions a week in making pictures in Hollywood and New York.

Admitting that there is a place in en-

tertainment for all existing mediums and for others which are yet undeveloped, Mr. Paley nevertheless places radio as the most intimate factor in entertaining this nation. Concerning it he says:

"Its influence socially, educationally, politically and commercially is intimate and profound. But each separate industry must develop its relation to the others in the entertainment field. The theater must utilize radio if it is to reach the greatest possible audience. Radio must draw from the theater and concert stage if it is to avail itself of the finest talent. The motion picture is alert to the fact that our technicians and talent must be interchanged.

"Paramount has joined forces with the Columbia Broadcasting System, whose associated stations, extending from coast to coast, cover the entire United States with chain programs.

"One of the most important phases of the Columbia-Paramount affiliation and one that shows how their joint facilities can be put to immediate advantage, is the fact that Paramount now has a ready outlet for intimate contact with the home while Columbia's facilities enable the great stars of the film world to make an audible appeal to radio listeners and thus stimulate theater attendance."



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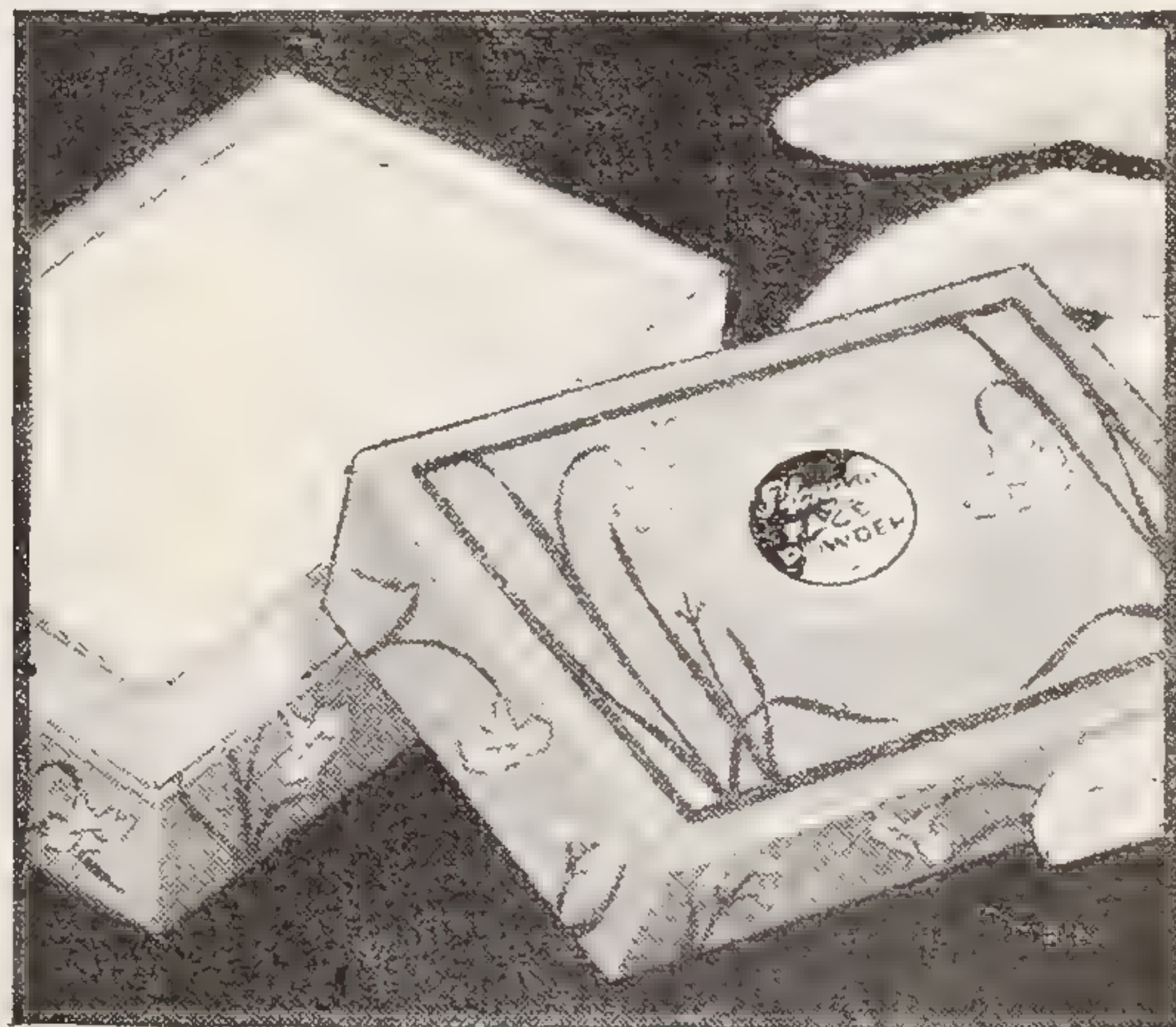
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Is Publicity Fatal to Happy Marriage in Hollywood?

Continued from page 25

They are not quoted any more. The Jinx got them!

The most romantic love story of Hollywood belongs to Irene and Reginald Denny. They met in India, where they were traveling with an opera company. A clause in Irene's contract called for the payment of five hundred pounds if she should marry. In Singapore, they were dropped from the company because she did it. Nothing daunted, they became a dancing team, invented a version of the Gaby Glide and danced before Indian royalty at the Rajah's feast at Mysore.

"We danced in a court of the palace. There was a great dome over it, and gold leaf pillars rising from a mosaic floor. A wonderful clear red predominated and apple-green rugs were spread where the visitors sat, a gorgeous group of rajahs in vivid crude colored silks and jewels," glowed Irene. "There was a man in black with a rope of diamonds about his neck!"

They were paid in rupees, coins as big as silver dollars, heaped high on trays borne by native servants.

"Probably it amounted to about three hundred dollars, but it looked like the wealth of the Indies!" remembered Irene.

But even remembered romance can't hold people together.

A 'How To Be Happy Though Married' story dated not so long ago includes Anna Q. Nilsson's admission that she and John Gunnerson were 'ideally happy'; Jackie Logan's boast that she fell in love with her husband at first sight and never wavered; and Adolph Menjou's complacent statement that his was a perfect union.

Probably the Jinx was listening.

Pola Negri thought she had met her true mate when she married her prince. She, too, may separate and find with others that happiness denied them before.

It was Margaret Livingston who pointed out that the divorce court yawns for all who are foolish enough to risk drawing attention to their bliss.

Which may be one reason we seldom read statements from such well-mated couples as Colleen Moore and John McCormick—"My John," as Colleen calls him; Billie Dove and Irwin Willat; Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge; Mary and Doug; the Conrad Nagels and the John Barrymores.

Up to within two or three days of her marriage Dolores Costello insisted that she 'hadn't thought about love.' If she has given the matter any consideration since her wedding day, she has kept her ideas severely to herself.

John Barrymore will make witty statements about women in general.

"I have great sympathy for Josephine. Being married to Napoleon must have bored her.

"No doubt Josephine had a new hat for his home-comings. He probably looked at her without knowing if it were a hat or

a ham sandwich and said: 'I believe I'll conquer Gibraltar next.'

"Gibraltar may be a very nice place, but hearing about it is dull. Other cavaliers had sense enough to look at the woman and say: 'Great Scott, what a good-looking hat!'"

But if you want to know whether there is a stress laid on becoming bonnets in the Barrymore family, all you get is a grin.

And then there is the other side.

Vilma Banky confided to me once that she was going to marry 'a nice, private man.' Instead, she pledged herself to Rod La Rocque and the two are now at the head of Hollywood's list of the happily wed.

Rod allows himself to be quoted to the effect that 'being separated is deliberately throwing away chunks of happiness,' and Vilma gives out bits of laughing wisdom on how to keep a husband happy.

"When he has guests, make yourself beautiful and stay only a little while," etc.

Neil Hamilton and Elsa are sure of their happiness because they have weathered both failure and success. They don't mind telling how it's done.

The Clive Brooks, the Alan Hales, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, the Harold Lloyds, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco—the list is long in spite of those whose names have been stricken from it—have not so far been frightened out of admitting to a working knowledge of how to capture the elusive Blue-bird.

"Marriage is a give-and-take affair." (Clive Brook).

"The credit for the success of any marriage goes to a woman." (Edmund Lowe).

"If there were fewer marriages based on love-at-first-sight, there'd be less work for divorce lawyers!" (Corinne Griffith).

"When a quarrel is over it should be done with forever!" (Alan Hale).

"The success or failure of marriage is not due to laws passed or systems involved. It can't be prescribed for in wholesale lots." (Norma Shearer).

"Marry your opposite!" (Mildred Lloyd).

"Stick to your career and you'll stay interesting!" (Laura La Plante).

Whether to line up with the "Hey, hey, look, we're happy!" side, like the Jimmy Gleasons, or to play safe and dodge the subject of love and marriage, like Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, is something to think about twice.

"Happiness is a very precious thing," says Joan Crawford Fairbanks, wistfully. "It was all very well to talk about love before we were married, but now that we know how truly wonderful life can be, we realize that it's not right to babble about it. It's just for ourselves. Let's talk about clothes or the stock market or how talking pictures are made!"

Maybe we'd better! What do you say?

Do's and Don'ts—Continued from page 55

easiest thing to learn. It is vastly more difficult to know a good story, a real situation, when you see one. If you learn plot construction you need not worry about technique, that will come.

If any girl is thinking of scenario writing because of an idea that it is an easy way to make a living—let her drop the am-

bition at once. "Dynamite" is my 38th picture, and on it as on all the others, I expended hours of overtime and gallons of midnight oil. Ideas don't pop up at will, like the pressed keys of an adding machine. Mental perspiration, and lots of it, is the price of the higher remuneration which comes to scenario writers.

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 95

blood to fiery dream-kisses and starts the champagne-atoms gurgling in my throat!

"A Wonderful Night" is the Shubert version of "Die Fledermaus." On the revolving stage of the Majestic it is three solid hours of kaleidoscopic eye-and-ear assault. It is Vienna of seventy years ago when life in the very streets went on to the rat-a-tat-tat of champagne corks.

It tells the story of a man who has got to go to jail for eight days, doesn't, but goes to a ball with the warden instead, while his wife—oh, well—see? But it's the music that makes this the best musical show of the season—at least the equal of "Sweet Adeline."

Gladys Baxter as Mathilda Greenwald, wife of the gay Max, is a thing of beauty and has a good footlight voice. Neck-and-neck with her travels Mary McCoy, a thriller in a way.

"The Criminal Code"

Here is grim satire—the irony of what we call justice, the brutal fist of fate that might flatten any one of us out at any minute, as the warden of the jail says. "Things break like that," is Arthur Byron's first and last word both as the District Attorney and then as the warden. In this rôle Mr. Byron caps his long career with one of the most convincing bits of acting seen on Broadway in some seasons.

Robert Graham (played perfectly by Russell Hardie) has been sent up for ten years for killing a man in a mistaken gesture of self-defence. The whole play takes place in prison and is a conflict between the criminals' code *Thou shalt not squeal!* and the law which says, *Thou shalt pay!* Down in the 'cooler,' where Hardie has been put because he wouldn't squeal, a thug of a keeper has been murdered by this boy just as his parole comes to the warden's desk upstairs. The parole has been obtained by the warden, who had been compelled to prosecute him as District Attorney, and his daughter. Of course Robert has now got to go to the chair. "Things break like that," dryly says the warden as the final curtain falls.

This is not just another crook play, for no one is really guilty of anything. The Moloch Circumstance is guilty. Convict it, if you can!

"Many Waters"

"Nothing ever happened to them"—I've said it many times of quiet, commonplace people—well, you know, the kind that always carry an umbrella, wear rubbers and just listen. Which merely stamps me as a jackass every time I say it, for tremendously dramatic and tragic things are happening to the least of us all the time. But it takes a fine playwright like Monckton Hoffe and two fine players like Ernest Truex and Marda Vanne to reveal it to us.

At the opening of "Many Waters" we see a wise-cracking, fashionable playwright and a producer in the latter's London office discussing the stupid lives of the average audience. In walk quietly and unobtrusively elderly Mr. and Mrs. James Barcaldine (Truex and Miss Vanne.) They want to rent their home in the country to the producer. Just the type of the vapid, empty people who go to the theater, says the playwright.

Well, maybe they are vapid and empty—but see what happened to the quiet Barcaldines in a series of flash-back scenes! All the trouble in the world; a seduced daughter—by a husband friend; her death in child-birth; the bankrupts' court for Bar-

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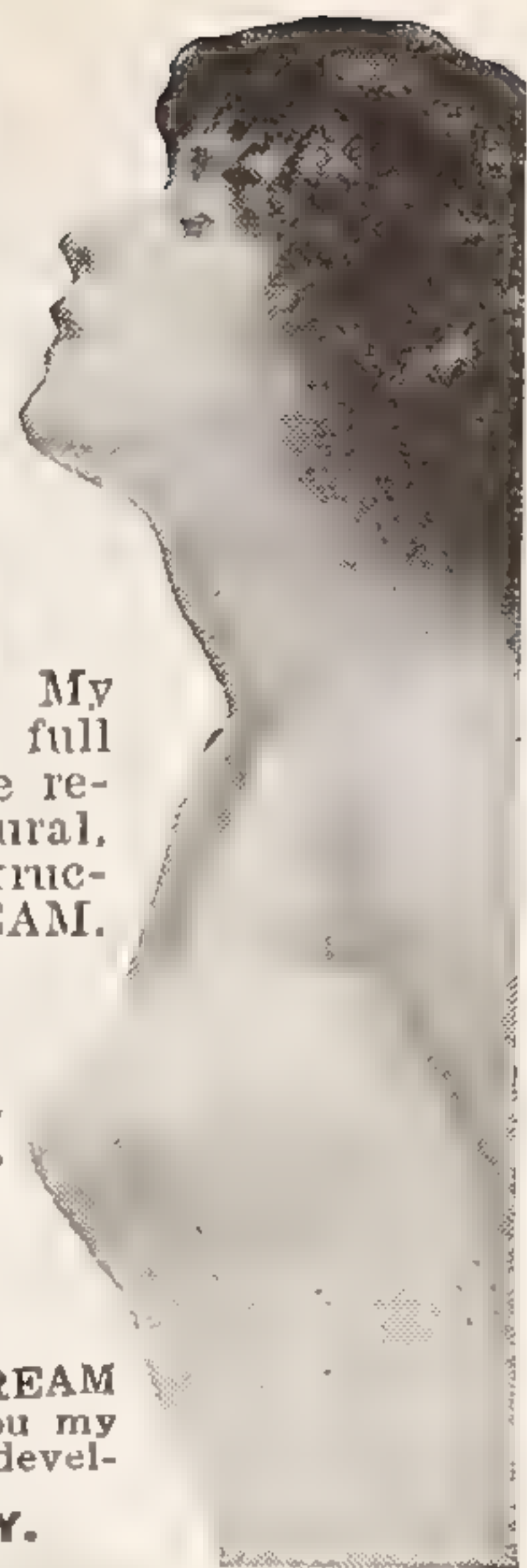
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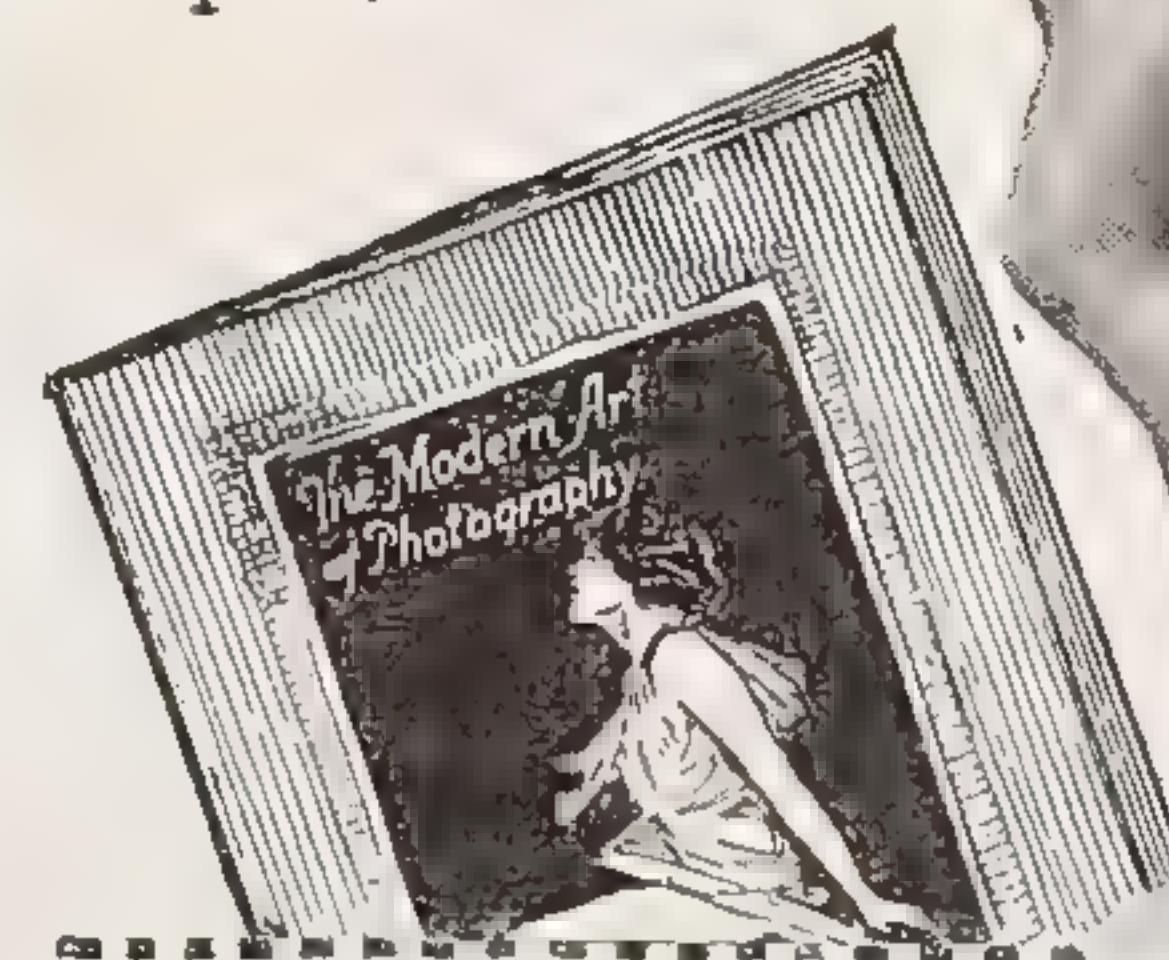
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caldine. Two lives in which everything has gone boom except their love. Back to the producer's office in the last scene, where the Barcaldines are still sitting quietly listening to the blather of the playwright.

A superb romantic comedy, superbly acted, and superbly put on.

"Broken Dishes"

Martin Flavin's latest Broadway success is laid in a Mid-Western town where anything is likely to happen because out there everything is as unexpected as sparkling Burgundy running from a bathroom tap in a Topeka hotel.

Something remarkable did happen in this town when old man Bumpstead, who had been lower than a coalbin cockroach in his family, got stewed on hard cider one night while his wife was at a movie, got his

rebellious daughter safely married to a young fellow that the old woman had just ordered out of the house, lit a forbidden cigar in the living room, and when his wife came home told her to go to the usual place. Didn't we all laugh!—mainly because Donald Meek was so incredibly stupid and flattened out as the husband.

Some of the audience actually cheered when the Old Worm at last turned on the Old Tarantula. Every married man in the audience braced up: there is hope! Yes, Doctor Munyon was right, they all whispered to one another.

Bette Davis played the daughter who also defied the Old Tarantula. No brain-work in this play; but for some good laughs it's sure fire. And I'd like to see "Broken Dishes" done into a talkie with Will Rogers.

Have You a Talkie Voice?

Continued from page 19

voiced consonants and as in *man*, is made with the mouth closed, being nasal. A final M should finish with the mouth closed as the opening of the mouth produces an extra *ah* which has nothing to do with the consonant M and plays havoc in the recording.

One scarcely realizes that B is voiced, but if it were not we would say *poy* instead of *boy*. P as in *pain* is absolutely voiceless and should be pronounced without an escape of breath.

One of the best ways to improve the diction is to read aloud, attacking the consonants quickly and firmly. Take a sentence:

When I go home to her

o.....o.....o.....o.....

The circles represent obstructions and the lines, free flow of voice. With a little practice and care anyone can acquire the habit of good diction.

But you will need more than even perfect diction to qualify for the talkies. If you want the voice people love to hear you will need the quality variously known as resonance. Resonance makes the difference between a round, full voice and a thin, raspy one—take your choice. The 'mike' likes best the soft, well modulated voice, not the forced, strained or squeaky one. And that spells one thing: resonance. Briefly, resonance is produced by a process of reinforcing the tone so that it becomes richer and fuller. A violin string would make a very weak tone were it not for the sound box of the instrument to reinforce it. The human voice also needs reinforcement. Resonance in the voice is due chiefly to the strength of the diaphragm which is the floor of the lungs and a very important muscle used in breathing. It should be well developed for a good speaking voice. When the diaphragm is weak in either a young or old person—and it usually is unless the person has a trained voice—the result is a toneless voice. Ordinary conversation does not develop the diaphragm sufficiently. Singing does. Taking a deep breath and controlling the voice while talking it out will help.

Then again, if the voice is produced with muscular tension, there will be a strain and an absence of resonance. Of course, when a singer sings a big, brilliant tone, some tension is necessary. But tension in the wrong place results in a raspy sound disagreeable to the ear. If you can talk naturally without undue strain, you will not become hoarse. This is easier to say than to do, for even some of the great ones get acute attacks of stage fright when confronting the 'mike' for the first time,

and fright causes the muscles of the neck to tighten. By controlling the voice and speaking without strain, you will have gone a long way in acquiring resonance.

Putting personality into the voice is also one of those things. Of course if you have no personality to begin with, you cannot be expected to crowd much of it into the 'mike.' But everyone has a certain amount. Al Jolson was the first outstanding example in sound pictures to demonstrate personality, and I have been told that Jolson had to work mighty hard before he was able to register. He was so accustomed to the 'feel' of an audience that the dead silence of the studio almost floored him.

They say Jolson works best when he is not confined to a set script, when he can let himself go 'ad lib.' During one of his first rehearsals he dropped an innocent enough line. He said, "Come on, ma, listen to this." She went over to the piano and he sang while the action continued. That line was not intended but it sounded so natural and spontaneous in the playback that it was included. In fact, that line made a fortune for Jolson and history besides, for with it Jolson found his new medium.

I have talked about personality in the voice to many concert and opera singers who have appeared over the radio, and they have found the same difficulty. One noted singer gave me a hint which I will relay to you just about as she told it to me.

"Somehow at first," she said, "I could not seem to get any warmth into my voice at all, try as I might. It seemed cold and lifeless. I missed the stimulation of an audience, the consciousness that people were listening to me. I actually broke out in cold perspiration during my first number for I felt that my broadcast would be an utter failure. Between numbers I pulled myself together with the thought, 'Here, this won't do.' And then suddenly it dawned on me. I had not become intimate with the microphone but had treated it as a machine. I must treat that little 'mike' as a person, I thought, and sing to it as such. In reality, it is a person, the composite person of some millions of listeners. When I did my next number all the warmth had returned to the voice. I felt it and I know my audience felt it. After that the 'mike' became a real entity to me."

I feel that this singer has summed up the secret of personality in the voice. It is simply a matter of projecting the person via the voice. And if you can do this, all things may yet be yours!

What's the Matter with Women's Clothes?

Continued from page 33

black or tweed mixture. This costume should depend entirely on its cut for smartness—not on its color.

As to style, it must suit the individual figure of the wearer. It should be of the very best material that can possibly be afforded. If women would only realize how much better it is to pay ninety dollars for one dress and wear it every day in the year instead of purchasing six dresses at fifteen dollars each, and never feeling really well dressed, we would see the streets filled with distinguished women.

Now as to the length of the dress. While I am a conventionalist, I do not hold with long, sweeping skirts for morning wear. Nearly every woman in these days has a job—a real job which requires her getting around quickly. The period of barouches, dappled gray horses and coachmen and footmen in plum colored livery is past. The majority of women are hurrying on and off trams, street cars, busses, elevated railroads and the underground railroads. And it isn't possible under these conditions to adopt the longer skirt gracefully. But it should be several inches below the knee cap. Nothing gives such a *gauche* effect as a short skirt riding over the knee.

With the simple morning dress, naturally, is needed a plain, dark hat—with no jewelled pin. Plain shoes, stockings according to individual taste. A fur neck-piece, perhaps, but always good fur. If the weather is warm or the pocket-book light, a scarf can be used instead. Here you can give way to your desire for brilliant coloring. No jewels, absolutely, should be worn in the morning except a small string of real pearls. If the pearls cannot be afforded—then save up and buy a string of seed pearls. They are extremely lovely and not beyond the reach of the average pocket-book.

Nor must we forget perfumes! Perfume is permissible at any hour of the day, if the wearer has an understanding of the fitness of things. Naturally, in the morning only the lightest of odors can be used. Never a heavy nor an exotic perfume.

Perhaps you'll be thinking now that I am an old fogey. An old man, devoid of all love for life and color. But I assure you I am not. I am still in my thirties and have been a designer in my own name less than ten years.

It was eighteen years ago that, as a youth, I crossed over the rough Irish sea from Ireland to England to become, as I supposed, a portrait painter. I was mad—and still am—about color. When my grandfather died, our estate became entailed, and I landed in London as poor as Dick Whittington. The only way I had of making a living was by painting water-colors, which I sold for a shilling each. That earned my tea, bread and butter and my lodging, with an occasional treat of a sixpence worth of fish and chips. On the side I studied, and had the great fortune to make the acquaintance of Orpen, the painter. Then I secured a post as fashion artist and designer for the house of Lady Duff Gordon, better known as Lucille, in London. With my daily livelihood thus taken care of, it looked as though I might soon have enough money to study painting seriously, when the first bugles of war sounded a farewell to my dreams.

I joined up, as a Tommy; later I was made a second lieutenant; still later, a captain. A bullet through the forefinger

of my right hand destroyed my hopes of ever becoming a portrait painter. Shrapnel in various portions of my body pushed further away my ambitions for reaching the top of the artistic world. Many months were spent in hospitals behind the front lines. And even the Military Cross didn't seem much of a compensation for what I had lost—my dream of becoming a painter.

And still the war went on. As soon as I was patched up enough I went back to the front. And here I noticed something which few seem to have observed. A large majority of the world thought that writers, musicians, artists of all kinds, had no place at the front. That their natures would unfit them to meet things in the rough.

I never found this so. In my command, those who made the best soldiers were the sensitive ones whose nervous energy kept them plugging away in spite of all hell when around them many a phlegmatic soldier was down and out.

When all the shooting was over I came back to London. Unemployment was terrible. Men of fine professions walked the streets in ragged clothes, broken shoes, and old army overcoats. That was the saddest aspect of English life in the days of 1918 to 1920.

I always wanted to get into business for myself. And thanks to the belief of two friends who advanced the money, and my previous experience with the house of Lucille, I was able to start in business in Paris. That was ten years ago. Today I have my headquarters in Paris, and branch establishments in Biarritz, Cannes and Monte Carlo—employing in all sixteen hundred people. I design and make costumes and blend and manufacture perfumes. Just six months ago, I opened a New York branch of my perfumery business.

To my establishments come women from all over the world. I have dressed queens and princesses, business women, actresses, home women, opera singers and movie stars. And those who achieve a continued distinction of dress are the ones who understand the absolute necessity of wearing the proper frock at the proper time and who understand the necessity of dressing to suit their own individual style instead of following, sheep-like, the current mode.

From my experience with many different kinds of women I have found that their afternoon clothes give them the most trouble. Unless a woman has exquisite taste when she goes into the realm of the afternoon dress, she is apt to select too ornate a model.

For such occasions I should suggest a silk, satin, georgette or velvet gown. This time it is not necessary to be so conservative. The dress can be longer. It can be of a more subtle cut. Here you can let your love of color have a little more sway. Not too much, you understand. But any of the pastel shades can be used. Also a rich red or burgundy or purple. However, you must be most careful to study the psychology of afternoon dress, and wear nothing obvious. You must still depend upon the cut rather than the color alone to make this costume a complete success.

The hat may be large or small, to suit the style of the gown; and this time the jewelled pin or some other slight decoration may be used. But this must not be overdone. The shoes, too, may be more decorative. Of satin, with cut steel

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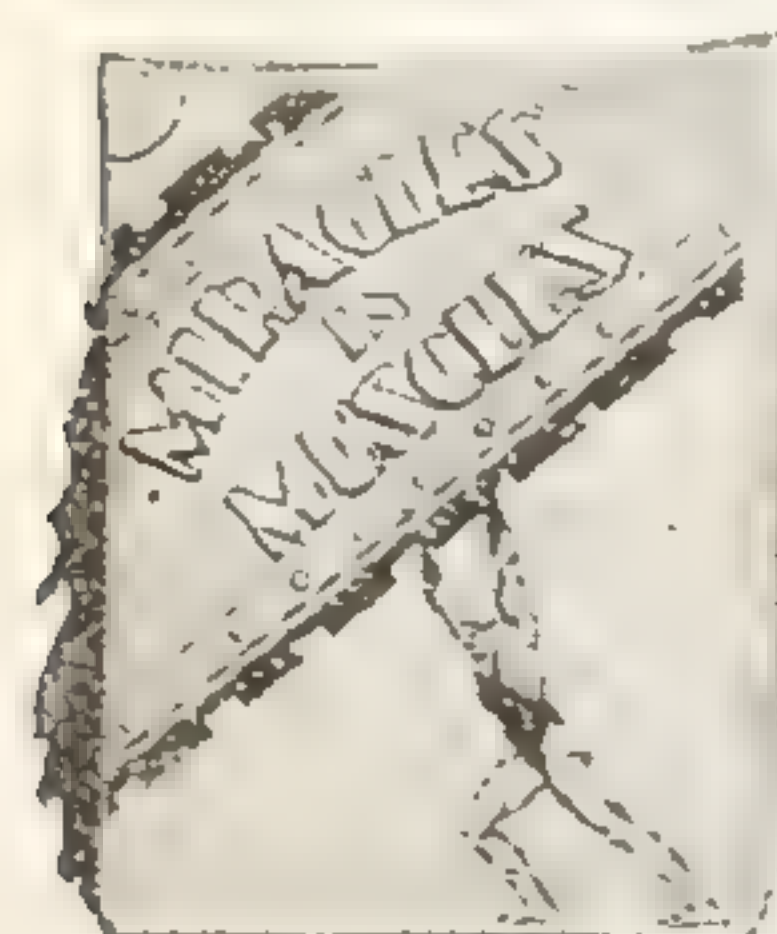


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buckles, patent leather with old French paste buckles, or any other leather or material which suits the individual and the gown. Naturally if the foot is large one does not wish to attract attention to it. And in this case, the more simple the shoe, the more well-turned-out you will be. Here too the perfume may be a trifle heavier, and more leeway may be allowed in jewels.

And now we come to evening—the high spot of the whole twenty-four hours! In the evening you can give way to your flair for gayety and color, for exotic perfume. The skirts of the evening gown must be definitely long—but not too long to interfere with dancing. The gown must be moulded to the figure. There can be less restraint of line and figure in the evening than in the day-time. This is the time when a woman can, in all justice, permit herself to be her most alluring. Jewels of all kinds—rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and even jewelled bandeaux are in excellent taste, so long as the jewels are real and not worn inharmoniously or in too great profusion.

Taken as a whole, dressing suitably throughout the day and evening is a great art. To master the theory of line, the harmony of color—to conquer the counterpoint of clothes which is the artistic combining of dress, hat, shoes, coat and accessories, is a study which cannot be briefly learned. You must teach it to yourself by years of observing the lines and colors which best suit you. Once you have learned them, you should cling to them as a drowning man clings to a life raft! For, as I have said before, the reason that so many women are badly dressed is because in addition to wearing the wrong frock at the wrong time, they follow the current mode blindly rather than dressing in a way which will bring out the finest proportions of their faces and figures. When you have learned to wear the right gown for the right occasion and to dress in such a way that your defects are hidden and your graces enhanced, you can take your place alongside of Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire—as one of the world's best dressed women!

Progressive Film Parties

Continued from page 61

pastime for him.

"You know that ole horse I was on seemed like he wanted to commit suicide," explained Mack. "The rest of the horses kept to the inside of the road, but mine simply wouldn't. He kept walking along on the edge of the precipice. I'd ha' got off him, but he was so high and broad I couldn't. I called back to Bill Hart that I thought my horse was trying to commit suicide, and he said cheerfully that he hoped it would—nothing against me, but he just didn't like that horse—he was a mean horse."

"Yes," put in Norma Terris, "but did he tell you about the pink cushions?"

Charlie blushed.

"Well, Charlie brought out two pink cushions which he put on the saddle of his horse to ease him up!"

If you've ever seen Charlie Mack, you know that he is pretty well cushioned as it is!

Charlie changed the subject to the kind of people he was selling lots to up there.

"If they are careless folks, I sell 'em only a quarter of an acre," he said, "but if I find they are the sort that cut the grass and conceal the tin cans, I let 'em have an acre."

There were all kinds of games, and in one room the card fiends had all found each other, as they always do. They were playing cards no matter what fun was going on outside.

Irving Berlin happened in and sang a song or two for us, and Van and Schenck put in an appearance. Gregory LaCava, the director, was among the guests, and there were Roscoe Arbuckle, Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Frank Mack, and others.

We met a very beautiful young girl, named Alice Polk, and discovered she is the daughter of Dan Polk, of Polk and Collins, the old vaudeville team. Miss Polk is going into the movies, and I don't know what is detaining her. She is making her home at present with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mack, and Charlie has promised her a part in his next picture.

Dinner was served at the little tables. We sat with the Duncan sisters and with Polly Moran and Lew Cody, and Lew told

one of those wild stories about the old actor who had to walk to the next town because he had no car fare, and of how the manager called out to him from the train not to be late!

When we had finished dinner our host told us to get our wraps and come along to another party. We invited the Duncan sisters to ride with us and prepared to follow our leader.

"I'll drive," offered Patsy.

"Oh, I'll drive," said Rosetta Duncan.

"You'll all drive me crazy!" laughed Vivian, and took the wheel.

Everyone was delighted when we stopped at Frank Mayo's charming, Spanish studio apartment, over in Hollywood, and were enthusiastically greeted by Frank and his beautiful young wife.

We found Priscilla Dean and her mother there, with Wheeler Oakman in another room. Wheeler and Priscilla used to be married, you know. I don't think they were in the same room at all during the evening. Eddie Phillips was there too, and Niles Welch and his wife, and Lillian Rich, lately returned from England, and Richard Tucker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chadwick and Preston Duncan and Lawford Davidson.

There were fires burning in the living room and library, so that it was all as cosy as could be. Mrs. Mayo inaugurated all sorts of amusing games, including the time-honored one in which a monitor gives out a letter and the person quizzed has to deliver the name of a river, a town and a fruit before the monitor counts ten. Guests who drew the Q's and X's had a hard time.

It was nearly two o'clock when it was announced that it was time we took our departure if we meant to find anybody up over at Mary Lewis's; so we sallied forth to Brentwood, where Mary Lewis dwells in a great Spanish house.

Mary was once married to Michel Bohnen, artist and singer at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; but the two lately parted, with Bohnen taking his hundred thousand dollars' worth of paintings and departing.

Miss Lewis, as you know, is herself a Metropolitan artist. She was formerly a

Follies girl, and one can see why Florenz Ziegfeld chose her, since she is very pretty and graceful, as well as having a glorious voice. She is in the west for talking pictures, we hear.

Our hostess was singing as we came to the door, so we waited outside in order not to disturb the concert; but immediately afterward Miss Lewis herself flung open the door and greeted us in that charming way of hers.

We found that Mary had rather dance to entertain us than to sing, and she did a series of delightful dances, mostly improvised. We had to tease her to do it, though, at that.

I'll never forget Georgie Grandee playing his new 'Merry-Go-Round' song for her to sing, while she danced to it at the same time. It was wholly fascinating; and we feel sure that once Georgie's song is launched, it is going to get the whole world whistling, it is such a hypnotizin', mesmerizin' tune. Charlie Chaplin is greatly intrigued by it, as we found out that evening, when he came to Mary's party.

Georgie Grandee, you know, is the vaudeville artist who was the voice of the dummy in "The Great Gabbo," and he is a pianist as well as singer.

Betty Compson was there, and Lew Cody dropped in a few minutes after we arrived, and there were Walter Lang and several other guests.

A second supper or a sort of breakfast was served, after which we bade our hostess 'goodnight,' most reluctantly, but if we had said goodbye a few moments later it would have had to be 'good morning,' as Patsy pointed out.

"I think that a shower given a girl after her marriage instead of before is perfectly grand," remarked Patsy a few days later. She has, then, a more discriminating sense of the value of her gifts, as well as being able to put her mind on them better. That's what Mrs. Darryl Zanuck did for Patsy Ruth Miller, who not long ago became Mrs. Tay Garnett, wife of the director, you know."

Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck have an imposing Italian home over in Beverly Hills, and there in the afternoon assigned to the party we were greeted by the bride and a lot of her friends. Some of the guests were in the drawing room and some were in the garden at the back, which is surrounded by a high wall, so that a party may picnic on the lawn without being seen by the neighbors. There are shade trees, flowers and a fountain, too.

We found Lila Lee and Helen Ferguson aiding our hostess in receiving,—'so that everyone shall be sure to be thoroughly greeted,' as Lila Lee put it.

Patsy Ruth was looking radiant in a green afternoon gown, made rather long. "I think men like long dresses," declared Patsy Ruth.

"By 'men,' probably meaning her own husband," whispered Mrs. Zanuck.

Alice Day arrived with her mother, and indeed there was quite a mothers' meeting among the guests, mammas including Mrs. Zanuck's, Helen Ferguson's, Laura La Plante's and others. They had all known Patsy Ruth's mother, and had loved her.

Lilyan Tashman arrived, band-boxy trim as usual, and we also said hello to Pauline Starke, Laura La Plante, Bessie Love, Ruth Roland, Mrs. Al Rockett, Gloria Hope

(Mrs. Lloyd Hughes), Lillian Rich, Mrs. William K. Howard, Edna Murphy, Pauline Garon, Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch, and a lot of others.

We told Lila Lee we were so glad that she had smiled when she walked down the aisle at church as Patsy Ruth's bridesmaid, and she said that she had forgotten whether a bridesmaid was supposed to smile or not, and anyway, a fly had lit on her nose, which made her grin.

"Here," she explained, "I have been all my life thinking how grand it would be to be a bridesmaid and, at my big moment, a fly had to spoil it all, and completely rob me of my dignity."

An elaborate tea was served at little tables out in the garden, and Mrs. James Gleason came in soon after. Somebody asked her if she had had anything to eat, and she said no, but that she would 'go around and pick up a few crumbs.'

After tea, nothing could longer restrain Patsy Ruth from opening her gifts; and they were brought out to the garden in a huge, gilded clothes hamper tied with green ribbons.

Darryl Zanuck, as husband of the hostess, was permitted to go up on a balcony overlooking the party, and take moving pictures of it, but evidently, even if he is a producer, he didn't have such an awful lot of faith in his ability with the camera, because he announced darkly that he 'hoped we should see them some day.' Finally he declared that he was going to stop photographing Patsy Ruth opening her gifts, as he was running out of film. "That is," he explained, "I'll stop photographing everything but the nighties!"

After Pat had finished opening her gifts, a lot of us got bathing suits and went into the swimming pool, which has a cute little sandy beach and a pavilion overlooking the water outfitted with gay colored rubber pillows on wicker chairs and sofas. In the water were some funny rubber beasts, and Darryl swimming the big fish with the thrashing tail was comical. Lila Lee was one of the swimmers. She held up a life preserver and he dived through.

Darryl told Lila to mount the fish and he would dive and land behind her, and Lila said all right—she didn't care what happened to her!

They managed the feat all right, and Mervyn Le Roy, who had just arrived for his wife, Edna Murphy, said, "Fine! Why don't you go into vaudeville, you two—and some seals?"

Pat had gone home, but had sent her car for Patsy and me, as we were to have more tea over at Patsy's house.

Patsy Ruth and her husband are living at the old Miller home, Patsy Ruth's father declaring it would be just too lonely with everybody gone; but during the honeymoon weeks he had tactfully withdrawn from the scene, taking Patsy Ruth's brother back to college following the wedding; and here we found Tay entertaining some friends.

Patsy Ruth and her husband aren't the sort who bill and coo much in public, but Patsy did grin mischievously as she said that she loved crazy people, and had been years looking for somebody crazy enough to marry her!

Looking over her gifts again, Patsy Ruth discovered pockets in one of the nightgowns.

"For mad money, I suppose!" she remarked.

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Hard Working Hollywood

Continued from page 57

as early as ten in the morning for tennis or a swim and the last often lingers until long after midnight. Sometimes there are twenty, sometimes sixty. A hostess who is also a working woman, couldn't stand this weekly strain unless she learned to take things impersonally.

"I don't let it bother me any more," said Betty. "I don't make an appearance even until four or five in the afternoon. How can I? I must have some time to rest. And I don't wait on anyone any more. If they want to know where the cigarettes are, or the matches, or the tennis rackets, I tell them where they can be found; but that's the limit of my hospitality when I'm doing a picture. You know, it gets to be too much. You can't burn the candle at both ends. It shows on the screen if you do. Exhaustion looks like dissipation. Circles under your eyes, face drawn, eyes dull. An actress can't afford that.

"There is a lot of difference in whether you are in a happy working environment, too. You don't mind long hours then. Particularly if you like acting, and most of us do. It is only when you are working under strained conditions and inharmonious atmosphere that it tires you out. I have been fortunate in that. I have happened to be with people who are congenial. If there are difficulties to be overcome about salary, I have that thrashed out in the front office before I begin the picture. Then I can tackle my job with a clear mind."

Betty said the hardest she ever worked was in "The Great Gabbo," with boy friend-husband at the megaphone. Jim Cruze is noted for intensive work but that wasn't the reason it was fatiguing. "It is very hard, I think, to work with one of the family," says Betty. Each is conscious of the other's moods. Each tries to save the other and usually succeeds in doing just the opposite. It's very hard. I never want to work under Jim's direction again and I'm sure he feels the same way about it. But for all that I think he is one of the very finest directors in the business." She laughed and added, "And I know he thinks I'm pretty good, too."

Plenty of other players work as hard as Betty and even have longer hours, but they usually have a week between in which to pull themselves together. Yet, according to Bessie Love and by observation, I have found that it is true of others, a week or two between pictures doesn't mean that you can rest. There is the publicity department after you to take portraits and literally dozens of off-stage pictures, and outside business to attend to.

"No player with any sense devotes all his mind and income to pictures," said Bessie. "The money earned on the screen should be put to work in other fields. Mother has to take care of most of my activities because I simply haven't the time, but we talk them over and I have to do the deciding.

"For three years," said Bessie, "I have wanted to learn to play tennis because it is such fine exercise and I love the sport anyway. And after each picture I think, 'Well now, I'll be able to start my tennis!'" Bessie shrieked with laughter over the joke on herself.

"The next morning I'm at the studio at nine o'clock, just the same as always—I never have the luck to get those ten or

eleven o'clock calls—for pictures or costumes or something. It has been three weeks since my last picture was finished and I haven't had a day off yet. The studio wants me to make personal appearances and that means rehearsing a new dance. It's just like vaudeville. I'm very particular about working up my dances and songs. I'd much rather do straight dramatic work in pictures, but just now the craze is for music and I never could see the point of doing anything in a picture if you couldn't do it with some conviction. I study hard in between times so that I won't look like a dub when I do my stuff."

Bessie said "The Broadway Melody" kept her stepping more than any other picture so far. "It was my first talkie and Metro's first sound picture, and there were many things we had to feel our way through. For example, the sound department said we couldn't speak above a certain volume, and we couldn't dance, and we couldn't do heavy dramatic scenes because the sound of the voice would put the 'mike' out of commission, and there were a lot of other 'don'ts.' 'Oh, yeah?' said Harry Beaumont. 'Well, we are going to do a lot of shouting and stomping about—in fact, we are just going to raise the roof, so you fellows had better find out what it is you have to do to make the recording possible.'"

It is such things that stimulate new inventions. Everyone has a tendency toward laziness. Having done a fine bit of work they are apt to say, "Oh, it's good enough." But it isn't—and if it has any value at all it has to be refined until it is capable of practical use. Thomas A. Edison said the world would not have had the use of the telephone for years before it did have, had it not been for a deaf man. The deaf man was himself. When he listened over Alexander Graham Bell's device he could not hear the words distinctly. He knew that until the overtone had been developed in the instrument, sufficiently for a deaf person to hear, it would not be of practical use to anyone. So he worked on a device that clarified the wire and recorded the overtone in the human voice. He sold that device to Bell.

Even today the engineers are saying of the talking pictures, "They're good enough," and the players and directors are saying, "They're not!" They ought to record the voice truly. If a person has a good speaking voice there is no reason why it should not be just as good on the talking screen. In the first days of hectic voice tests, dozens of players that have since made a sensation, were let out as being 'no good' for the new regime. Will Ahearn pointed out another thing that has to be remedied, and that is something that will retard the dialog so that it won't be covered by a burst of laughter from the audience. On the stage the actor can slow up, fill in the period by a bit of business, and speak the following line after the laughter has subsided. This can't be gauged when making a talking picture, for different audiences laugh at different things. A line that will go big one night will hardly get a ripple the next. One of the first things a comedian has to do is to find out where the laughs are and put them over. On the screen if he fills in by a bit of business, or a pause, and the audience didn't happen to get that point, the tempo of the piece will be destroyed and the scene go

flat. On the other hand, if there is no pause the following lines will be lost and the sense of the scene gone. So an engineer will have to work out the problem—and they are now putting their minds to it, I heard recently.

During "The Broadway Melody," Bessie worked sometimes until six or six thirty. That was a long day, because to be made up and at the studio by nine, she had to get up at six thirty. But to stop at six thirty was still early enough to have the last scene good. Then she had her dinner at the studio and practiced her dancing for an hour or an hour and a half. Then she looked at the rushes, because it helped her with her mistakes. Seeing herself she knew what not to do next time. During the taking of that picture she ate her dinner at home not more than three times and never got home before ten thirty. Sometimes it was later. Gowns had to be fitted at the studio, hair had to be shampooed there. Bessie always manicures her nails herself and this she would do while her hair was drying. All outside business had to be taken care of by her mother or wait until the "rest" between pictures.

You know that Bessie is engaged to William Hawks and she is as happy as a clam at high tide. She said it was wonderful to be in love—everything seems funny. You can laugh at things with real amusement that fretted you to death before. The whole world seems a merry place and its merriment is reflected in Bessie's happy face and sparkling eyes these days.

"My friends want to give me showers but I keep telling them to wait until I know what I am going to do. If I take this personal appearance tour I will be gone in two weeks and if I don't I will start another picture. In the meantime, I have to work on my dancing and singing so that I will be ready no matter what happens."

Taking a vacation is as much an art as knowing how to do effective work, Edmund Lowe declares. Eddie is one of the hardest and most conscientious workers in the field. Nothing to do with a studio bores Eddie. His mind is constantly alert for new ideas; at work on new gags for his picture. He indulges his love for music and literature and art because he knows that deeper knowledge of these things will help him in his screen work. A narrow-minded actor is a short-lived actor, and an unhappy one at that. Any life that is cramped is unhappy. But particularly has an actor no excuse for a cramped life. How can he play the part of a musician, for example, or a man who loves music, if he himself has no understanding of, or sympathy with music? A man doesn't have to be a murderer to play one convincingly, but he does have to know something of psychology and the workings of a murderer's mind to get the scene over. That is perhaps why insanity is so very difficult to portray on the stage or screen. Few actors can make insanity seem real. An actor may work himself up to an emotional pitch of understanding how a man could, under certain conditions, murder, or steal, but to become insane—that is so purely mental that it steps far out of the emotional stage and is harder to portray, except by a finely sensitive mind.

"An actor's life is a hard life, if he takes it seriously," Edmund Lowe told me. "Aside from the long studio hours there are things outside that must be done if he wants to keep fit. For instance, when I am working this is a normal day for me. I get up at six, drive to the Hollywood Athletic Club and play squash, then have

a swim and a rub down, breakfast there and get to the studio in time to be made up at nine. Then whenever I stop work, five or six or seven, depending upon whether we are lucky or not, I go back to the club for a quick swim and a few minutes in the steam room and rush home for dinner. There are lines to be learned these days and nine o'clock finds me in bed where I study for perhaps an hour and then to sleep. Lilyan (Lilyan Tashman, his wife) and I try to make as few social engagements as possible when we are working, but it sometimes happens that an opening must be attended, or a dinner." Mr. Lowe referred to the spectacular picture openings which most of the stars attend. "When that happens, my suit is brought to me at the Club and I dress and go from there. Often we have to work at night, but I always try to get to the Club for the evening swim. I grab a bite to eat there and am back on the set in time. Sometimes we work until midnight or after and are expected to be on the job again at ten the next morning. That takes energy. If a man neglects to keep himself in trim, the grind will soon wear him down.

"All sorts of minor things, not necessary to an ordinary business man, are absolute essentials to an actor if he wants to keep pace with the business. For example, I have a good head of hair, but all hair, no matter how thick it is, acquires a certain lifelessness if the scalp isn't stimulated. And that lifelessness shows on the screen. Once a week I have a scalp treatment to avoid this danger. Three times a week my secretary comes to the studio and we go over the fan mail, during the luncheon hour or at odd moments on the set. Those things take time."

He told me, too, about a time when he had accepted a dinner engagement at Lionel Barrymore's during the making of "The Cock-Eyed World." When he found they were to work half the night he tried to get out of it. Lionel told him to come as he was. "But I'm made up for a dead man and I'm in my pajamas," said Eddie. "What of it?" Lionel told him. "Come anyway!"

Now Eddie has an indomitable sense of comedy and going to a formal dinner in pajamas and looking as though he had one foot in the grave, gave him something of a kick. To be sure most of the guests were fellow actors, but one or two had a hard time to swallow their food when their eyes rested upon the pallid features of the 'departing' guest.

I happened to be at the studio when Rosetta and Vivian Duncan were doing the last scene of their picture, "It's a Great Life." It was also the heaviest scene they had to do—their opera number. It was to be done in color and because the only color camera on the lot was in use on an all-color picture during the week, Sunday was the only day the scene could be taken. Something went wrong with the lights and camera too, and the number which was scheduled for morning was postponed until afternoon while the girls made retakes of the pneumonia scene, as Rosetta called it. When you see the picture you will know what she meant.

I arrived on the set at four just as they were finishing. Then they began dressing for the opera scene. The wardrobe department had not followed Rosetta's instructions about the sword belt and she had to use her ragged one with the new costume. No one in the outfit could see why she wanted the sword belt the way she had been accustomed to wearing it anyway.



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But the comedy of the entire scene would be lost unless she could manage her sword easily. Well, that argument being over, Vivian dressed both their wigs and they started rehearsing. Not for themselves, but for the electricians and sound and camera departments, so that all technical points would be right.

At eight o'clock they were still rehearsing, with not a bite of food since noon, and under such terrible lights that the girls came off the set dripping with perspiration after each rehearsal. Three times while I was there Vivian had to dress the wigs on account of it. Vivian loves to dress hair and always fixes both her own and her sister's. When I left they were still at it, but I couldn't help hoping that something would happen so the scene couldn't be taken that night. The girls were dead tired and their voices showed it. Vivian had been ill for a week just a few days before with a misbehaving appendix. Rosetta was hollow-eyed and she declared she didn't feel at all funny. "And that's a fine fix for a comedienne to be in," she grinned.

You should try to catch an opera singer standing such hours. When Johanna Galski had a concert she wouldn't speak a word during the whole day, would rest and diet for hours before she stepped on the stage. Melba, Tetrazinni, all of them refused to move about on the stage more than absolutely necessary. And here these girls had to sing operatic arias—in comedy vein it is true, but still their voices have to be in good shape—after a hard day's work before the camera and under the gruelling lights. It takes stamina to be a screen star.

A day or two afterwards I met Vivian and asked her whether they got the scene. "No, we didn't. At ten thirty I burst into tears when I heard the playback of the first take. My voice sounded so tired, and Rosetta's was too. It broke my heart to have the thing go out that way when I know how much better I can sing. Mr. Thalberg is in a rush to get the picture assembled and off to New York and we can't have the color camera until next Sunday, so we are just going to cut the scene out. If there is time we may do it again after the preview."

So that was that!

James Gleason thinks the long hours in the studio are all wrong and a detriment to the business of acting.

"The producers run off a scene that has been taken at midnight and it looks all right to them. But if they saw the same scene had it been taken in the morning, they would appreciate the difference. Most of the pictures that have been knock-outs have been intelligently made. The players have not been worked eighteen hours at a stretch. Sometimes it doesn't matter whether a player looks tired or not, but in love scenes and in scenes where he is supposed to put over a business deal, for example, by sheer personality and vitality, it lacks convictions when the lad is weary-eyed and listless.

"We were trying to make 'Oh, Yeah?' on record time over at Pathé. Bob

Armstrong and I worked 108 hours in a seven day week, were actually in the studio that many hours. That left sixty hours. Divided into seven, that left about eight and a half hours to commute to and from the studio, which if you stretched the speed limit a little, you could make in half an hour each way. Say you ate your dinner in an hour; that left forty six hours. Take an hour each day off for bathing, shaving and exercising, that leaves on the very least margin, about five and a half hours for sleep in the twenty four. That's not enough. Oh, once in awhile it's all right, but not day in and day out. The health of many players has failed under it. Take little Joan Bennett. She has been trying ever since we started this picture to shake a cold and she can't do it."

I went with Joan to her dressing room while she had a glass of orange juice. "I've lost seven pounds," she said smiling, "and I'm taking eggs and milk and orange juice to build myself up. I think I'll get rid of this cold if I do that. For months I've been working so hard I just am tired out. Yet I adore pictures and would be miserable if I weren't working. There is no satisfying us, is there?"

During "Bull Dog Drummond" the company worked until ten and eleven every night. "Bull Dog Drummond" was followed in quick succession for Joan by "Disraeli," "The Mississippi Gambler" and now "Puttin' on the Ritz," with Harry Richman. There were three weeks between "The Gambler" and the Richman picture in which Joan should have taken a rest, but she had to move.

"I moved from the Chateau Elysee to a house. It's better for the baby," said Joan, looking like a baby herself in a fluffy chiffon gown of pale blue. She is still in her teens, it seems ridiculous for her to have a baby old enough to walk. "There was furniture to buy and draperies to select and all the rest of the things to see about when you furnish a house. It's a lot of fun and a change, too, but hardly a rest when one is as thoroughly tired as I was.

"I know people must think I'm terribly rude. I refuse all invitations and don't entertain at all. My friends who are picture people understand, but the others don't. They try to, but they just can't. It is a crazy business, isn't it?" she asked smiling.

It is. But what a whale of a lot of fun! Not one out of ten would get out of it after they have become successful, and a very small percentage quit from actual choice. But you can't deny that it takes more than the average amount of energy just from the standpoint of endurance if from nothing else, and also it takes courage and persistence. Just as in everything else the one who works the hardest gets there. As Bessie Love said of Irving Thalberg, "Why, he's always working. The first here in the morning and the last at night. If you want to get anywhere in any business you have to give it everything you've got and then some."

And history proves that Bessie is right.

"My Pal Hal"—Continued from page 21

A year or so later Hal was playing on the Pacific coast. He went to Alaska with a little musical show and, returning with it to Seattle, the company went to Japan. "The Japanese were the best audience I have ever had," Hal told me. "They laughed at everything, even when I was

trying to be serious."

Upon his return to the United States, Skelly joined the Barnum and Bailey circus as "Tumbling Harold Skelly," one of his duties was to make a spring-board leap over the backs of four elephants.

The act, a spectacular one, went well

until the afternoon that Mabel, the last elephant in the row, raised her trunk just as Hal was soaring through the air across her spine. He did no more elephant leaping.

His next venture was vaudeville, an eastern tour that took him to New York. From that time on Hal Skelly's rise was rapid.

His first Broadway appearance was in the "So Long, Letty" company with Charlotte Greenwood. Other successes followed and soon Hal Skelly was a Broadway figure with a fine box-office name. His part in "Burlesque" peaked his career up to the time he came to Hollywood.

Since then we have watched Hal Skelly climb to new heights.

When the editor of SCREENLAND asked me to write this little story, Hal was working at the studio in a picture called "Behind The Make-Up." He had been working hard, having just finished the leading part in "Men Are Like That," which is from the play "The Show Off"; and before that a difficult part in "Woman Trap."

I went out to Stage Fourteen, on the set where Hal, William Powell, and Fay Wray were working under the direction of Robert Milton.

I came on the set right in the middle of a scene. What happened was typical of Hal.

Immediately he saw me standing behind the cameras he stopped his action and his

lines and called: "Hello, baby! How's little Bonnie today? Wait a second, will you, while I finish my chores? Then we'll break an egg together."

It made no difference to him that the scene had been interrupted. The others didn't mind, either. Somehow you expect such things of Hal.

It was during "Woman Trap," and the filming of the most dramatic scene in the picture, that I heard this about him:

He and Evelyn Brent and Chester Morris were rehearsing the big climax where Hal, a detective captain, comes into a room at Miss Brent's bidding to find there his young brother, Chester Morris, whom he discovers to be a murderer for whom the entire police department has been searching.

All was ready for Skelly's dramatic entrance. His cue was given. The door opened and Hal came in—riding a bicycle!

Miss Brent told me later it all was so ludicrous, and so unexpected, that she almost had hysterics.

But when it came time to take the scene Hal seriously went to work and it was one of the finest in the picture.

Hal Skelly, in spite of his lovable, boyish nature, and his insatiable appetite for jokes, is a sincere and earnest workman; not only an able actor but a great one.

That I know personally from having shared scenes with him in "The Dance of Life."

I like him a lot!

Paul—that's all—Continued from page 59

War. As I weighed almost three hundred pounds in those days my warring consisted of leading a Navy band.

"After that was over, I started broke again. With no money to pay real musicians, I recruited my original jazz band from clean, ambitious young high-school lads. We studied hard, worked hard together, and after playing in various California hotels and cafes, we attracted the attention of John Hernan. He was a successful hotel man and it was this good friend who personally guaranteed our salaries to the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles. We had to make good.

"How dear are those old days to me, when I see the familiar faces about me in Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand and Lew Cody, Mickey Neilan, Bill Hart, Doug and Mary, Harold Lloyd, the Talmadge girls, Dick Barthelmess and so many more. And Wally Reid—how well do I remember when Wally loved to play the drums, and occasionally the saxophone, in my orchestra.

"Jazz had never been orchestrated before, you know. People not only liked our dance music, but I found they were becoming interested in our trick of jazzing the classics. We had a peculiar treatment in those days, for rhythm and color to the masterpieces. Eventually we won the interest of the East, and soon we were brought on to play. Guess everybody knows the rest. Our next stopping-off place was Ziegfeld's Follies and the Palais Royal, and from there we rambled on to fame and fortune in New York and Europe. Jazz had become king."

Things that Paul Whiteman doesn't tell are even more interesting.

How he refused to play for a multimillionaire's entertainment until apologies had been extended his band boys for being treated like servants. That never happened again.

How he hob-nobbed with the Prince of

Wales whose patronage aided him in sweeping England, and later Europe, into the lap of jazz.

How he finally forced even highbrow musical critics to pay tribute to his genius by giving an all-jazz concert in the sacred confines of Aeolian Hall, New York, five years ago. He faced the possible jibes and rebukes of the musical conservatives, he risked not only failure, but a subsequent loss of popularity. Ridicule is never survived. But Whiteman believed that jazz was beginning a new movement in the world's art of music, and he wanted it to be recognized as such. He took a big gamble, and he won.

Despite the fact that Whiteman is being paid an astounding wage by Universal, he is far more concerned with getting over in this new racket than he is over the money. After all, he has been making a young fortune every year for the past six, on his records, radio concerts, stage performances and band tours. Money is nothing new to him.

To digress, he has received a \$250,000 cash guarantee on this Revue, ten thousand a week for his orchestra, and he will get forty percent of the net receipts on the picture. His band boys are well paid, ranging from \$200 to \$500 a week apiece. As there are some thirty-five in the band, you can figure out what Whiteman has to earn to pay off his boys every week, and show a profit. While we're on high finance, I might add that the jazz king also gets \$8000 a week for playing a one-hour concert every Tuesday evening over Columbia radio chain. The gentlemen bountiful in this radio hook-up are the makers of a well known brand of cigarettes. So you can see, Whiteman can earn plenty of shekels without relying upon a success in pictures.

But, is he working at it? Well, the studio staff vow and declare that Paul Whiteman can ask more questions about how and why than anybody they ever met.

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A MAGAZINE — any publication, for that matter — is a public trust.

☞ It owes a duty to its readers.

☞ Its editorial policy, its fashion of discharging that duty to its readers, eventually determines whether it will build itself into an institution or fall by the wayside.

☞ This policy of which we speak usually reflects the publisher's character. The editor gives voice to the publisher's policy. If that policy is distasteful, a self-respecting editor with ability generally will find a publisher possessing more decent principles.

☞ Then again, magazines as a rule are aimed at a certain class of readers.

☞ SCREENLAND happens to believe that the great majority of people prefer decency rather than sordidness, wholesomeness rather than sensationalism. Taken by and large, human beings are all pretty much the same, whether they be motion picture stars, writers, portrait artists, everyday business folks, society girls or men and women who serve useful purposes in stores, offices or factories.

☞ They are all moved by the same human impulses, experience the same pleasures and suffer the same tragedies of life, each in his own way.

☞ But because motion picture artists occupy the spot-light on their stage of life; because millions of eyes constantly watch their performances on the silver screen, the scandal-monger type of movie magazines select these artist-entertainers as fit targets for so-called "exposures" of alleged "inside secrets" and a lot of piffle and twaddle that is either twisted, garbled, discolored and exaggerated or wholly without foundation in

truth. Poor sportsmanship!

☞ In observing the editorial policies of the movie-magazines that are struggling in these mud-puddles, we wonder how their publishers and editors and writers would feel if a glaring searchlight were suddenly thrown upon the "dark secrets" of their own lives or what kind of a taste would be left in the mouths of their families and friends, were their faults or frailties—or perhaps some indiscretion—bared to the world when the honeysuckles begin twining on their little tombstones.

☞ Well, to make ourselves clear, SCREENLAND does not and will not indulge in that sort of an editorial policy.

☞ There are too many interesting and human things happening and this is the type of news that fills its pages.

☞ It would rather build itself into an institution whose policies are admired and respected by its readers.

☞ That is SCREENLAND's idea of discharging its public trust.

☞ When it cannot build, it will not destroy.

☞ It will not defame the living nor scandalize the dead.

☞ Its readers, we believe, have too much class and character—they belong to the great majority, who would rather judge their living stage and screen favorites by their artistic accomplishments and their finer personal qualities, and who would like to remember those players who have passed into the great beyond, by the mark they made in their artistic portrayals, and for their good deeds done while here on this earth.

THE PUBLISHERS



Rudy Vallee posing for Rolf Armstrong in his New York studio, for the portrait insert of Rudy which appears in this issue.



Try Maybelline Eye Shadow



MAYBELLINE products may be purchased at all toilet goods counters. Identify the genuine by the Maybelline Girl on the carton.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

This delicately perfumed cosmetic *instantly* makes the eyes appear larger and intensely *interesting*! It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

Lashes Appear Longer by Using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Price 75c.

and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows — every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this pencil — you'll revel in its smoothness and cleanliness — it's so easy to use. Colors, Black or Brown, 35c.



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



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Toasting *removes*
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation and
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